Saturday Evening Post · April 24, 1965 · 25c

POST

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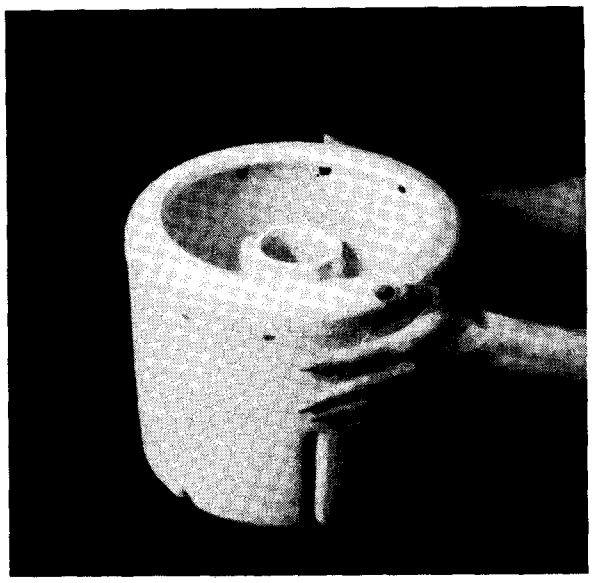

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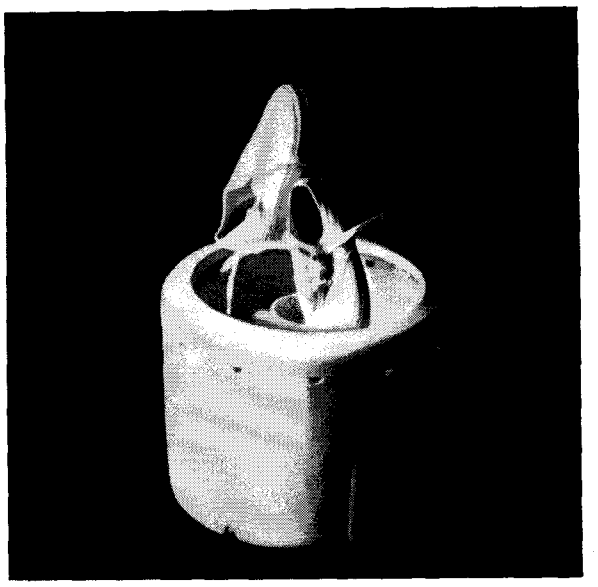

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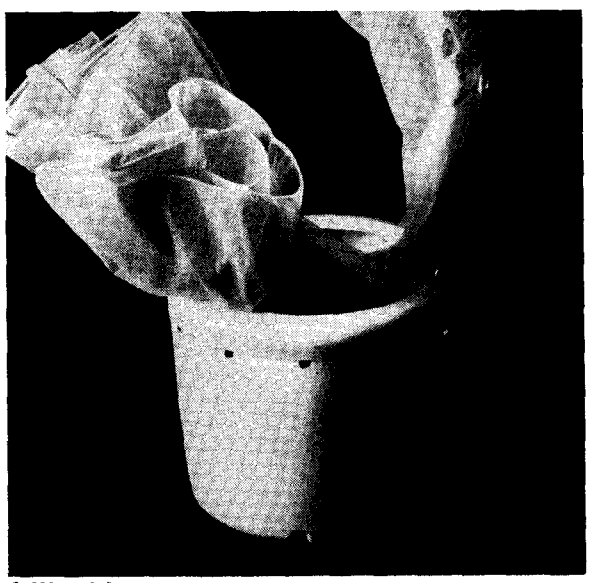

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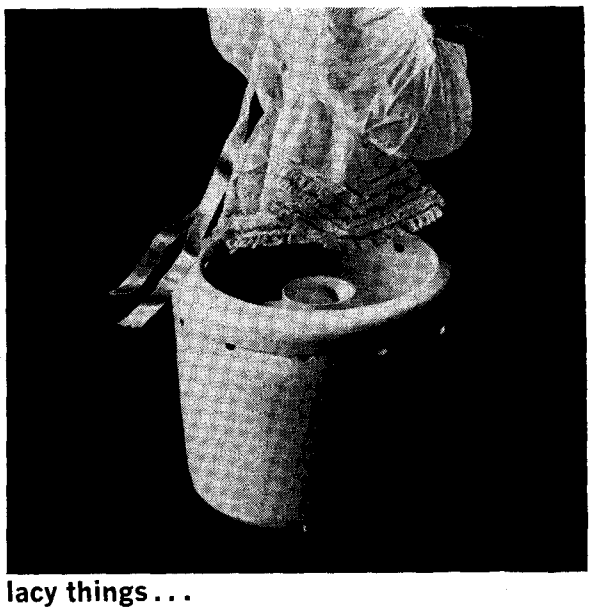

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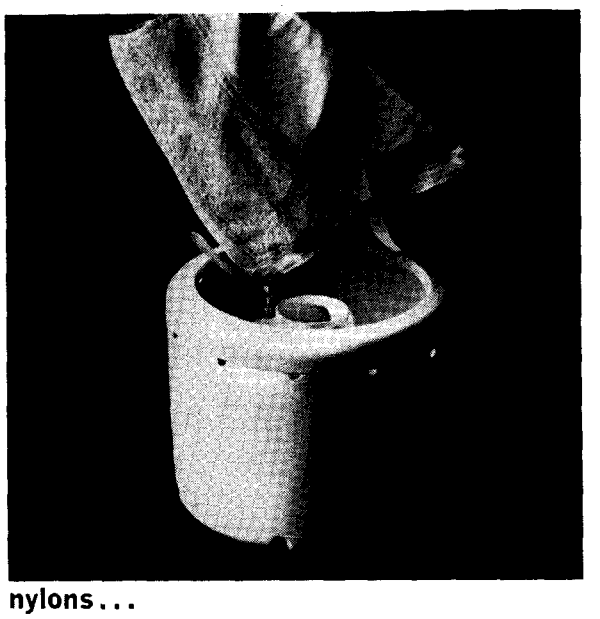

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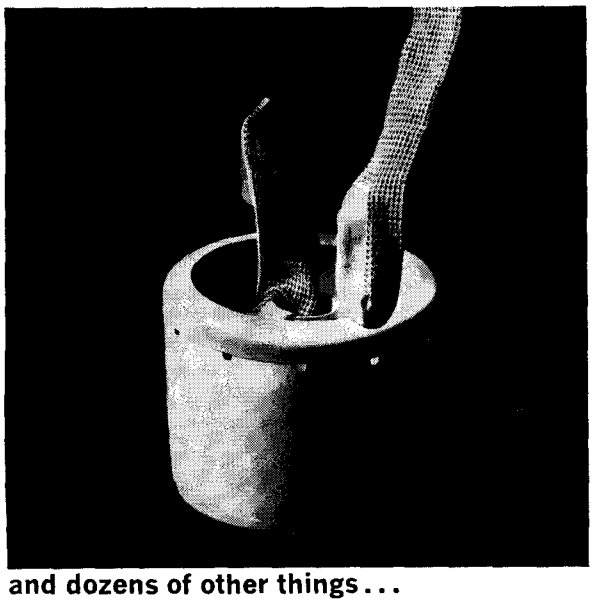

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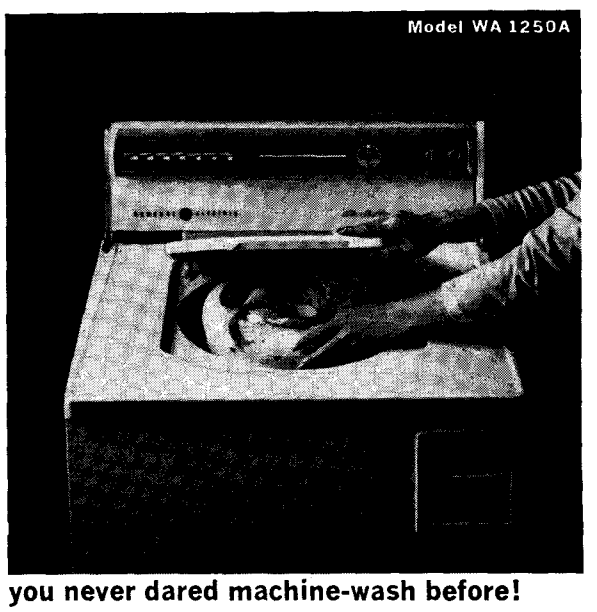

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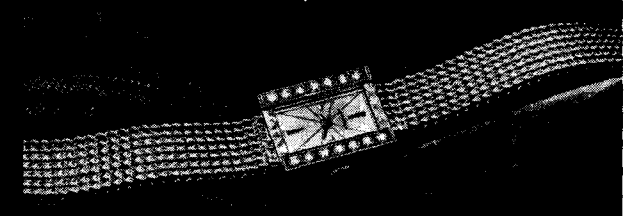

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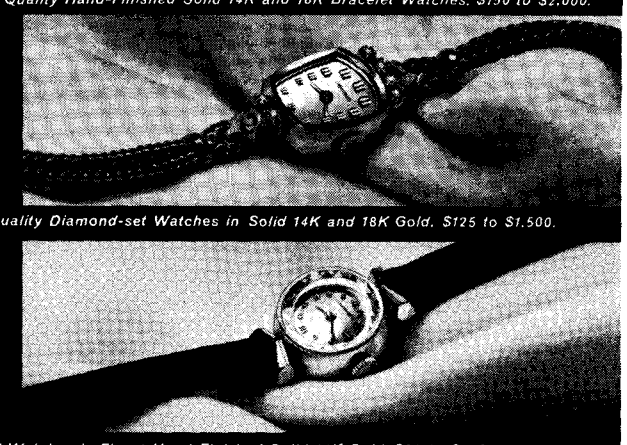

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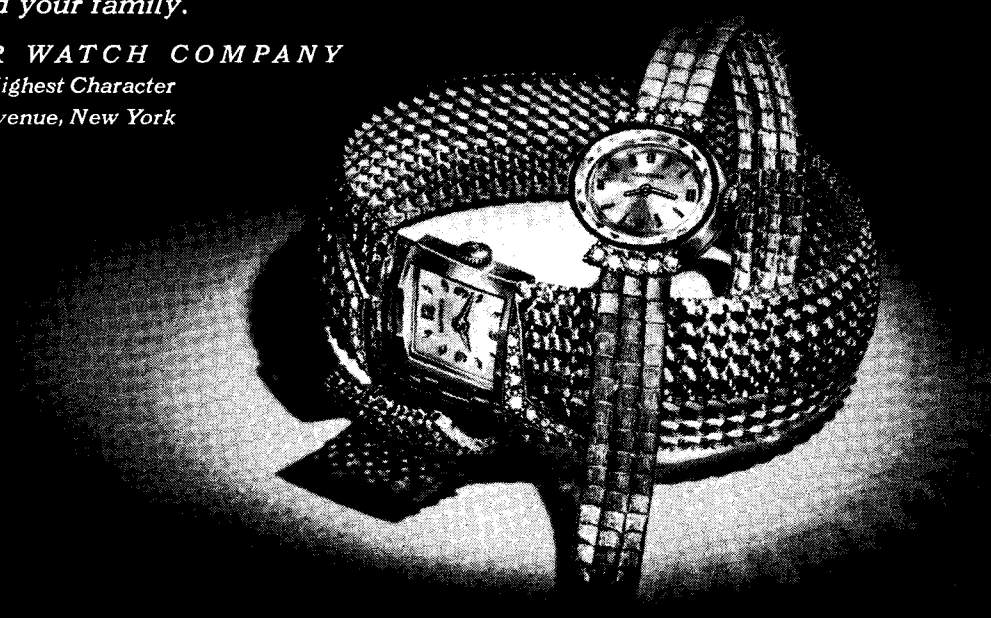

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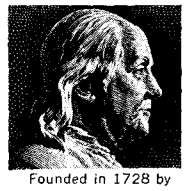

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About this issue

Wayne Miller

Two years ago HAROLD H. MARTIN wrote a cover article about evangelist Billy Graham for *The Post*'s Easter issue. It was so well received that the editors asked him to do another Easter article—this time a nationwide study of the American Protestant minister. A veteran, widely traveled writer, he last year wrote about such varied subjects as the Prieto quints of Venezuela, Governor Wallace of Alabama, Astronaut John Glenn, President Johnson's campaign and the early life of Nikita Khrushchev. He is the son of a Presbyterian father and a Baptist mother, and was reared in the Baptist Church, but he has been an Episcopalian since he was married. . . . WAYNE MILLER, who took the photographs for the cover and THE AMERICAN MINISTER, served in a Navy photographic unit under photographer Edward Steichen in World War II, and later assisted Steichen in setting up the renowned *Family of Man* exhibit at New York's Museum of Modern Art.

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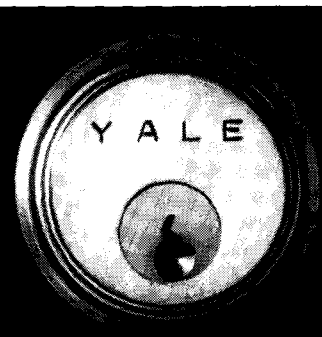

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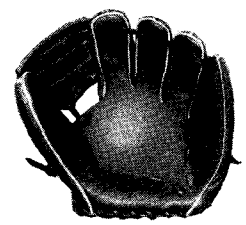

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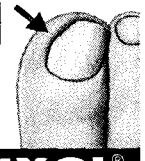

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Letters

The President's religion

I want to express appreciation for the fine article titled LYNDON JOHNSON'S RELIGION in the March 27 issue of *The Post*. I feel that the writer, John Bird, has done an unusually good job in capturing the spirit of the Disciples of Christ.

The only adverse comment, which has come to me from several sources, results from use of the word "dunked" in the second paragraph of the article. Since baptism is a sacred rite, the term used was unfortunate.

Other than this one criticism, the article represents the current thinking of the Christian Churches (Disciples of Christ) in a fine manner.

W. ELBERT STARN
Exec. Secy, Disciples Council of Greater St. Louis
St. Louis, Mo.

• I hope that your readers will not think that ecumenicity will be accomplished by the elimination of creedal statements and other traditional ties with the mainstream of world Christianity and resolve itself into some form of "Americanized Christianity" that is simple and "folksy" enough to satisfy the religious tastes of everyone. This would indeed be a travesty.

The Disciples Of Christ Church is not now and never has been a leader in the ecumenical movement—it has been a participant. In the real movement there are no leaders. The Disciples Church is one for which I have the greatest respect and admiration; but, like the rest of us, it remains part of Christ's body torn asunder by our selfish and sinful dispositions.

REV. DOUGLAS B. FINCH
First Presbyterian Church
Haskell, Tex.

• Thank you for a glimpse into the inner workings of a great man; this Christian humanist has the much needed and profound faith in man to reach beyond the superficial to the great common ground.

MRS. ANN D. ROBERTSON
Reedville, Va.

Draculamania

Gene Smith's search for vampires, A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY TO DRACULA'S HOMETOWN [March 27], seemed to be based on the mistaken premise that *Dracula* is well-known in Transylvania. Actually, the book was published in London in 1897 by an Englishman of Norwegian descent, Bram Stoker. Since Transylvania, even today, is hardly the most literate part of the world, it's not surprising that Mr. Smith found such a dearth of information about Count Dracula.

Nevertheless, if he didn't get his throat pierced by vampires, he got his leg pulled by Carpati, the tourist organization. The Communist government is trying to eradicate the once prevalent vampire legends; it follows that the Transylvanians were just as reluctant to speak of vampires to Gene Smith as they were to Jonathan Harker.

I wonder what kind of reception Mississippians would give to a Romanian who comes looking for Flem Snopes in Yoknapatawpha County?

MIKE SULLIVAN
Covina, Calif

• Gene Smith says that Dracula met his end "with the great steel stake driven through his heart." Then, sir, that old boy is not dead! He must be killed with a *wooden* stake or by the light of day. And Dracula is repelled by garlic, not wolfsbane. Wolfsbane is for red-blooded werewolves.

CHRIS GAMBLE
Coral Gables, Fla.

• I disagree with the comment on the relative merits of Lugosi's and Carradine's performances as the vampire.

Vampires are wholly evil creatures. After a person dies from a vampire bite, his real soul stays in a kind of limbo while an evil presence controls the victim's body. Of course, no one knows exactly how Dracula became a vampire, but it seems most likely that he was one of the first to make a pact with the devil.

For these reasons, I prefer Bela Lugosi's macabre performance. To say that Dracula à la Carradine "does not drink blood because he wants to; he drinks it because he must" makes me feel that such a creature belongs in A.A. rather than in a Transylvanian castle.

HENRY NICOLELLA
Syracuse, N.Y.

• Gene Smith's article was indeed a sentimental journey for me into half-forgotten lore. What happened to that precursor of all the undead, Bela Lugosi?

JOSEPH E. NOELTNER
Kenosha, Wis.

The Hungarian-born actor died of a heart attack in Hollywood in 1956 at the age of 71. He was buried in the black cape of Dracula.—Ed.

Discothèque

To take such a small percentage of the dancing public [DISCOTHÈQUE by Normand Poirier, March 27] and set them up as representative of what dance is, shows lack of understanding, knowledge and appreciation of what the majority do. Mr. Poirier might well hie himself to any of the social functions taking place where ballroom dance is enjoyed as a pleasant recreation—not as an animalistic expression of rhythm.

Dance, as a social activity, as recreation or as pure art form, is too great to be minimized.

MYRON G. RYDER, M.
Secretary-Treasurer, Dance-Masters of America, Inc.
Springfield, Mass.

• You have beat Rome in its heyday.

JAMES E. KUBES
Cumberland, Md.

U.S. involvement

So Stewart Alsop says WE CAN'T LET THEM DOWN (March 27), "not unless the United States is willing to accept dishonor as well as defeat."

Why would it be a defeat for the U.S.? If we are there as "advisers," it is the Vietnamese's war, for them to win or lose. And when Mr. Alsop speaks of dishonor, he might examine the morality and honesty of the American Government, which says that we are there as advisers at the request of the

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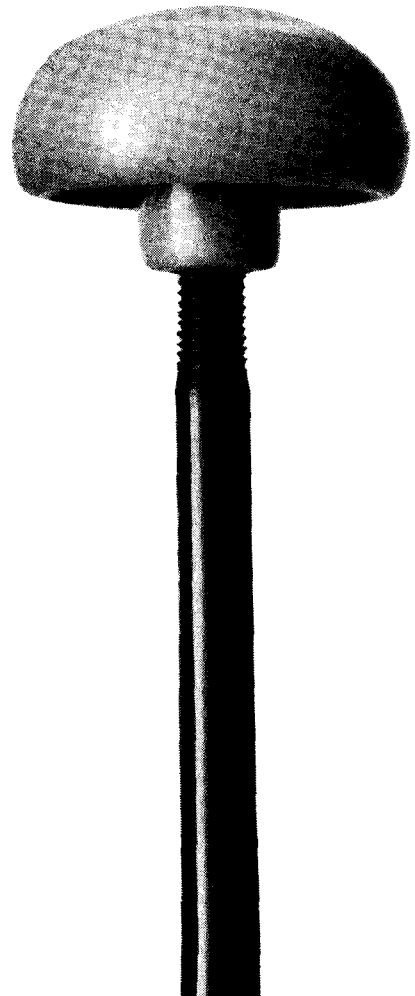
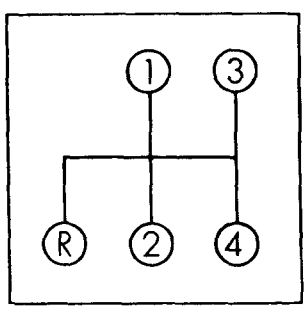
Does the stickshift scare your wife?





The way the stick shifts

We wouldn't be a bit surprised to learn that the stickshift is all that stands between your wife and a Volkswagen.

She hasn't touched a gearshift in years (maybe not in her life), so why start struggling with one now?

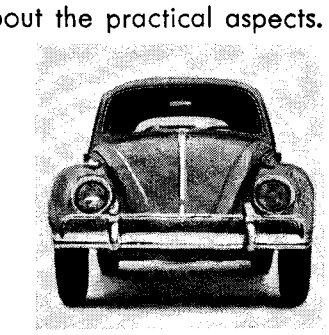
In the first place, it's not a struggle any more. Because the VW has synchromesh on all 4 gears to let you slide easily from one speed to another. In fact, our synchromesh is so smooth that, even if you've never done any stick shifting, you won't ever have to worry about our shift sticking.

You get better control on slippery roads. Because when you shift down, the motor helps to slow the car. You don't have to hit the brakes as often, so there's less chance of skidding.

The stickshift saves your money, too. (The VW could never average 32 miles per gallon if it had to waste engine power on slippage in an automatic transmission.)

Our fourth gear is really overdrive. When you're whizzing along the highway in fourth, the engine doesn't have to work as hard. Which saves wear and tear (and even more gas).

But a lot of people don't care about the practical aspects. They just want a stickshift for the fun of it. (That's not as weird as it might seem. What's the good of being in the driver's seat if the car does all the driving?)



The package it comes in

Some drivers even pay extra to have a 4-speed synchromesh stickshift installed in their domestic cars. But, they still won't get a transmission as smooth as ours unless they do what many auto racers do: First, go out and buy a Volkswagen transmission from one of our dealers. And then, build the car around it.

If you still can't sell your wife on a VW, there's one more thing you can tell her about our stickshift:

After you use it for a couple of days, it becomes automatic.

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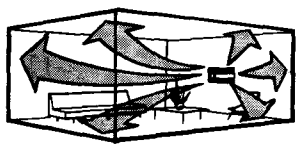
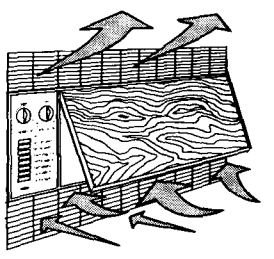
Only Admiral Cycle-Aire spins cool air corner to corner!

Shown above, Model 1705C23, Admiral Royal Cycle-Aire Series. 17,000 BTU*.



Admiral Cycle-Aire directs cool air everywhere. Unlike ordinary "one-way" air conditioners that leave warm pockets around a single, chilly blast—when Cycle-Aire is "on" angled discs spin and change direction of air flow. You'll enjoy perfectly uniform, cool comfort and crisp, clean air.

For maximum cooling power, the new Admiral Arctic Window tilts out at a touch . . . tilts in to fit flush with sash and draperies. Walnut-grain panel blends with and enhances any decorating scheme.



Admiral Thermostatic Climate Control lets you select exact coolness you like. Squirrel-cage fan moves more air than ordinary air conditioner fans, yet it's whisper-quiet. 21 quality Admiral models, 4,500 through 29,000 BTU*. *There's nothing finer at any price.* Admiral air conditioners start as low as **$99.95†**

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*All capacities NEMA certified. †Mfr. suggested list price for model 455A8. Admiral, Chicago, Illinois 60647, U.S.A.

Letters

Vietnamese government. By request of which government? We are told that we are there to preserve freedom and democracy. When have the Vietnamese had a democratic government? Under French colonialism? The Diem dictatorship? Or under the military juntas?

Before we worry too much about letting the Vietnamese down, we should expect our government not to let us down—by discontinuing its present policy of concealing the facts of our involvement.

MANUEL GRECO
Leonardo, N.J.

Balanced issue

I just wish to commend you on your March 27 issue. It had just the right combination of serious, light and fictional stories to keep me interested from cover to cover. You didn't preach, but let the articles present the facts and left the morals up to us.

MRS. JOHN HENNEBERGER
Jupiter, Fla.

How to campaign

Dean Burch's article, PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGNS ARE A SHAM [March 27], is the sanest analysis of the 1964 campaign I've read to date. He also seconds a good concrete proposal, the TV debate, which would bring the issues to the electorate, giving them a sound basis for an intelligent decision on Election Day.

RAYMOND L. BOXMAN
Cambridge, Mass.

• I heartily agree that the 1964 campaign was dull, dreary and a mockery. Yet what else can you expect in a nation filled with so many dull, dreary and appallingly apathetic individuals?

GEORGE NEWTON PLUMLEE SR.
Oak Ridge, Tenn.

• Mr. Goldwater lost, not because the American people were only vaguely aware of his ideas, but because they were all too aware of them.

LYNNE KRAMER
Staten Island, N.Y.

Liz Renay

Your recent articles on the problems of successful living in our present society are most interesting, particularly the story of Liz Renay, A MIRAGE OF BEAUTIFUL AIR [by Lewis H. Lapham, March 27]. Dream away, Liz. At 68 I too can look back at the successes and failures and realize that they are only preparation for the next step in a life rich in living.

JOHN B. SANGREE SR.
Egg Harbor City, N.J.

• You really hit the skids with the incredibly sordid A MIRAGE OF BEAUTIFUL AIR. The article violates good taste and common decency and is a discredit to *The Post.*

ANTOINETTE FALSETTI
Ford City, Pa.

• I was intrigued by the story about Liz Renay. The woman is obviously totally lacking in insight regarding her behavior, associations, etc. I'm sorry you didn't further moralize on her present plight, but rather seemed in some strange way to accept *her* belief that "the world had done her wrong"

MRS. B. P. CARDON
Tucson, Ariz.

Coming soon...in The Post

The underground world of America's radical left

A NEW HUMOR COLUMN

Lyndon Johnson's memories of his mother

Brigitte Bardot at 30

INSIDE STORY OF A KLAN MURDER

BY WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE

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How "rich" are investors?...how many own stocks listed on the N.Y. Stock Exchange?...what to discuss first with your broker...4 steps to wise investing.

This year, it is likely that more than one million Americans will become shareowners for the first time in their lives.

If you're one of them, you'll be joining a group estimated at more than 17 million.

* * *

Would it surprise you to know that there are more shareowners in this country than labor union members, or college students, or farmers?

* * *

How "rich" are investors? An Exchange study indicates the median income of shareowning families is $8,600, and about half are in the $5,000-to-$10,000 bracket. More women than men own stocks—and, grouped by occupation, housewives lead the list in number. An estimated 11 million men and women own stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange.

* * *

If investing is on your mind, you may be wondering: "How do I begin?" We recommend the following four steps to wise investing.

* * *

First, make a get-acquainted call on a registered representative of a member firm of the Exchange. There are some 3,400 offices and you'll usually find "Members New York Stock Exchange" on their doors and windows. Both the firm and its registered representatives have had to meet Exchange qualifications and are subject to Exchange rules. (One regulation is that registered representatives must be full-time brokers.)

* * *

Start by discussing your investment goal. Do you want dividends to bolster your regular income? Or long-term growth in the value of your stock? Or bonds, perhaps, for the greater safety of principal and stability of income they often provide?

* * *

Second, how much should you invest? Nothing, until you have provided for emergencies and for the usual expenses that most people have. Generally, it's a sensible rule to invest only funds that you don't expect to need in the foreseeable future.

* * *

Third, what to buy? And how to buy? Certainly not on unsupported rumors or fragments of news. Ask your registered representative for the most factual account he can give you of a company that seems to hold promise for you—the trend of earnings, the dividend record, its financial condition, announced plans for growth, possibly news about management. Ask for his judgment to season your own.

Finally, remember that stock prices go up and down for many reasons, and neither facts nor the coolest judgment can eliminate the risk.

* * *

The purpose of investing, of course, is to improve your financial position. That is why it is so important to know that there are right and wrong ways to go about it.

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Please send me, free, "INVESTMENT FACTS," listing some 500 stocks that have paid cash dividends every three months for 20 to 100 years.

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How the people of Lincoln and the Salt-Wahoo discovered the secret of flood control

A few years ago the people around Lincoln, Nebraska, watched spring skies with apprehension and concern. The threat of flash floods lurked in every thunderhead. But today these storms just mean water for thirsty croplands. This is the story.

There were 97 floods on Salt Creek and its tributaries between 1900 and 1953. Sixteen were major disasters.

Otto Liebers remembers most of them. A former state representative and today an active dairyman, Otto Liebers helped unlock the secret of taming the floodwaters of the Salt-Wahoo Watershed.

"The trouble with Lincoln," says Liebers, "is that it's in the wrong place – in one of the lowest spots in our Watershed. Nearly every drop of runoff water from the Watershed flows through Lincoln."

Races is more like it. Normal precipitation is only 28 inches a year, but nearly half of this total has poured down on the countryside in a single day.

May 8, 1950—Lincoln's worst flood

The toll was terrible – nine lives lost, 1000 homes and 200 business establishments flooded, streets and highways destroyed, more than 150 bridges wiped out. Damage in Lincoln alone amounted to $1,600,000. Flood and soil erosion damage in the Watershed reached a shocking total of $11,000,000.

"What can we do?" This question gave birth to the Salt-Wahoo Watershed Association – an organization of neighbors from the farms and from the city. Otto Liebers was elected president. Everyone pitched in to stop the flood menace.

Solutions were offered. By the farmers. By city people. By the Corps of Engineers. By the Soil Conservation Service. Build some big dams near the city. Create a system of dikes and levees. Install a complex system of small retarding structures in the uplands. Treat the land.

But no one plan seemed agreeable to all. Time passed. And nothing was done.

The secret

Finally the secret of effective flood control came to light – the simple ingredient of cooperation. Under the leadership of the Salt-Wahoo Watershed Association and other civic-minded groups, a coordinated plan began to emerge for the Salt-Wahoo.

In 1960, voters in the district overwhelmingly approved a ¾-mill levy on all real and personal property to provide funds.

Today much of the work is already completed. Seven of the ten Corps of Engineers' dams have been built. More than 50 of the SCS's smaller upstream structures and an extensive program of modern land treatment are also helping to make the dream of a "Valley of Still Waters" a reality.

What it means to Lincoln

A low-lying portion of center-city Lincoln – once undeveloped because of flood hazard—is now available for prime use. Today this land is valued at four or five times its previous worth.

A new industrial park is being developed along a stream which used to flood regularly. Land formerly worth only a few hundred dollars an acre has skyrocketed to $10,000 an acre.

Elimination of salt marshes along some of the streams is ridding the city of a major health menace – disease-carrying mosquitoes.

To enjoy life better

All of the citizens of the Watershed, city and farm people alike, benefit from new water recreation facilities on the clear blue lakes which dot the countryside. The state fairgrounds are no longer subject to periodic flooding. A new children's zoo is nearing completion in a section of ground once subject to floods.

Agricultural damage—when all of the dams have been completed – will be reduced by more than 80%. Since the big 1950 flood did $11,000,000 damage to Watershed's farms, this protection is a major boost to the area's economy.

A brutal test

Two years ago a sudden storm – the worst since 1950 – dumped 12 inches of rain in eastern Nebraska near the Salt-Wahoo Watershed. Three lives were lost. Damage climbed to the millions.

But damage in the Watershed, protected by the new dams, was held to $588,000. "If all of the dams had been completed," says an official, "we could have prevented many of these losses."

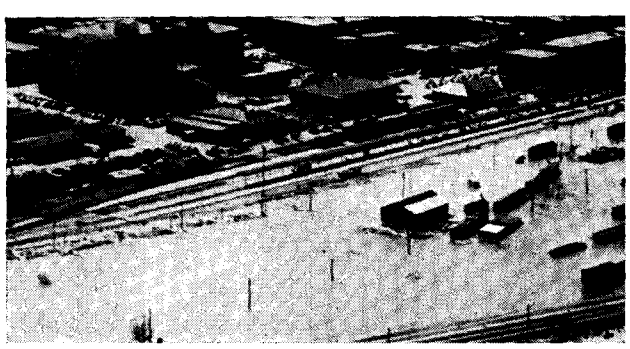
A look to the future

To take care of the water needs of its growing population—expected to reach 175,000 by 1975—Lincoln is now investigating the possibility of using one of the future flood structures for water storage, adding another dimension to its water planning.

Has anyone in *your* city taken a look at *your* water requirements for 1975?

Does your area suffer from floods like Lincoln's? Or the chronic water shortages that once plagued cities like Dallas, Texas, or Paris, Illinois? People in these cities have learned that something can be done to solve these problems on a local basis.

There's only one time for action – right now. Write today for "WATER CRISIS, U.S.A.," a booklet on our nationwide water problems. Dept. P-15, Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois.



Once undeveloped because of flood hazard, this center-city area is available for prime use. Its value has increased almost 400%.

Now the people of the Salt-Wahoo enjoy all types of water sports on the new lakes which dot the countryside.

MACHINES THAT BUILD FOR A GROWING AMERICA . . . **CATERPILLAR**

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Speaking Out

We should negotiate a settlement in Vietnam

By Senator Frank Church

The senior senator from Idaho and a Democratic member of the Foreign Relations Committee, Frank Church had wartime experience in Asia.

Our struggle in South Vietnam has reached a point where neither side can achieve a conclusive military decision, and the only visible prospect for a solution is to be found at the conference table. But there is so much Washington talk about stepping up the war that it threatens to engulf all rational discussion of the crisis we face—almost as if peace were something to be avoided.

The war hawks are putting on the heat. Anyone who disagrees with them is accused of "running up a white flag." Debate is discouraged; dissent is condemned as endangering the country. Any talk of a negotiated settlement in Vietnam is equated with Munich; any prospect of an eventual American withdrawal is likened to Dunkirk.

Yet everyone senses that peace in Vietnam can only be restored through a political settlement, and that the United States neither wishes nor expects to keep a foothold in Southeast Asia. Accordingly, I believe we should try to break the diplomatic deadlock ("First you withdraw, then we will talk") that finds both sides, in effect, demanding the surrender of the other as the price for negotiations. I disagree with the prevailing doctrine that now is not the time to parley. The longer we wait, the harder it will become to achieve a satisfactory solution.

Opposing any negotiations, the war hawks contend that we Americans must first have it out with the Communists in Vietnam. They see the struggle there, which has thus far been mostly confined to the Vietnamese, as one of suddenly portentous importance. Hanson Baldwin, military editor for *The New York Times*, declares that we should ready ourselves to send a million Americans into battle. He writes: "We must fight a war to prevent an irreparable defeat. . . . Vietnam is a nasty place to fight. But . . . there is no 'good' place to die. And it is far better to fight in Vietnam—on China's doorstep—than fight some years hence in Hawaii, on our own frontiers."

Such trumpetings substitute sound for sanity. We may have invested prestige in Vietnam, but by no stretch of imagination does this struggle threaten the life of our country.

We conquered the Pacific in the Second World War. It is our moat, the broadest on earth, from the Golden Gate to the very shores of China. With unchallenged naval and aerial supremacy, we dominate it, patrol it and defend it. There is no way for the landlocked forces of Asia to drive us from the Pacific. The elephant cannot drive the whale from the sea, nor the eagle from the sky. Our presence in the Far East is not anchored to Vietnam.

I believe that the containment of a hostile China is a proper goal for American policy. To avoid Chinese conquest of her neighbors, we fought in Korea, and we have solemnly pledged ourselves to defend Taiwan. The weakness of the Chinese-expansion argument, as it relates to Vietnam, is that China has thus far displayed no wish to invade Southeast Asia. To date, Chinese troops have not been fighting in Vietnam. Moreover, China hasn't yet moved a cadre of "advisers" into North Vietnam that begins to compare, in numbers of men or in the amount of aid given, to the American presence in the South. The best way to keep China out of Vietnam is to settle the war there. An escalation of the war northward, if it continues unabated, is the most likely way to draw Chinese armies down, thus creating the very calamity our policy should be designed to avert.

However, a new definition of containment has emerged to justify the deepening involvement of the United States in the fighting in Southeast Asia. Our presence there, it is said, is not to furnish a shield against an anticipated Chinese invasion, but rather to counteract the spread of Chinese influence. If this is our purpose, it is a vain one indeed.

China is the giant of Asia, unshackled and determined to reclaim her prerogatives as the dominant power of the mainland. In the natural course of events, we can no more expect to deny China her influence in Southeast Asia, the region immediately beneath her, than China could expect to deny the United States our influence in Central America.

No outpost bristling with bayonets—least of all one held in South Vietnam by American occupation forces—is going to stem the spread of Chinese influence in Asia. If we cannot live in a world where the Chinese exert influence in Indochina, then we had better forget Vietnam and commence now to destroy and dismember China, something no other nation in history has ever managed to do.

But since the conquest of China is not an American ambition, we should stop fooling ourselves with talk that our involvement in Vietnam can somehow bring an end to the spread of Chinese influence in Asia. In fact, the evidence is just the other way around. Because of the extent of our intervention in South Vietnam, the Peking government is able to pose as the champion of Asia for the Asians, defying the United States in the name of resisting the return of Western imperialism. Chou En-lai had reason to rub his hands with glee when he said recently to a foreign visitor: "Once we worried about Southeast Asia. We don't anymore. The Americans are rapidly solving our problems for us."

Although we cannot immunize Southeast Asia from Chinese influence, the restoration of peace to this war-weary region offers the little countries of Indochina their best hope for remaining independent. They would, of necessity, establish friendly ties with China, staying scrupulously neutral and unaligned, but they need not become the vassal states that a spreading war, drawing Chinese armies in, would surely make them. This even applies to North Vietnam, where nationalist feeling against China is deep, and where Ho Chi Minh does not yet take his orders from Peking. Clearly, if we seek to restrict Chinese hegemony in Southeast Asia, a settlement in Vietnam is essential.

Those who urge the contrary course—a Korean-type war in Indochina—often argue that South Vietnam has become the testing ground of a new and vicious form of Communist aggression, the guerrilla war. They contend that the Viet Cong rebels, though perhaps not the pawns of Peking, are at least the agents of Hanoi; that indirect aggression by infiltration is being practiced by the North against the South; and that we Americans must see to it that the guerrillas are driven out, or such wars of subversion will spread.

I grant this seems a compelling argument, but it won't stand up under close analysis. Communist guerrilla wars didn't begin in Vietnam and won't end there, regardless of the outcome of this particular struggle. American muscle, sufficiently used, may hold the 17th parallel against infiltrators from the North, but our bayonets will not stop—they could even spread—Communist agitation within other Asian countries. A government may be checked by force, but not an idea. There is no way to fence off an ideology.

Indeed, Communist-inspired guerrilla wars have always jumped over boundary lines. They have erupted in scattered, far-flung places around the globe, wherever adverse conditions

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

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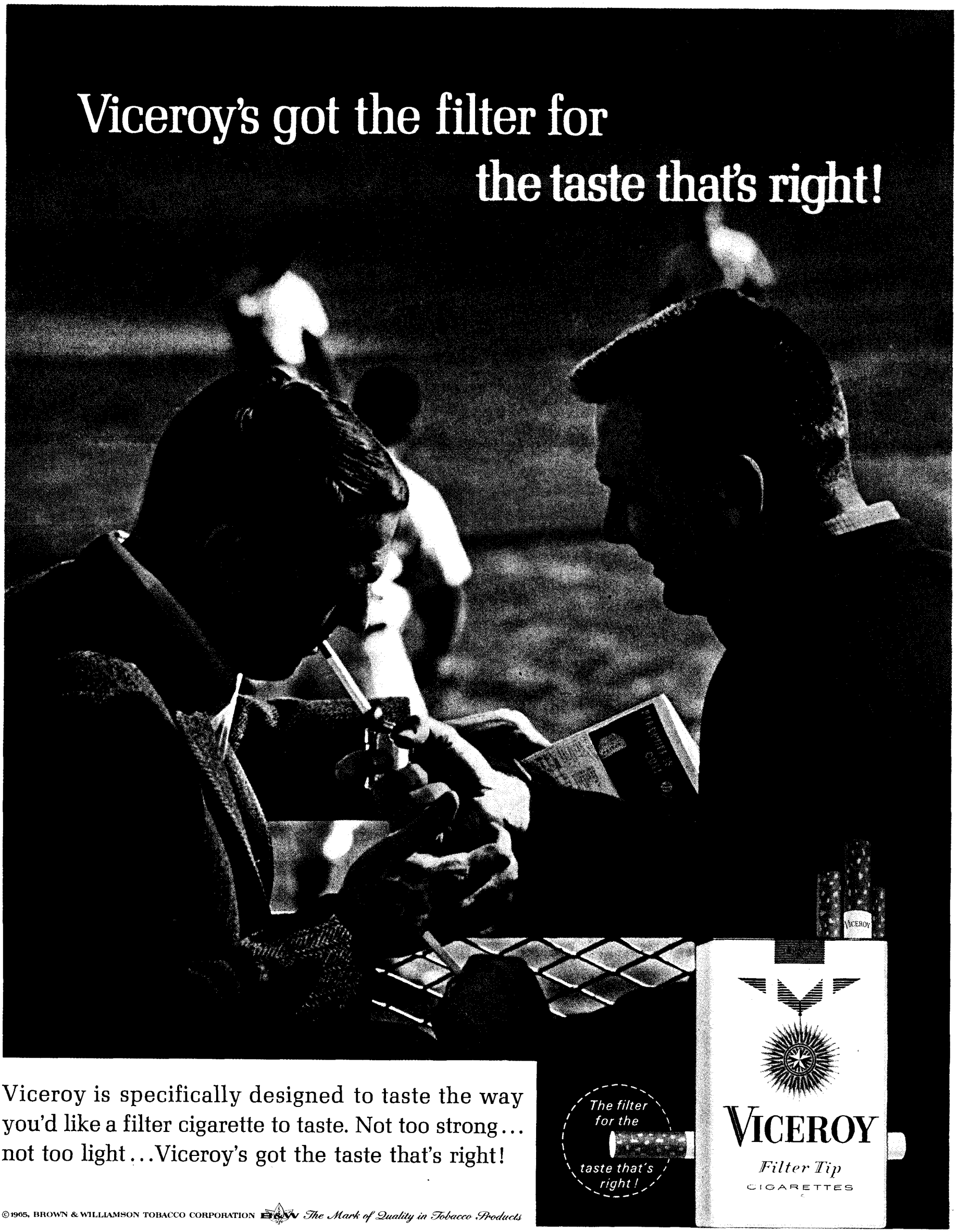

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About $90 buys this luxury floor in Solid Vinyl Tile! New Kentile Shardelle has delicately veined vinyl chips floating deep in clear vinyl. Yet you can install a 12-ft. by 15-ft. floor for about $90, including the accent strips and adhesive. Easy to clean—greaseproof, too. Quiet and comfortable underfoot. Shardelle goes beautifully in any room. Your Kentile Dealer? See the Yellow Pages under "Floors."

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within a given country permit Communist subversion to take root. The threatened governments put down such guerrilla uprisings in the Philippines, Malaya, Burma and Greece. The decision for Saigon hangs in the balance.

This is a time of ferment. Some of these guerrilla revolts will succeed; others will fail. The outcome, in each case, will depend upon the character of the government challenged, and the willingness of the people to rally behind it. That some governments won't prove equal to the test is no reason for us to panic. The other governments in Southeast Asia are not so many dominoes in a row. They differ, one from another, in popular support and in capacity to resist Communist subversion. We all hope Saigon will prevail, but the argument that "as goes South Vietnam, so goes all of Southeast Asia," is predicated more upon fear than fact. Communism isn't going to take over the world; it is much too poor a system for that.

Whether Saigon can meet the test remains to be seen. Until now, it has been losing its war, not for lack of arms, but for lack of internal cohesion. The Viet Cong grow stronger, not because they are better supplied but because they are united in their will to fight. This spirit cannot be imported from without. The weakness in South Vietnam emanates from Saigon itself, where we, as foreigners, are powerless to pacify the spoiling factions. Only the Vietnamese can furnish a solution.

This brings us back to the central question: Why did we intervene in South Vietnam? President Eisenhower, who committed us there, expressed the reason, and his successors, Kennedy and Johnson, have faithfully repeated it. We went in, upon the invitation of Saigon (10 governments ago), to give aid and advice to the Vietnamese who were fighting the Viet Cong rebels. We can give arms, money, food, training and equipment, which is all we committed ourselves to do, but we cannot, as a foreign nation, win the war. Ultimately, a civil war has to be decided by the people of the country concerned.

We only deceive ourselves when we pretend that the struggle in Vietnam is not a civil war. The two parts of Vietnam don't represent two different peoples, with separate identities. Vietnam is a partitioned country in the grip of a continuing revolution. That the government of North Vietnam has deeply involved itself in support, or even direction, of the rebellion in the South doesn't make the war any less a civil war. The fighting is still between Vietnamese. The issue is still that of determining what groups of Vietnamese shall govern the country.

It is true, of course, that foreign powers are interested in the outcome of this struggle, China favoring Hanoi, the United States backing Saigon. But, again, the involvement of outside countries, even when it takes the form of limited intervention, doesn't change the essential character of the war.

With the war in Vietnam at a point where neither side can achieve a conclusive military decision, some kind of political settlement has to be worked out. I cannot furnish a precise blueprint for a peaceful settlement. No one can at this point. But I can indicate, in general terms, a form of settlement that lies in that middle ground that both sides must seek out if a negotiated settlement is to be reached. The timing of any settlement must, of course, be left to the President. He alone can know whether or when Hanoi appears willing to bargain.

As for the United States, we can always deal at the conference table from a strength that rests not upon the softness of Saigon but upon our own possession of the sea and air. Therefore I believe we must demonstrate that we cannot be driven out of Indochina, and that we won't bow to a Communist-dictated peace. Our recent bombings should make it clear to Hanoi that we will not quit under fire, or withdraw or submit to coercion.

At the same time we should make it equally clear that we are prepared to negotiate on honorable terms. The judicious use of both the arrows and the olive branch, clutched by the American eagle in the Presidential Seal, represents our best hope for avoiding a Korean-type war on the Asian mainland. We should indicate our willingness to interpose a neutral buffer zone in Indochina, consisting of Laos, Cambodia and South Vietnam. Such a zone need not create a power vacuum for Chinese armies to fill. This is a more likely result, in the absence of such an agreement, of an expanded war. The integrity of the neutralized region against invasion from without could be guaranteed by the signatories to the agreement. Thus the military might of the United States would remain a deterrent to Chinese encroachment from the north, which is—or ought to be—our primary purpose in Southeast Asia anyway. During its transitional phase such an agreement could be policed by special forces of an international commission, set up to preside over a cease-fire while political arrangements are worked out by the people of each country.

Admittedly, this involves the unavoidable risk that pro-Communist elements may come to prevail, but the war itself—which sees Western forces increasingly pitted against Asians—has become the breeding ground of steadily growing political support for the Communist cause. As Prince Sihanouk, Cambodia's royalist ruler, has pointed out, the risk of Communist ascendancy after a settlement grows larger every day the war is prolonged. If this estimate is correct, and there is mounting evidence to support it, then the time to negotiate is now, while the anti-Communist elements in Indochina still possess authority.

Now is the time, while the jungles and rice fields still belong to the Vietnamese, to strive for an end to the war. Hanoi has reason to bargain, for she covets her independence and has cause to fear China. The same holds true for Laos, Cambodia and South Vietnam. Even the Soviet Union has incentive to work for a settlement that will foreclose a Chinese occupation of Southeast Asia. These propitious conditions, all of which work in our favor, are likely to be the first casualties of a widening war.

Frank Church

"Yesterday, I smoked only cigarettes!"

"Then I tried Phillies Tips.
When I think of all the different things I've tried . . . then Phillies came out with this new small cigar with a flexible tip. It's just about the mildest thing I've ever smoked.
Phillies Tips make it for me."

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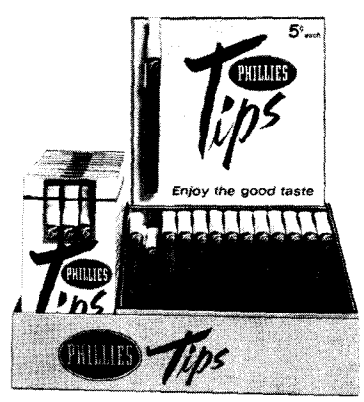

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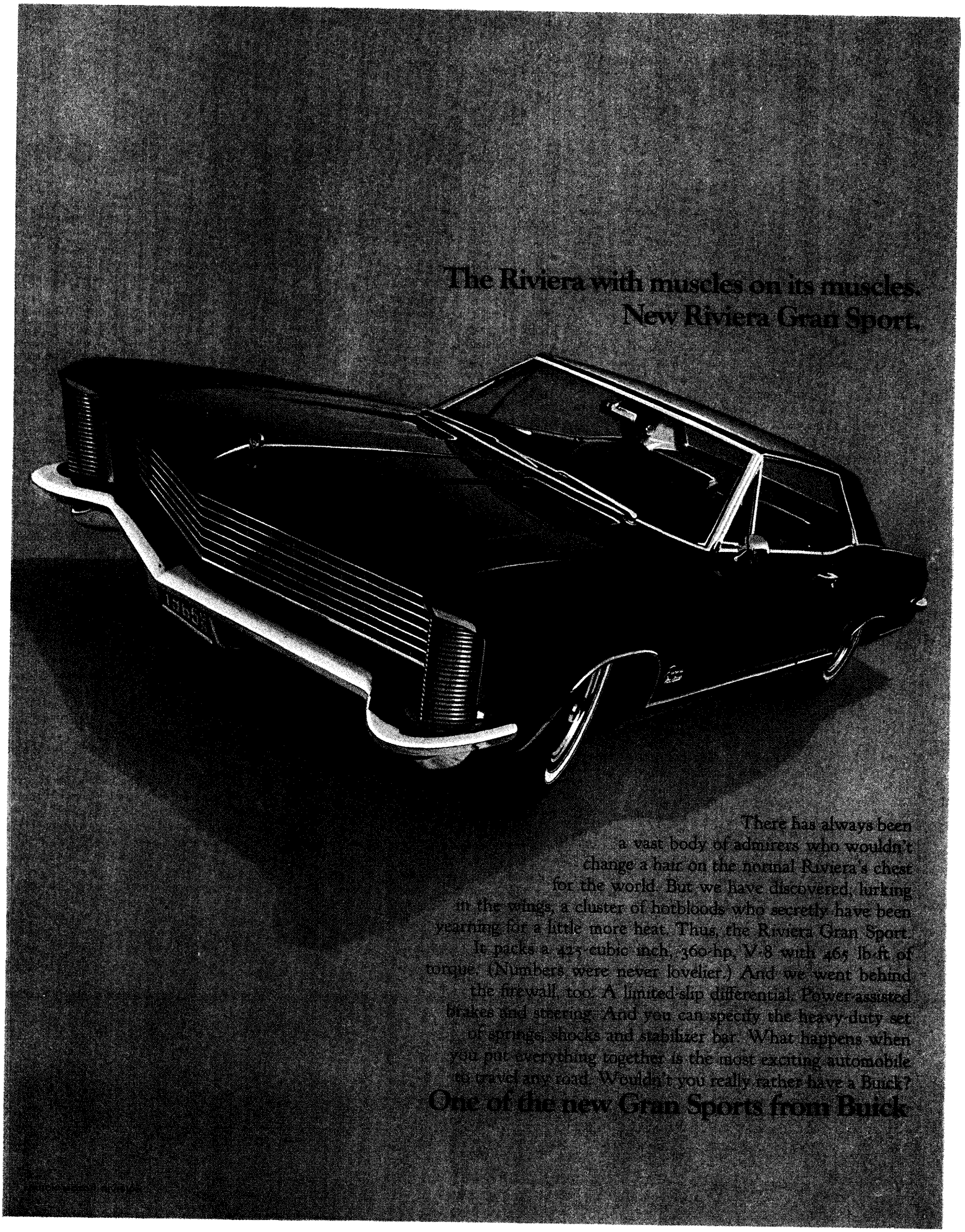

The Riviera with muscles on its muscles. New Riviera Gran Sport.

There has always been a vast body of admirers who wouldn't change a hair on the normal Riviera's chest for the world. But we have discovered, lurking in the wings, a cluster of hotbloods who secretly have been yearning for a little more heat. Thus, the Riviera Gran Sport. It packs a 425-cubic inch, 360-hp, V-8 with 465 lb-ft of torque. (Numbers were never lovelier.) And we went behind the firewall, too. A limited-slip differential. Power-assisted brakes and steering. And you can specify the heavy-duty set of springs, shocks and stabilizer bar. What happens when you put everything together is the most exciting automobile to travel any road. Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

One of the new Gran Sports from Buick

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The meaning of the dead

WASHINGTON:

In 1962, when Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara made his first trip to Vietnam, he complained forcefully that the war was insufficiently "quantified"—a horrible verb which is one of McNamara's favorites. He would ask questions, he complained, and nobody would have the answers. As a result, the Vietnamese war is now the most quantified in history.

You helicopter into some little village in a heavily Communist-infested area, and you are immediately led into a "briefing room." The local Vietnamese army commander, with his American adviser proudly looking on, then proceeds to quantify the war in his area, in terms of killed, wounded, prisoners, weapons captured or lost, numbers of actions, and a half dozen other categories.

The first category is always K.I.A.—Killed in Action. Every time a Viet Cong Communist is killed, or a South Vietnamese soldier, or an American, he becomes part of the statistics which are gathered from every little hamlet and sent back to Saigon and Washington. The official K.I.A. statistics for last year are as follows:

Americans: 141
South Vietnamese Forces: 7,000
Viet Cong: 17,000

This grim tabulation of the dead tells a lot about the nature of the strange struggle in Vietnam. In the first place, the K.I.A. totals mean that, on our side at least, the Vietnamese war is notably unlethal in comparison with a conventional infantry war. For purposes of comparison, in the limited Korean war the total fatal casualties on both sides came to over a million. And the comparatively undeadly nature of the Vietnamese war has its meaning for all the participants.

Take the Americans first. No sensitive man could have anything but admiration for the Americans who have given their lives in Vietnam and sympathy for their families. But no sensible man could suppose that 141 fatal casualties put any very terrible strain on a nation of 190,000,000.

Moreover, those who weep crocodile tears about "American boys" dying in the jungle overlook the fact that the American soldiers in Vietnam are not boys but men. Almost without exception the few thousand Americans who have the really dangerous jobs out in the boondocks are professional soldiers. A man does not become a professional soldier, after all, in order to avoid all risk.

After chatting with some of the American soldiers in the field in Vietnam, I scribbled in my notebook: "These guys seem so damn happy." This may sound fatuous, but it is true. Living on rice and noodles and chasing hardcore Communists may not be the average American's idea of happiness. But these men are not average Americans—they are regular soldiers by choice. They are "so damn happy" in part, I suspect, because they have at last escaped the elephantine Army bureaucracy and are on their own. But they are also happy because they are doing a job that needs doing, and they are doing it well, which is a pretty good recipe for happiness.

It is just plain silly, in short, to maintain that the American commitment in Vietnam places an intolerable strain on the United States, or even on the few thousand soldiers who are in the dangerous jobs there. These soldiers would be infuriated, to a man, by any official decision to withdraw the American commitment, and let South Vietnam go down the drain.

The K.I.A. tabulation also has its meaning for the loyal South Vietnamese forces. There are about half a million men in the South Vietnamese army, divided about equally between regular army and local militiamen. According to Americans who have been with them in action, these men are still, after all these years, fighting their war surprisingly well. How long will they continue to fight?

That is the key question in Vietnam—not which one of Saigon's squabbling generals and politicians eventually emerges as No. 1. No one knows the answer to the question. But the K.I.A. tabulation at least suggests a fairly hopeful answer.

No army can take very heavy casualties year after year and fight on indefinitely. But a fatal casualty rate of less than 2 percent is a tolerable percentage for any reasonably disciplined army. Thus it is certainly possible that the Vietnamese forces will be able to carry on the fight for a long time—provided they have what any army must have, hope of victory.

Hope of victory is precisely what the third K.I.A. tabulation—17,000 dead Viet Cong—*ought* to provide. American officers in the field swear that the figures of killed Communists are accurate. They are based largely, they say, on a count of dead bodies, and the bodies do not include killed South Vietnamese civilians. And if the figures are accurate, the Viet Cong *ought* to be running out of live bodies.

There are roughly 100,000 Viet Cong guerrillas in South Vietnam today, according to intelligence estimates. Even given the Viet Cong's ruthless system of draft-by-kidnaping, that figure represents about the maximum manpower available to the Viet Cong, *in South Vietnam*. A 17 percent lethal casualty rate is a nasty business, especially for guerrillas. If the war were really a civil war within South Vietnam, it would be possible to foresee a time when the Viet Cong would be whittled down to manageable proportions. Then the little country could get around to the business of organizing a rational political and economic life. It would be possible to foresee, in short, what would for all practical purposes be a victory for our side.

In fact, the Viet Cong would already have been whittled down to size, if the North Vietnamese Communists had not replaced the Viet Cong's losses. According to the intelligence, some 40,000 trained men were infiltrated from North Vietnam into South Vietnam in the last three years. In the first few months of this year, the "kill rate" of Viet Cong has been even higher than previously, thanks to improved techniques and total air supremacy. Thus if the war were confined to South Vietnam, our side would certainly be winning it.

But as long as the Viet Cong can draw on a virtually unlimited reserve of trained men from the North, the Viet Cong cannot be whittled down to size. In such circumstances, the war cannot be won, and must in the end be lost. That in turn is why President Johnson really had no choice but to order air strikes against the North, to force the North Vietnamese to pay a price for their oblique aggression. If the price is high enough, they may halt the aggression. In that case, as the K.I.A. tabulations suggest, the supposedly unwinnable war in Vietnam might be won, for all practical purposes, in rather short order. That is the clear meaning of the counting of the dead.

Stewart Alsop

Viet Cong dead line roadside after recent battle.

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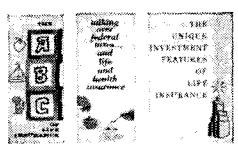

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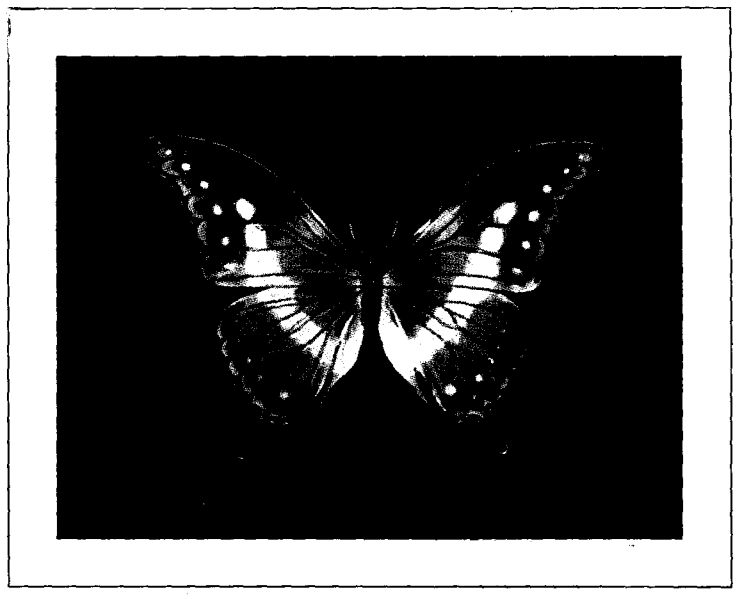

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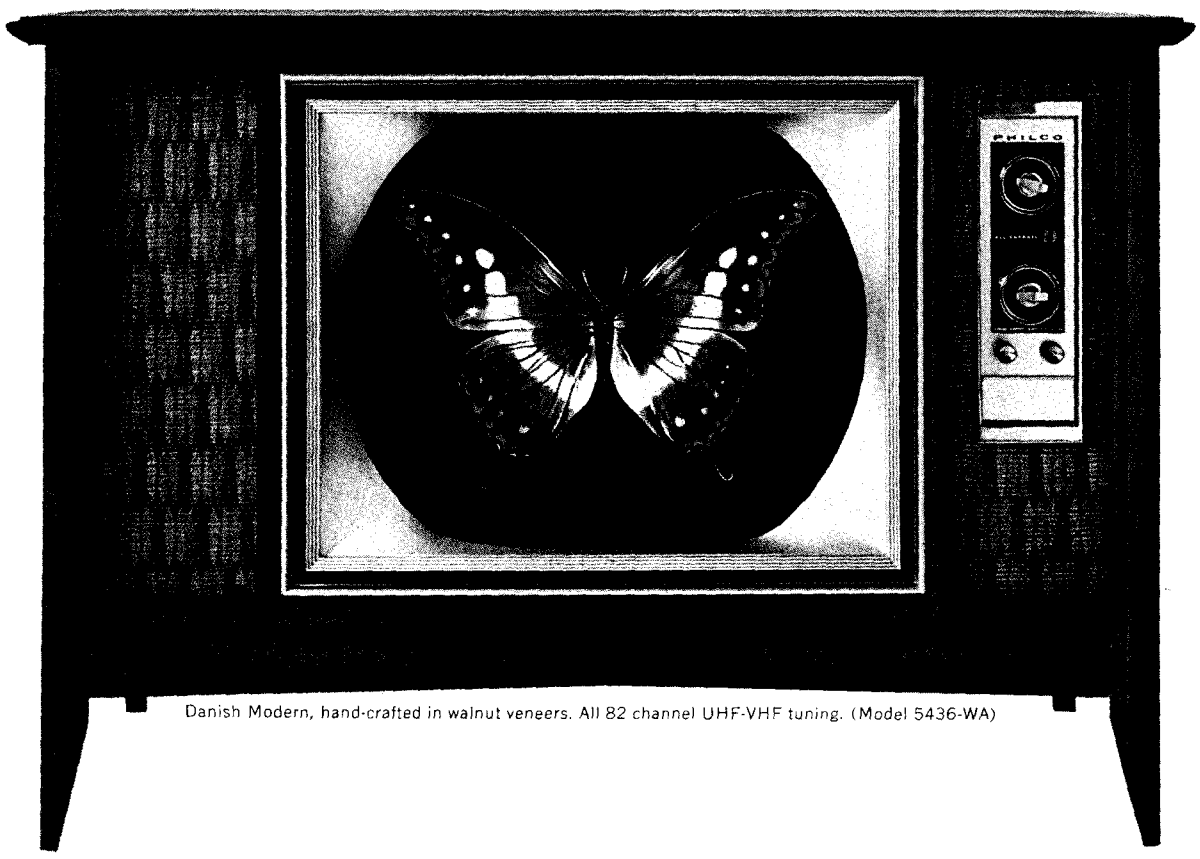

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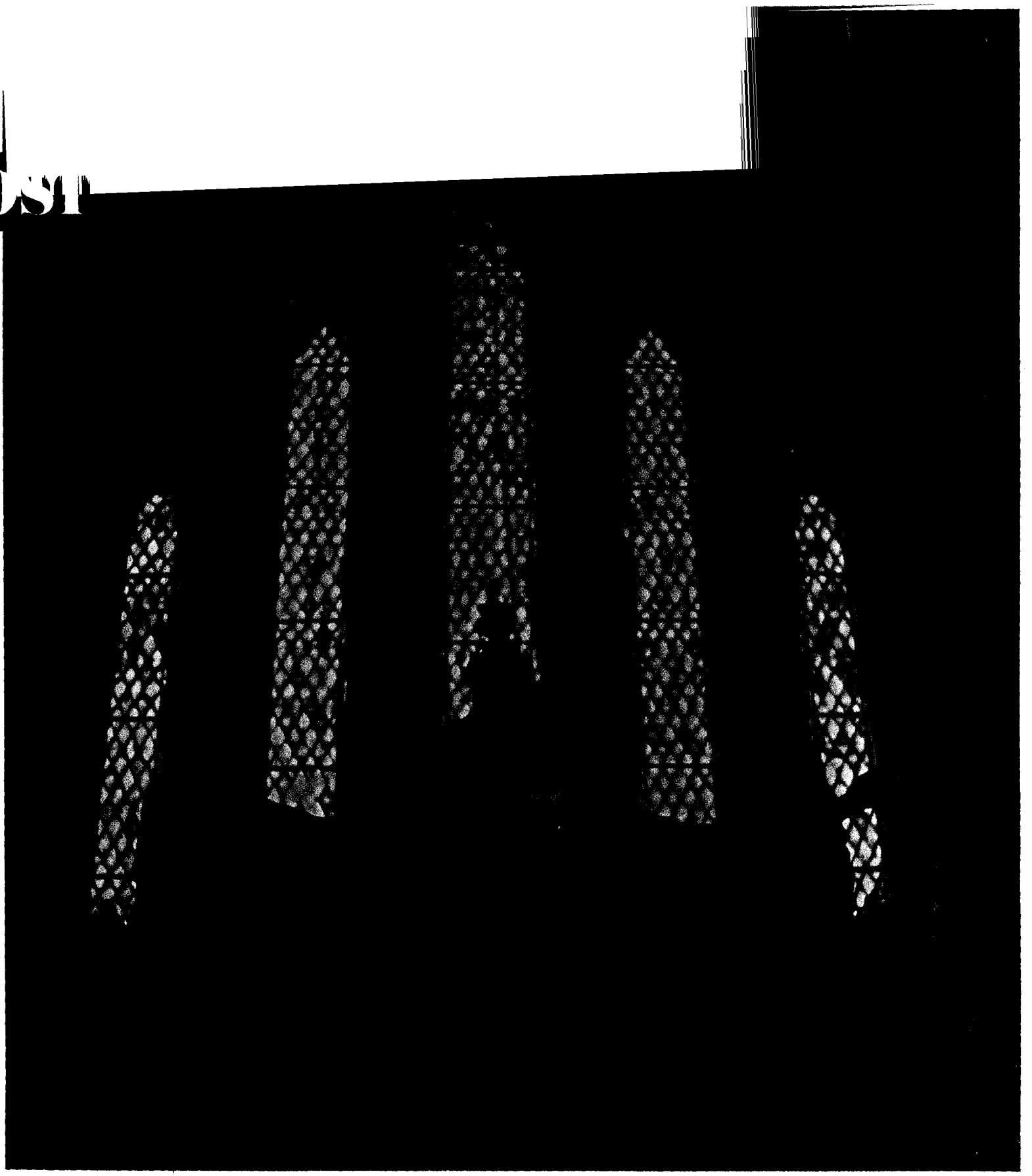

Beneath the Gothic tracery and the glowing stained glass of North Methodist Church in Indianapolis, Ind., the Rev. Elbert Cole spreads his arms wide in the act of benediction.

The American Minister

A national report on the new Protestant clergyman—his troubles, his triumphs.

By HAROLD H. MARTIN

Photographs by Wayne Miller

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The legend above old window at First Congregational, Atlanta, proclaims modern theme of outgoing religion.

'I was made a minister, according to the gift of the grace of God. . . . Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach . . . the unsearchable riches of Christ . . . that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and . . . that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God.'

EPHESIANS 3

On Easter Sunday in every church in the land, a man to whom this grace has been given stands in the pulpit to tell again the story of the dead Christ risen in glory from the tomb. Yet how can he, a minister of God but still a man like other men, make meaningful to his people this great mystery of the risen Christ? How can he convey to these seeking, doubting, fearful, anguished men and women in the pews the "breadth, and length, and depth, and height" of Christ's love in words that will dispel their doubts and quench their fears? Above all, how can he, Sunday after Sunday, amid the clamor of a complex and changing world, relate Christ's teachings to their harassed, materialistic lives, so that the emptiness of their existence may be "filled with the fulness of God"?

Even though he should, in one minister's words, "preach like Moses and comfort like Christ," there is something more required of him. He must exhort like Paul in his efforts to persuade his people that they as well as he must bear a Christian witness to the world. This is perhaps his hardest task. The half-doubting, half-believing churchgoers of today do not feel the deep conviction that led the early Christians gladly to risk their lives for the faith. They want comfort, not challenge, and counsel in time of trouble. They want therapeutic sermons that do not strike at the roots of their deep prejudices. They want a sincere smile and a hearty handshake and an assurance that "God loves you, and so do I."

For all these things they look to their minister, demanding of him a wisdom, a warmth, a willingness and a zeal that he, being made of the same flawed clay as they, does not possess. The result, for him, is often frustration, a sense of inadequacy, a dread of things left undone that ought to have been done.

But Christianity is a triumphant religion, and the Protestant minister is a man of abiding faith. Standing in the pulpit, or driving about on his routine duties, or lying weary in bed after a long and trying day, he knows that sooner or later he will hear an inner voice assuring him that he is not wasting his life. Then his sense of inadequacy falls away, and he no longer doubts his calling, but shares with the Rev. Silas Kessler of Hastings, Nebr., the exuberant affirmation: "Being a minister today is the most exciting, challenging job in the world. It is exhausting. It can be frustrating; it is filled with harassments and distractions. But I wouldn't swap places with any other man, and there is no other job in which I could be half so happy."

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For those who like their clergymen funereal, T. Guthrie Speers Jr. would be a great disappointment. A cheerful, crew-cut man of 38, he wears a red hunting cap with earflaps in the winter and a boutonniere in the spring, and the rear fender of his bicycle sports the CLERGY sign he refuses to attach to his automobile. Yet no one knows better than Guthrie Speers that he is in a serious business.

"Maybe you've been working with a husband and wife for months, trying to keep them from breaking up their marriage and ruining the lives of their kids," says Speers, a Presbyterian minister in New Canaan, Conn.

"Then one night the gal calls you up, sounding happy, and says, 'Come on over. We're back together again, and it looks as if we're going to make it.' That's a great moment. That makes everything worthwhile.

"Then some morning you pick up the paper, and somebody else you've been trying to help has gone out and shot himself in the head. Then you feel helpless, hollow, miserable."

Again and again, in interviews with ministers of every major Protestant denomination in every part of the country, came this same sad confession of inadequacy. Whether he preaches from a rural pulpit or in the suburbs or in the inner city, the parish minister is a man assailed by the fear that he cannot effectively cope with the staggering human problems he encounters. And this sense of inadequacy breeds guilt.

"You know that every time one of the sheep bleats, you ought to go see what is the matter," says the Rev. Hugh Saussy Jr., the big, soft-spoken rector of Holy Innocents' Episcopal Church in Atlanta. "But you'd much prefer at that moment to tell the sheep to go get lost, and you feel guilty about this. The phone rings at three o'clock in the morning, and you don't answer it. You feel guilty, even though you know it is probably some drunk who for an hour will sob in your ear the story of how a cruel world has maltreated him. Every time ministers get together you hear over and over again the same cracked record—'I feel inadequate . . . inadequate . . . inadequate.' It's our theme song."

This sense of powerlessness comes as a shock to many ministers. The young parson leaves the seminary with sanguine expectations. Above all, he will be the pastor-shepherd—"Daddy in the pulpit"—teaching his people the great truths of the Gospel, soothing their fears, scolding them for their failure to take Christianity into their working lives and prove its meaning there. He sees himself as the priest before the altar, transmitting through symbol, gesture and the solemn beauty of the liturgy the great mysteries of the sacraments that language alone cannot convey. He sees himself as the good friend, sharing his parishioners' joys at births, marriages and graduations, and as the gentle pastor, holding their hands in illness, comforting them in their hours of sorrow, counseling them in their time of trouble.

He finds himself doing all these things, but in an atmosphere of such distraction that nothing gets done as well as his heart tells him it should. He discovers that the roles he enjoys most—those of preacher, pastor and priest—are the ones to which he can give the least amount of time and thought. He is, instead, an administrator, a mimeograph operator, a part-time janitor and handyman, an organizer of committees, a club chairman, and a settler of petty squabbles among the good ladies of the altar guild. He is a fund raiser, a builder, a luncheon speaker, a participant in and contributor to every worthy community project, so incessantly tugged and hauled at that he must literally hide himself away if he is to find the time to let the springs of the spirit fill up through meditation, prayer and the study of the Scriptures. He knows if he is to deepen his understanding of the modern world and the church's role in it, he must read the great thinkers of the contemporary church—Barth, Tillich, Niebuhr—and give back their wisdom to his flock in simple form—"Tillich for tots," as one minister put it. But he also knows, to his shame, that he sometimes weakly submits to those who mistrust intellect. When his secretary warns him that a businessman, deacon, elder or member of the board of stewards is on the way to his study, he hastily puts a volume of Kierkegaard out of sight and scatters over his desk top papers dealing with the budget.

"In America we worship the businessman," says Dow Kirkpatrick, who thunders his prophetic sermons from the famed free pulpit of the First Methodist Church in Evanston, Ill. "All other professionals—preachers, teachers, doctors, lawyers—are measured against the yardstick of how well they emulate the businessman in their work habits. If I am around the house all day in a sport shirt, this is heresy. This is bad business. I should be at my desk at eight-thirty."

The "businessman-of-the-cloth" is one aspect of the stereotype that Protestants force upon a

Lutheran Luther Anderson of Fort Lauderdale gives his people the sincere smile and firm handshake they expect.

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minister. They have their own concept of what a pastor should be, and they lovingly but firmly press each man into the mold. "They cram you into a straitjacket," says one minister, "that neither strengthens nor upholds you." Once the straitjacket is buckled, they then put him up on a pedestal, shut him out of their lives in all matters not pertaining to church or civic good works, feel uncomfortable in his presence and fall silent or titter nervously when he approaches. It is almost as if there were an invisible wall between the preacher and his flock.

According to the Rev. Clayton Bell, handsome, curly-haired young pastor of a Presbyterian church in Dothan, Ala., the wall was built by the old nay-saying ministers of an earlier day. "The embarrassment men feel in the presence of a preacher," Bell says, "is a hangover from an outmoded Puritanism which measured piety by what a man did not do—drink, smoke, cuss, gamble—rather than by the positive Christian qualities of compassion, honesty and brotherhood."

Still the separation exists, in the layman's mind if not in the minister's, and despite all the duties that bring him in constant contact with people, the average preacher feels a deep inner loneliness, a sense of being shut out. "As you grow older," says the Rev. Sam Varnell, once Tennessee Methodism's most noted country preacher, "you come to realize that you don't have any contacts with the men of your church except in official meetings. You find that your only close friends are other ministers. And in the Methodist Church, the last man in the world you want to let your hair down with is another preacher. He may be your district superintendent someday, or a bishop."

In many small and seemingly inconsequential ways the minister resists the stereotype, struggles to retain his identity as a person as well as a parson. The Rev. William Hinson, lean, athletic, hawk-nosed pastor of the Fort Lauderdale, Fla., Baptist Church, rides about on his day off with his wife Betty and their two children, on a bicycle built for four, dressed like any tourist in walking shorts and a long-billed fishing cap. In New Canaan, Conn., Guthrie Speers rides that bicycle with the little clergyman emblem on it and wears his red cap. He is also fond of riding in parades on the fire truck with the New Canaan fire department, which he feels gives him status with the kids. His wife Susan describes these mild departures from the ministerial norm, particularly the red deerstalker cap, as "Guthrie's village-idiot syndrome."

"There is a little ham in every minister," the Reverend Mr. Speers replies.

In Tucson, Ariz., the Rev. Paul David Sholin, pastor of St. Mark's Presbyterian Church, lean, compassionate, wrinkled beyond his years, rebukes the stereotype by conforming to it beyond his congregation's expectations. He wears a turnaround collar because, he says, "they'd put it on me anyway, in their minds. That leaves me free to break the accepted pattern in any way I choose." The methods he chooses are mild, but they give him satisfaction. He drives a white Lincoln Continental ("I have a friendly Ford dealer in my congregation"), smokes a curve-stemmed brier, and is not embarrassed to be seen drinking a cocktail in a public place.

Why do ministers work so hard to break down the stereotype? Part of the reason is the simple need to be included in human society and accepted as a person. But there is a far more pressing reason. The stereotype gets in the minister's way. It makes it all but impossible for him to communicate with other men, to speak effectively to their condition, to convey Christ into their lives.

For it is not the stereotyped minister—prim, pious and platitudinous—who will lead Americans back to religion as a way of life. Of the nearly 200 million people in America, nearly 109 million call themselves Christians, but in terms of active Christian dedication these figures are nearly meaningless. In the words of Dow Kirkpatrick, the nation and "the world is already far along the road to unbelief"; it will take men of God who see a vision beyond buildings and numbers to bring them back. Thoughtful ministers recognize that most men possess a lukewarm or nonexistent faith, and they agree that the situation must be challenged with all a minister's fervor.

"We may yearn nostalgically for what we have lost," says the Rev. Robert A. Raines, earnest young minister of the First Methodist Church of Germantown, Philadelphia, "but when we are honest with ourselves we realize we can't live in the faith of our fathers and its forms and language, and we cannot transmit their faith, valid as it was to them, to our children. What we can and must do, or we shall lose the reality and the power and conviction of our faith, is to wrestle with the Gospel at first hand to discover what is changeless in it and what is validly subject to change."

This today is the minister's most formidable task—to make the Scriptures meaningful to individual men and women whose inner resources have been drained away by the emptiness and shallowness of their daily lives. Aware of their own separation from God, unable to find strength in prayer or churchgoing, they turn in desperation to their pastor for counsel.

"They come to you trustingly," says Hugh Saussy of Atlanta. "They come bringing the shattered fragments of their lives in their hands, saying in effect, 'Please, Daddy, fix this for me.' And the agony and the glory of the ministry is that you try. You know you can't fix it. You can only give them a shoulder to cry on. But to God all things are possible, and as a minister you hope that through you His healing love can be transmitted into the dark places of this person's soul."

To the Reverend Mr. Saussy and to all other ministers, their efforts to help poor, troubled, frightened mortals find the courage to face the buffeting of a callous and impersonal world bring to them a profound sense of fulfillment—and their bitterest sense of failure. But whether he succeeds or fails, the minister's experiences as pastoral counselor broaden his understanding, deepen his compassion, make him a better minister. "We are given an entrée into human lives," says Father Charles Pedersen of Trinity Episcopal Church in Stamford, Conn. "We see people with their guard down, with all their fears and angers, their inner wounds revealed. And sometimes we can help, and then we know that the Christian faith can work miracles in the lives of men."

The pastor, of course, can get so wrapped up in his counseling duties that his attitude toward his congregation becomes warped. When he stands in the pulpit on Sunday morning, he does not see in the pews an assembly of believers come to worship God, but a congress of tortured souls possessed by devils which he feels powerless to exorcise. Says Pastor Noah Imbody, of Immanuel Lutheran Church in Evanston, Ill., "If I'd known as a young man the problems I'd become a part of, the human anguish I'd be invited to see, I don't think I'd have had the courage to become a pastor."

Often the pastoral counselor hasn't the depth of psychiatric knowledge to perceive what vultures of despair are tearing at the soul of the person sitting across the desk from him. In Aurora, Ill., the Rev. Birger Dahl of Wesley Methodist Church recalled with sorrow the quiet man who came to him and said, without dramatics, that he was feeling a little at loose ends and would like some employment around the church that would give him a sense of accomplishment—perhaps in youth work, for he liked young people. The Reverend Mr. Dahl said he had no opening at the moment. The man got up, thanked him pleasantly, and went home and hanged himself.

Over coffee in the basement of his little church in Stamford, Conn., Father Pedersen, a stocky, powerfully built man of 32, who celebrates at his altar with unexpected grace and preaches with the arm-waving zest of a barroom raconteur, spoke of his pastoral counseling as one of the most deeply meaningful aspects of his ministry.

Born in Nebraska, the son of a truck driver, educated at the University of Nebraska where he majored in psychology, "led into the ministry by a fine parish priest," and trained in theology at Berkeley Divinity School in New Haven, Conn., he first served as vicar of three little mission churches in rural Nebraska. There his pastoral duties were traditional. He bore the sacraments to the sturdy farmers of his flock, but they did not come to him for psychotherapy. Their lives were tuned to the great slow rhythms of the earth, to seedtime and harvest, and if they suffered traumas, they didn't share them with Father Pete.

Moving on to Pawling, N.Y., he found himself suddenly immersed in the problems that demand the greater part of every pastoral counselor's attention—alcoholism, family squabbles, pregnancy out of wedlock, the despair that comes to those who don't know where they'll get the money to pay the landlord or the doctor. When he moved to suburban Stamford with its well-to-do commuter population, the counseling grew more complex. Here the age-old problems of alcoholism, infidelity and incompatibility were compounded by the special *bêtes noires* that haggride the seemingly smug, complacent suburbanite. These families, with their luxurious though mortgaged houses, their expensive clubs, their kids in good schools, were financially overextended. These tense, ambitious, hard-driving and hard-driven men had come east from all over the country to battle for their place in the higher echelons of business, finance and communications—and the jobs on which all their success symbols depended were pitifully insecure.

"Most corporations," says Father Pete, "have a way of grinding men to bits. A $15,000-a-year junior executive who suspects his department is going to be reorganized or abolished is even more tremblingly apprehensive than the man in the factory who knows he someday may lose his job to a machine. Many a man gets off the train on Friday night not knowing whether there'll be a desk for him when he goes into New York on Monday morning.

"It's not easy to counsel with men under such a strain. The terrific tension shows in their faces and in all their actions. It has suddenly dawned on them that they are caught in a great, remorseless machine. Deep inside, a voice has begun to ask, 'Who am I? Why am I here? How has life tricked me? Why has the happiness I sought eluded me?' And they come to the minister with these, and similar questions."

What can a pastor say that will comfort them? How can he restore to them the confidence that God loves them and has not forgotten them? How can he help them find their identity again—their serenity of spirit, the "freedom from fear of a child in his Father's house"?

Occasionally, Father Pedersen has found, all that is necessary is to be a sympathetic listener who now and then murmurs a noncommittal "um-hmmm." In talking out his fears and frustrations, the man himself begins to put his life in perspective, finds his own answers, and goes out, strengthened, to resume the battle. Often, though,

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As casual as they come, the Rev. Guthrie Speers, Presbyterian of New Canaan, Conn., loads his family on tandem bike.

the inner deterioration has gone too far for Father Pete to be of help. There are dark forces working within the troubled psyche which the pastor cannot cope with. These he passes on, as gently as possible, to a secular practitioner.

"You don't tell him he ought to see a psychiatrist. That's like telling a guy he's failed his Wassermann," he says. "You just say, 'I know a man I believe can help you.' But you don't fool around with the really sick ones any more than you would dabble in brain surgery."

Like many other ministers, Father Pedersen has found that troubled teen-agers respond best to pastoral counseling. "Kids can get awfully upset over sexual misbehavior," he says. "They get carried away and do something they know they shouldn't, and they really suffer the tortures of the damned. The thing to do is try to convince them, and their parents, that their lives are not ruined. They are not damned. God does love them and will forgive them, and despite all that's happened, they can go on and live good, clean, Christian lives. This sounds awfully permissive, I know. But it's difficult for a minister to stand on God's side as well as man's side. When you counsel, you act for God. You can speak of His love and forgiveness, but you must also say, 'It's wrong to do these things and as long as you do them, you are separating yourself from God.'"

When a pregnancy is involved, Father Pedersen, like the Rev. Carl Weber, pastor of St. John's Lutheran Church in Mayfair, Philadelphia, strongly counsels against a loveless marriage, "just to give the baby a name," for this would merely pile one mistake upon another. Instead, the Reverend Mr. Weber urges that the girl accept the care of a church home until the child is born, and that she then turn the baby over to a church agency for adoption.

Especially difficult people to counsel are women unhappy in their marriages. Herein lies a danger to the counselor, for the increasing burden of counseling opens doors of temptation to the pastor which may test him beyond his strength. Women look for the qualities of gentleness, sensitivity and spirituality in men—and the pastor may seem to glow with these qualities. If, vexed by his own personal cares, the minister agrees that they can comfort each other, the result is tragedy. With his guilt upon him, he stands mute in the pulpit, knowing himself to be a hypocrite, and the shattering fear of scandal poisons his whole ministry.

Today it is recognized that the minister—and the minister's wife—sometimes need pastoral counseling as much as any troubled layman. His profession does not shield him from the problems that bedevil other men. Not only does he get emotionally involved, he also may be over his head in debt, troubled by the rebellion of a wildly delinquent son, married to a shrewish wife, and so desperately overworked that he may be assailed by doubts as to his usefulness as a minister. He may even doubt the validity of the Gospels themselves. "Any minister," one says, "may give you a thousand reasons for doubting the Scriptures a layman never thought of." In the past there was nowhere he could turn for help. He could not afford to spend $25 for an hour with a psychiatrist. He could not go to a superior in his church or confide in a member of his flock. He had to bear his burdens alone until he cracked.

Recognizing the helplessness of the minister who found himself in trouble, the Rev. Richard C. Raines, Methodist Bishop of Indiana, in 1957 set up a counseling service for pastors. The man he chose as his counselor was the Rev. Dr. James Edward Doty, warm, outgoing, sympathetic, trained in psychiatry, and dedicated to the idea that a minister is as worthy of help as any other man. He opened his office in Indianapolis and passed the word throughout Indiana that pastors could come to him with their personal problems without fear that their secrets would ever be revealed. He then opened the doors for business and had to jump back to avoid being trampled.

"Every problem that afflicts human beings except acute alcoholism has come into this office," Doctor Doty says. "This does not mean that the Methodist ministers of Indiana are more troubled than other pastors. It merely indicates that in every denomination there are men in need of help."

Doctor Doty finds that many of the minister's problems stem solely from spreading himself too thin. Harassed by a hundred duties that have little or nothing to do with the thing he really wants to do, which is to preach so powerfully that men will stand in the rain to hear him, he begins to doubt his own calling, to lose his sense of usefulness, to feel a burden of guilt he cannot throw off.

Like other men, the minister who feels inadequate is prone to vent his frustrations on his family. "A wife sits there in the pew," says Doctor Doty, "and hears her husband preach with wonderful eloquence and power on *I Corinthians* 13—'faith, hope and love . . . but the greatest of these is love.' And she sits there gritting her teeth and muttering, 'Oh, yeah?', for she hasn't had a word or gesture or touch of love in months from this harassed and harried man."

Doctor Doty admits, wryly, that he too has on occasion been too much engrossed in his job. One Sunday afternoon when he was a parish minister he was sitting in his study riffling through the pew cards on which his parishioners express their desire for some special attention. "Mrs. James E. Doty desires pastoral call," he read. "I went home at once," said Doctor Doty.

Not only preoccupation with church business but too much piety can set a minister's wife to seething inwardly, Doctor Doty says. "If you ever get to where even your wife feels you wear a clerical collar on your pajamas, and she begins to think of you as 'Reverend'—watch out. The foundations of your marriage are beginning to crumble."

Jane Varnell, wife of the Rev. Sam Varnell, handles this situation in her own way. When the Reverend Sam gets a little (*continued on page 88*)

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Early in the day, Cole struggles with the paperwork that steals so many of his precious hours.

Rotary luncheon is "sometimes dull" but he goes because "these are men of responsibility."

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A MAN WHO TRIES

He gets up at five o'clock to start his 18-hour working day. In slippers and trousers, with an old tweed jacket over his pajama tops, he moves quietly into the kitchen to brew a pot of coffee. Graying black hair still rumpled, black eyes somber under shaggy brows, he sips the first cup sleepily, standing at the stove. Then, carrying a second cup, he slips through a side door into a little room walled with books. There, at a cluttered desk, he puts his head in his hands and prays, asking God to help him meet the trials of the coming day. Then, for two hours, he reads and meditates.

His name is Elbert Cole. He is a Methodist minister, 47 years old, with a wife named Virginia, a daughter, Carolyn, who is a blithe and bubbly 19, and a thoughtful, studious son named Christopher, aged 16, who likes math and basketball.

There is nothing particularly unusual about this family, except, perhaps, the warmth and closeness they feel in the rare times they are together. Nor is there anything particularly special about Mr. Cole himself, except the intellectual drive that has earned him a doctor's degree in theology. In other ways, however, he is typical of the dedicated, hard-pushed, American Protestant minister. He is presented here because a *Post* photographer remembered for 20 years a tall, blackhaired and smiling Navy chaplain aboard the carrier *Saratoga* in World War II and set out to find him and discover what his life is like today.

At 8:15 in the morning, his spirit refreshed by his reading and meditation, his hunger appeased by a hearty breakfast with Virginia and Chris, the Reverend Doctor Cole climbs into a battered white '59 Ford and sets off for the church four miles away. Dressed in his dark suit, his sober tie, his raglan-shouldered topcoat, carrying his attaché case, he looks like an insurance man setting off for work. And to the 2,700 members of his congregation at North Methodist Church in Indianapolis, this is essentially what he is—their insurer against loss of hope, against poverty of the spirit and sickness of the soul, against the storms of life that thrash and buffet them.

At the church he glances at his schedule for the day; it seems fairly light: a talk at 8:45 at the

Cole's 16-year-old son Chris is waiting when Cole gets home late in the evening. "You stood me up," Chris complains. "You said you'd meet——" Wearily his father replies, "I know, son. I'm very sorry. I got held up."

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Talking with children is easy and fun for Cole; their faith is untroubled and implicit.

The barber is a parishioner. Cole calls on him at his shop, tries to gain a feel for his problems.

Ministers' children sometimes need counseling too. Over coffee in his study, Cole's daughter Carolyn asks her father for help with a problem—the difficult matter of brushing off a boyfriend without really hurting him.

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Cole has little time for social calling, but visiting the aged and the sick is a responsibility.

Comforting the bereaved, Cole sometimes talks theology—"with others, I merely kneel and cry."

Y.M.C.A., a Rotary luncheon at noon, a staff conference at the church at two, a talk to a student group at Butler University at 3:15, a 6:30 dinner with the Fishermen's Club—the organization of earnest laymen who call on newcomers—at eight a meeting with a neighborhood interracial group, and then, hopefully, home to bed.

But a minister's days have a way of filling up. Back from his speech at the Y.M.C.A. at 10:15 he finds a snowball of telephone memos on his desk. A young member of the church wants permission to use Cole's name as a credit reference. There is a call from a young couple who want to be married. Over a period of weeks he had talked with them until he had satisfied himself that they did love each other and that the marriage would last. He sets the date. There is a request for communion by an elderly shut-in who can no longer come to church. He jots down the address.

While he is on the phone a death call comes in. This to every minister is of first priority. He glances at his watch. Rotary is at noon. There is still time. He drives quickly to the home of the bereaved family, kneels and prays with them. This is the minister's greatest testing. What can he say? What can he do, that can comfort a father and mother whose child has died?

"Sometimes it is sufficient just to be there, to let them know you share their suffering," he says. "I do what the moment calls for. With some I get theological. With others I merely kneel and cry."

En route to Rotary—"stodgy and sometimes dull"—he remembers one chore that has not been done: the preparation of the weekly bulletin. He thinks of skipping Rotary and munching a package of Life Savers at his desk, as he often does. But he goes on, for "these are men of responsibility, and it is important to know what they're thinking."

Back in his office after lunch, the bulletin still unwritten, he fits in a few minutes with a visitor. He speaks with deep affection of his father, a mail carrier, who taught him to love the church; he speaks of his mother, a schoolteacher, who instilled in him his unabated love for education. He recalls the Depression days, when the wages of grocery-store clerks dropped to 25 cents an hour, and he got a battered pickup truck and sold groceries from house to house in the slums of St. Louis to earn money for college. He wanted to be a doctor then, serving the people in the slums. But a doctor serves the need of a single patient, and he wanted somehow to serve whole families, and groups of families, as a minister must do. One night at vespers, sitting on a sand dune at a boys' camp in Michigan, he made his decision. Four years later, in his last year in seminary, he met and married Virginia. He remembered warning her that as a minister he could never earn more than $2,400. Now he makes $11,000 and Virginia, who handles the finances, gives fully a third of it back to the church and other causes. Once, when he was pastor of a small and not too generous church, he made the mistake of telling Virginia she was his heaviest contributor. Not long afterward, in his office at the church late one evening he answered the telephone and heard her voice, disguised and gruff, saying, "Mr. Cole, this is your heaviest contributor. Come home at once."

The day wears on, with the phone ringing, the hands forever clutching at him. He makes the speech at Butler, a hospital call, another death call, and sits through the evening meeting with the interracial group. At 10 he is back home, noting idly that the little Oriental rug just inside the door is beginning to show signs of wear. It looks a little shabby in the new and handsome ranch-style house the church provides him.

Tonight there is a special brightness in the house, for Carolyn is there, home on a brief vacation from her school in North Carolina. There is a special rapport between them, a warm, deep understanding hidden behind a gentle teasing.

"How many bags and boxes did you bring this time?" he asks. "Last time it was nine."

"Only three," she says. "This time I flew."

"Those pants look like a zebra," he says. "Zebras don't wear green herringbone tweed," she says. "Some do," he says. She giggles.

"You are a giggler. . . ." he begins. ". . . and gigglers are immature," she finishes the sentence for him.

"And what else have you been doing?" he says.

She, teasingly: "Smoking, getting drunk, taking dope." Innocently: "Does that make you mad?"

He takes off his coat, slips on an old tan sweater. They go into the living room, around them the somewhat battered furniture he and Virginia have gathered over 25 years. He sits on the sofa. She kicks off her shoes and sits on the arm of it, her arm around his shoulders. The teasing is over. They talk for a long time, seriously: "Daddy, how does a girl know when she's *really* in love?"

After a while, he goes to bed and, lying in the dark, says a prayer for the family whose child has died, a prayer of thanks to God for his help that day. Then he goes to sleep and sleeps without waking until another day begins. □

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During lull in church meeting, Cole steals a brief happy moment with his wife, Virginia.

Exhausted by the day-long strain of bearing other people's problems, Cole collapses in a chair.

Carolyn tries to cheer up her father at the end of his day. They see little of each other—she is a college student—but when she is home they make a special effort to be close.

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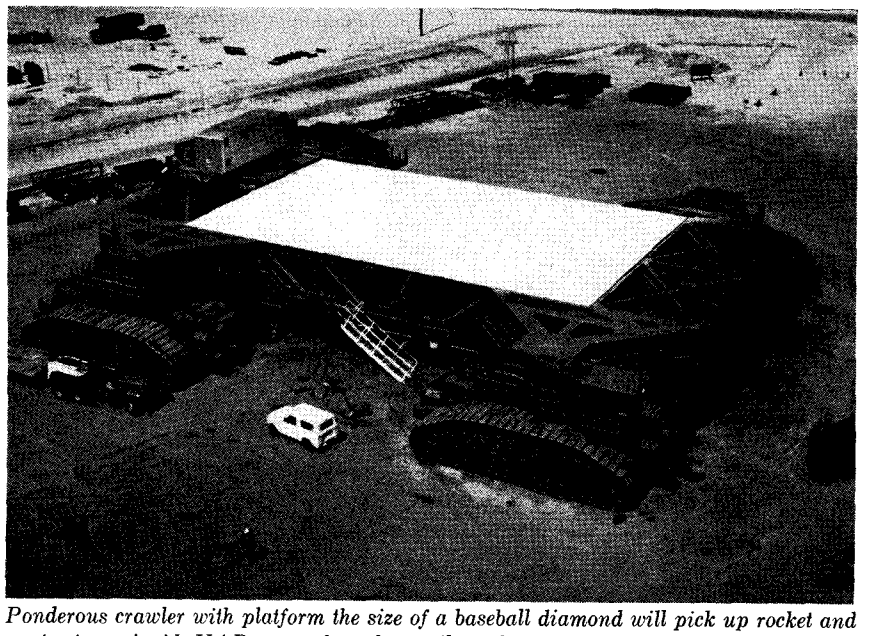
Even with water tower, standard-size buildings and workers' cars giving a sense of scale in the foreground, the bulk of unfinished VAB seems to defy comparison. Slab side is broken by two 456-foot high-bay doorways where Saturn V rockets will exit.



Ponderous crawler with platform the size of a baseball diamond will pick up rocket and gantry tower inside VAB, carry them three miles to launch pad for start of moon journey.

CAPE KENNEDY'S INCREDIBLE CUBE

A COSMIC ROOM TO STAGGER THE MIND

Far and away the mightiest structure in the world, the Apollo project's "VAB" has doors big enough to admit skyscrapers, a room so vast that it could breed its own weather.

By JAMES ATWATER

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We were still about five miles away when I caught my first glimpse of the building across the sand flats of Cape Kennedy. It looked rather like a square, flat-sided warehouse, small and very dull.

"Is that really it?" I asked Zack Stickland, a NASA press officer.

He caught the note of disappointment in my voice. "Doesn't look too big from here, does it?" he said. "Just wait. Just you wait."

When we were about two miles away, the building began to grow. It grew astonishingly, not the way any structure will naturally look bigger as you approach, but in great spurts, as though it were being shoved up out of the ground. I suddenly realized that there was nothing around the building to give it any perspective from a distance. Only as we drew nearer did its true size begin to show. The lower half was covered with white paneling, but workers were still erecting the upper framework. I could just make out clusters of them, colonies of ants moving on the girders.

Stickland parked the car, and we walked the last 50 yards to the building, picking our way through the neat piles of steel girders. The men raising the framework were so high above us that the rat-a-tat-tat-tat-tat of their riveting was as hushed as distant gunfire.

Then we went inside. There, finally, the full size of the structure hit me. I was in an enormous room that went straight up. Standing on the concrete floor, I could look up nearly 500 feet—about 50 stories. The empty space above me was so vast that it seemed to take on weight. I could feel it pressing down on my shoulders.

Stickland and I got into a high-speed elevator and rode up to the temporary wooden planking that covered the upper framework. Great towers and trusses of crisscrossed steel rose all around us. More than 1,000 men were working on the building at that moment, but the structure absorbed them so completely that we seemed to be alone, except for a group of ironworkers who were assembling a span about 75 feet overhead. They were wearing faded tan shirts and red helmets. Each man would pause before walking a beam, and then stride out over space with a slow, measured tread.

I grabbed a rail and stared down at the floor. Viewed from above, the room is not a room at all—it is an abyss. When it is completed, the room will be 52 stories high, with a ceiling only 30 feet lower than the top of the Washington Monument.

In this gigantic room, and in three others just like it in the building, NASA engineers will assemble the Saturn V rockets that will be part of the program to land three Americans on the moon by the end of this decade. The engineers will fit together the three stages of the rocket, and then add the 45-ton Apollo spacecraft to the top. When the Saturn V is ready, it will stand 36 stories tall.

I knew, of course, that plans were going ahead for the seven-day round trip to the moon, but I had never grasped the full meaning of the project until I stood inside NASA's fantastic building. Then it hit me that they really meant it; they really did intend to put a man on the moon.

NASA calls its monster the Vehicle Assembly Building, a laconic designation for what is nothing less than the biggest building ever erected. The name is often shortened to VAB, which is plainly more appropriate to a detergent than to a structure that is bound to become one of the nation's famous landmarks. The VAB will be 674 feet long, 513 feet wide and 526 feet high. Its volume will be 125 million cubic feet, compared to the Pentagon's 77 million and the 96 million of the Great Pyramid of Cheops, the world's mightiest building for 45 centuries. Not all of the VAB will be air-conditioned—just enough of its space to be the equivalent of 3,000 homes.

Since the Saturn V will stand 360 feet high, the NASA engineers had to solve the classic problem of the man who builds a boat in his basement: How do you get the thing out once you're finished? The answer is a door to end all doors. Each assembly bay will have a doorway 456 feet high and 152 feet wide at the base. You could move some 45-story office buildings right into the VAB, with room to spare.

NASA decided to put up the building when it became apparent that the huge and complex Saturn V could not be prepared out on the pad, where the job is normally done. Even the job of checking out John Glenn's Atlas, which was only one fifth the length of Saturn V, and had less than 5 percent of its power, was tremendously complicated by changing temperatures and the salty moisture from the nearby Atlantic. Obviously the best way of preparing the Saturn V would be to do the whole job indoors, where the environment could be carefully controlled.

Once that decision was made, it was inevitable that the building would have to be the biggest ever. It had to have a flexible design that would let NASA adjust interior walls and working platforms to accommodate generations of rockets not yet on the drawing board (although the Saturn V is the ultimate rocket the building can handle in terms of sheer size).

The toughest design problem of the VAB was posed by its location on Merritt Island, which borders Cape Kennedy and lies right in the path of the hurricanes that howl out of the Caribbean in the late summer and early fall. Rising like tremendous sails, the four sides of the VAB were certain to catch the full force of every storm.

"We faced the very real danger that the entire building would take off like a great box kite and be demolished," says Max Urbahn, the New York architect who assembled a team of four firms to design the structure.

After running wind-tunnel tests on a model, Urbahn decided to anchor the VAB to the limestone bedrock 150 feet below the surface. Some 130 miles of 16-inch pipe pilings were driven down into the rock to keep the VAB from blowing away.

The hurricane threat is one reason why the VAB has no windows—the engineers could not risk a deluge of rain and salty spray through smashed panes. What's more, any window big enough to let in a useful amount of light might not survive the sound-wave shock from the blast-off of a Saturn V a little more than three miles away. With the windows went Urbahn's last real hope of designing a feeling of proportion into the VAB. "You can relate yourself to a window and get some idea how big a structure is," he says, "but there is no way to bring this building down to human scale. It's the most frustrating building I've ever designed."

Urbahn has struggled manfully to beautify his monstrous cube in whatever small ways he could. The exhaust stacks on the roof of the adjoining utility building are not just cylindrical pipes; Urbahn has given them an artistic flare at the top. To give the vast slab sides of the VAB some feeling of texture, he has used acres of corrugated plastic-coated panels to cover the framework. While the building's exterior is stark gray and white, the interior is splashed with vivid color—with bright blue stairwells, yellow cranes and crane girders, and orange elevators.

Because the VAB has such vast open spaces, Urbahn faced the unsettling possibility that it could develop its own weather. Clouds could form near the ceiling and rainstorms could drench the scientists and their rockets. To prevent this, Urbahn put in the air conditioning and powerful fans in the top of the building to keep air circulating.

"Normally things happen horizontally in a building," says Urbahn. "But in this building things will happen vertically." They have already begun to happen. One day a crane reached down from the heights, picked up a portable privy and hoisted it 20 stories up in the framework. The instant the privy settled, the door burst open and out stalked an irate workman.

The VAB will be the center of a $750,000,000 rocket base being built under the supervision of the Army's Corps of Engineers. The complex will be finished in 1966. The first unmanned flights of the Saturn V will start in 1967. And the moon shot itself is planned to take place before 1970.

The sections of the Saturn V's will arrive separately at the VAB. The 144-ton booster will come by barge on a canal dredged just for the purpose. It will get a preliminary check in what is known as the low bay, since the ceiling is only 20 stories high. Then two giant cranes will pick it up, turn it upright, and lower it into one of the four assembly rooms known as high bays.

The Saturn V booster will be settled as gently as an egg on a great platform measuring 130 by 160 feet and standing 22 feet off the floor. The two other stages and the Apollo spacecraft will then be stacked on top of the booster. To check out the rocket, NASA engineers will use five ingeniously devised laboratories and test platforms, each of which is divided into two 100-ton parts. The two sections will swing out 30 feet from opposite walls of the bay and fit snugly around the rocket, allowing men to walk right inside the Saturn V with their test gear. These platforms and labs may also be moved up and down the length of the rocket.

Starting in 1967, tourists will be able to gawk at the high bays and all their fantastic equipment. NASA will send them aloft to an altitude of 419 feet in glass-fronted elevators.

When Saturn V is ready to be moved to the pad, there will occur one of the most spectacular maneuvers of the entire moon program. Two diesel engines will rumble to life, and a wondrous vehicle will start to clank through the doorway at one mph. It will move on eight tractor treads, each one 40 feet long and 10 feet high. Riding between the treads will be a steel platform 20 feet high and the size of a baseball infield.

Like a great, mechanical turtle, the 2,750-ton crawler will move under the platform, which will be holding the Saturn V plus a 380-foot tower that will be used for final checks on the rocket. The entire load will weigh 6,000 tons. (For safety, the Saturn V will not be loaded with its 2,750 tons of fuel until it is out on the pad.) Huge jacks will slowly lower the platform until the load is resting on the crawler. Then, snorting and roaring, convoyed by swarms of nervous scientists and engineers, the crawler will begin to crawl the three miles to the launch pad.

On the day I was up in the VAB, I could see a crawler parked on the ground below, looking rather ordinary at that distance. It seemed impossible that that machine could ever pick up a tower and a Saturn V. Then I looked around at the impossible building rising about me, and suddenly anything seemed possible. It seemed only natural that a crawler should pick up a 36-story rocket and a 38-story tower, carry them through a 45-story doorway, and set out for the moon at one mph. □

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By Lewis H. Lapham

"Has anybody here seen Kelly?"

If you have, you're part of a select audience that includes David Susskind, Joseph E. Levine and others involved in the $650,000 show that died after a single night on Broadway. The backstage story of this record theatrical rhubarb was recorded for The Post just as it happened, scene by scene.

PROLOGUE *The musical comedy* KELLY *opened at the Broadhurst Theatre on Saturday, February 6. The New York drama critics unanimously condemned it as one of the worst musicals they had ever seen. Walter Kerr, writing in the New York* HERALD TRIBUNE, *spoke of it as "a bad idea gone wrong." Howard Taubman, the critic for* THE NEW YORK TIMES, *called it "wooden and hollow . . . without freshness or imagination."*

It closed after a single performance, costing the investors roughly $650,000. Nobody on Broadway could remember such a spectacular disaster within the recent history of the theater.

On Monday, February 8, the morning of the play's collapse, David Susskind, the television impresario and the most eloquent of KELLY*'s three producers, spoke to newspaper reporters of his grief. To the New York* HERALD TRIBUNE, *he said, in part:*

"I have never been so shocked, so surprised in my life. I believed in KELLY*. I believed in the cast. I believed in the staging . . . the songs. Then I saw the reviews. They raised a huge unanswered question mark in my brain. What happened to my taste? Did I put on something crass? Could I be this wrong?"*

Such a confession would have seemed improbable to him in October 1964, when, prior to the first rehearsals, Susskind's press agent came to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST *with a proposition for an article about the making of a Broadway musical. The press agent, Jack Perlis, announced that Susskind would welcome the presence of a writer during all phases of the production. No producer had ever before suggested such a thing, Perlis said, but no producer had as much courage as Susskind.*

Considered in retrospect, the events leading toward that last catastrophic weekend in New York possess a dramatic form that divides, without any pedantic unities, into four acts.

ACT I

THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1964; EARLY AFTERNOON.

Seen from a distance, in the clear light of an unseasonably warm afternoon, the men and women grouped on the pedestrian walk of the Brooklyn Bridge seemed as luminous as figures in a Renoir painting. The chorus girls, dressed in costumes of the 1880's, carried parasols. The men in striped blazers and derby hats had brought picnic baskets and mugs of beer.

They stood in a small circle, listening to a trombone player try the opening bars of a tune called, *Everyone Here Loves Kelly*. When he had got it right, the girls put aside their parasols and danced, kicking their legs high in the air. The press agents, who had arranged the entertainment for the benefit of newspaper photographers, then began to push everybody else out of the way.

"Behind the cameras, please," they said, "everybody behind the cameras."

Joseph E. Levine, a heavy man with alligator shoes and a dark silk suit, smiled fondly at the dancing, pleased that he had managed to borrow the Brooklyn Bridge for a publicity stunt on behalf of his new play. Derived from the legendary exploit of Steve Brodie, the play was about a young man who jumps off the bridge around the turn of the century.

"Showmanship," Levine said, watching some bewildered pedestrians walking across to Flatbush. "This is what I call showmanship."

Levine had been brought into the venture by David Susskind and Daniel Melnick, Susskind's partner in his television enterprises, and between them they had raised $450,000 for the play's production, a sum they then thought adequate to the purpose. Of that original money Levine put up $250,000; Susskind and Melnick persuaded a small group of investors to put up another $150,000; and Columbia Records, in return for rights to the record album, had advanced $50,000. None of the producing partners had ever before attempted a Broadway musical.

When the photographers had taken enough pictures, the chorus girls put on fur coats, and everybody went back to the yellow tent set up on a traffic island at the Manhattan end of the bridge. The press agents, among them Jack Perlis, encouraged any stragglers with promises of more music and beer.

"Titans," Perlis said, speaking of Susskind and Levine, "these men are titans, giants of the entertainment industry, the Barnums of today. Whatever they do, they do big. I promise big action."

THE AMSTERDAM ROOF SIX WEEKS LATER.

The first rehearsals took place in an old theater on the seventh floor of the New Amsterdam movie house at Broadway and 42nd Street. Drafty and dimly lighted, the theater had once been used by Florenz Ziegfeld for some of his smaller productions. Herbert Ross, the director and choreographer, sat in a

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY GROSSMAN

The cast

JOSEPH E. LEVINE..a film mogul
JACK PERLIS..a press agent
DAVID SUSSKIND..a television producer
HERBERT ROSS..an accommodating director
MOOSE CHARLAP..a composer who believed in art
EDDIE LAWRENCE..a playwright who admired Berthold Brecht
DANIEL MELNICK..friend and partner to Susskind
RANDY BROOKS..a stage manager
DON FRANCKS..a leading man who hoped to be discovered
A LADY IN A VEIL
ANITA GILLETTE..the ingenue
ELLA LOGAN..a leading lady
MICKEY SHAUGHNESSY..an actor who protested
EILEEN RODGERS..an actress who cried
JESSE WHITE..an actor who complained
NAT DORFMAN..a trusting press agent
MEL BROOKS & LEONARD STERN..comedy writers for television
FRED SEGAL..an advertising representative who felt sorry
A MAN ON A BULLDOZER
MISCELLANEOUS dancers, singers, attorneys and other theatrical figures.

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Kick-off: Don Francks joins chorines on Brooklyn Bridge. "Showmanship!" said Levine.

KELLY

wooden chair placed on an old burlesque runway. A tall, lean, awkward and flatfooted man, he sat with his right leg folded under his left, wearing a loose sweater and steadily smoking cigarettes. Although he was well-established as a choreographer of television shows and Broadway musicals, *Kelly* was the first musical that he had ever directed.

During those first weeks, gradually giving substance to his visions of space and movement, he seldom raised his voice, preferring to speak to the company with light sarcasm. His horn-rimmed glasses and the deep lines in his gentle face gave him the appearance of a university professor.

"You're doing this like a bunch of drunken old ladies, for heaven's sake," he would say to the dancers; or, "Don't just sit there like an Equity member, Leslie, *react*."

Other than Ross's bored, calm voice, the only sound in the theater was that of the rehearsal pianist playing the same tunes over and over again on the upright piano to the left of the stage, and the dancers counting to themselves as they waited to make their entrances. The girls wore their long hair pinned up in brightly colored scarves.

Moose Charlap and Eddie Lawrence attended every rehearsal, both of them pacing nervously up and down the aisles, watching their play from different angles. They had written *Kelly* five years before, in nine days and nine nights of fierce inspiration. They had been unable to get it performed, however, because the producers to whom they brought it had wanted to make unacceptable changes in the script.

Conceived as an ironic farce, the play concerned a young Irish immigrant (Hop Kelly) who, before the opening curtain, has tried and failed in three attempts to jump from the Brooklyn Bridge. The action takes place along the Bowery during the late 1880's.

A sarcastic and cocksure youth, Kelly had offered to jump from the bridge in a moment of braggadocio. A group of gamblers took him up on the offer and squandered large amounts of money on his three losses of nerve.

As the play opens the gamblers are ready to bet on him once again, but this time, to insure their investment, they intend to make him party to a fraud, by means of a complicated scheme to throw a dummy off the bridge. In his first appearance on stage, however, Kelly sings a soliloquy in which he reveals hope of regaining self-respect by honestly risking death. The dramatic action depends on the ensuing conflict between Kelly and the gamblers. (The action also involves several subplots, including Hop's love for a gambler's daughter.)

At various intervals the characters pause, in the tradition of Berthold Brecht, to sing songs intended as commentaries to the audience. These dealt with such themes as social injustice and the falsity of romantic love.

Both Lawrence and Charlap thought of the play as an artistic statement about modern life, not as a Broadway entertainment. They were thankful that in Susskind and Melnick they at last had found producers with the courage to present such a play.

"Those other guys," Lawrence said, referring to other producers, "wanted to change the kid into some kind of knight in shining armor, like a crummy love story."

A man in his early 40's, nearly always dressed in a well-fitting tweed jacket and a soft hat slanted jauntily across his eyes, Lawrence had a cold and self-contained manner, as if he never quite heard what anybody said to him. Although known principally as a nightclub comic and as an author of comedy sketches for television, Lawrence had also studied painting for four years after the war with Fernand Léger in Paris, and he believed that an artist's work was inviolable. *Kelly* was his first full-length play.

Charlap, more excitable and intense, had composed the music for three Broadway shows, among them *Peter Pan*. A small man, almost bald, he walked with a bouncing gait and spoke in a quick and husky voice, generally accompanied by violent chopping motions in both hands.

"The play is something I believe in," he said. "It thumbs its nose at cliché. I'm not attempting to appeal to the 12-year-old mind. . . . This is 1964; so it's against sentimental. . . . Give it the bitter chop; no perfect fifths or octaves. . . . At least let me be wrong on my own terms. . . . I hope I still believe in it when it gets to Broadway."

On the afternoon of the third day, Daniel Melnick came confidently forward out of the gloom of the darkened theater, his overcoat draped across his shoulders. On his way across the stage he paused to kiss two chorus girls lightly on their foreheads. Under the overcoat, the collar of which was trimmed in fur, he wore a double-breasted cashmere sweater with suède buttons.

"Ask any question you can think of," he said, introducing himself. "With any luck you will be able to write a textbook on how to produce a play in the American musical theater."

Although Levine had contributed the major amount of money, he had entrusted the production to Susskind and Melnick. At the age of 32, Melnick had been Susskind's partner for the past year in Talent Associates-Paramount Ltd., a company that packages and sells television shows and which, as he explained, concerned itself with "all media on both coasts." Of Lawrence and Charlap, he said: "Eddie and Moose, of course, are insane."

He intended the remark as a high compliment, meaning to suggest that the richness of their talent surpassed the understanding of ordinary people.

Susskind appeared later that evening. He wore an old raincoat and walked with the rolling gait of a sailor or a prizefighter. "We're not remote, entrepreneurial figures," he said, "we're gutty, rich, virile, accessible." Laughingly he remembered the numerous auditions for prospective investors, many of whom had been confused by the unconventional aspects of the play. "Overbred society people," he said, ". . . the critics had not yet told them what to think."

THE CORT THEATRE, A WEEK LATER.

On Monday, December 14, the company moved to West 48th Street because Ross wanted to try the dance numbers on a larger stage. The scene was nearly identical to the one on the Amsterdam Roof: steam pipes against a brick wall behind the stage, the same harsh light, the same drafts. The cast, after a month of rehearsals, had become bored. When not called upon to perform, the dancers and actors sat listlessly on folding chairs, reading newspapers, working crossword puzzles, talking about clothes and love affairs.

"What do you mean, does she know him?" said a blond girl waiting to sing, "of course she knows him, she's been living with him for a week."

The stage had been marked out with strips of tape to indicate the eventual placing of the props and scenery. Randy Brooks, the stage manager, was beginning to note the necessary timings; how long for platforms to rise into place; how long for each scene, each crossover, each song. Susskind and Melnick now came to every rehearsal. Often Susskind sat by himself in the back of the theater, staring at the stage with fierce concentration. Late one afternoon he confessed to a suppressed ambition to become a choreographer. He spoke also of his fondness for the timelessness of the theater, a remote and far-off place wherein only the imaginary was real.

"The musical comedy is the only generic American art form," he said. "I would like to have one continually in rehearsal. It's great therapy to come and watch the singing and dancing, away from Madison Avenue and the money worries and the bureaucrats."

Melnick had taken to sitting directly behind Ross, whispering in his ear, giving advice about the movements of the dancers, or the placing of the sets, or the reading of particular lines. As the rehearsals continued, Ross sometimes spoke to the company with a harsh edge in his voice.

"Listen, people," he would say, "this is not very important dialogue, so please just don't let it lie there."

The actor with whom Ross was most concerned was Don Francks, a Canadian nightclub and television entertainer playing the role of Hop Kelly. Although not much past the age of 30, his gaunt face was marked with deep shadows. He had quit school at a young age and wandered around the world, shipping out as a seaman on a freighter to South Africa, working in an iron foundry in British Columbia, traveling to Mexico on a motorcycle. Melnick had promised him that with *Kelly* he would be discovered as a sensational star in the United States, another Robert Goulet.

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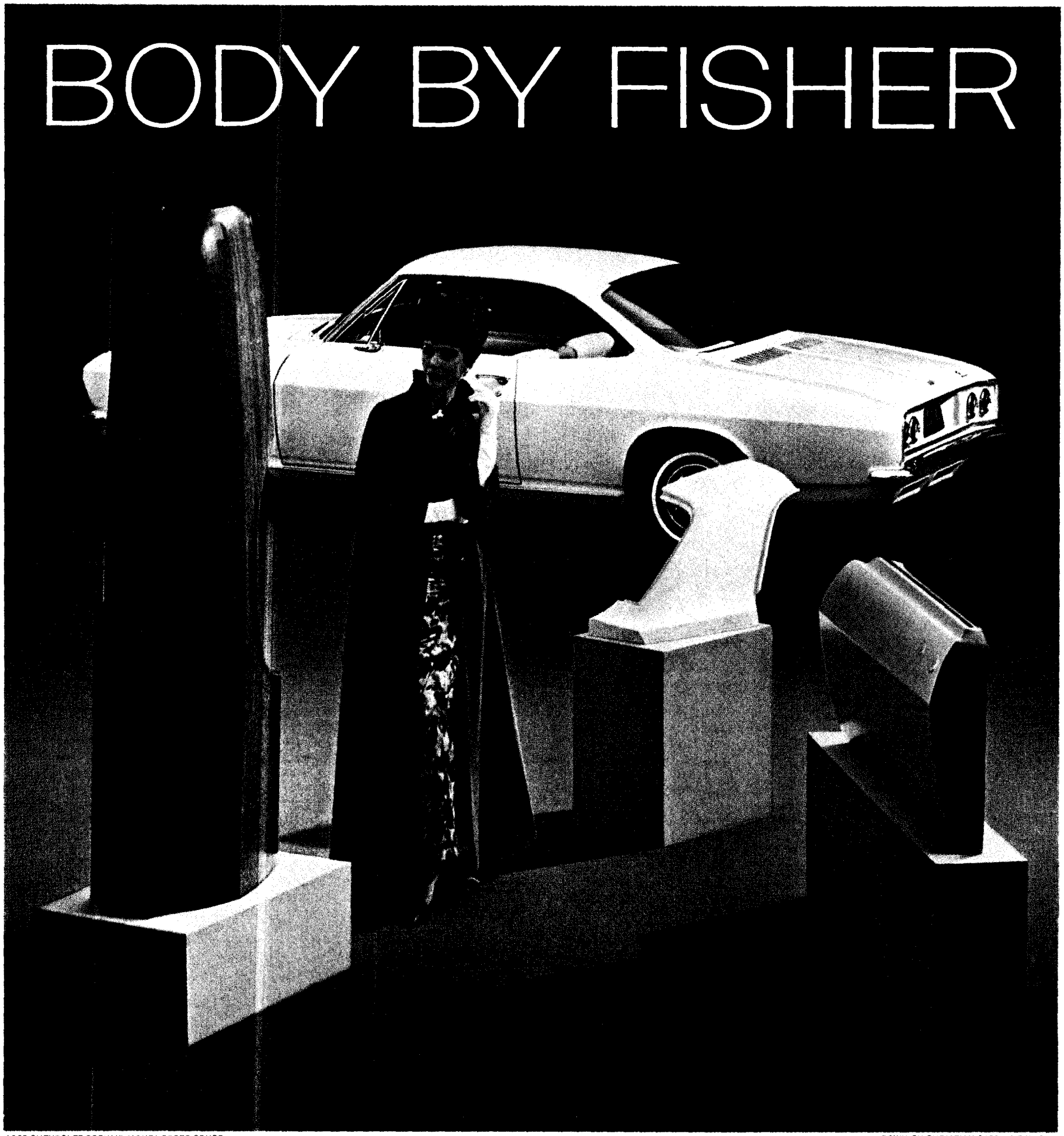

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Philadelphia rehearsal: Melnick (left) and Susskind, "Barnums of today," confer with Ross, the director, and Lawrence, book and lyrics.

Usually he came to rehearsal dressed in soft leather boots and tight-fitting suits of his own design. He seldom spoke to his colleagues, preferring to inscribe his passing thoughts and fancies in the large, black notebook that he carried with him everywhere. Waiting his turn to perform, he would decorate the pages of the notebook with drawings of flowers, like illuminations in a medieval manuscript. At times Francks put his inspirations into prose, and at others into poetry.

At the end of the rehearsal on Thursday night, Ross, Melnick, Susskind, Lawrence and Charlap gathered in the 11th row to consider the possible elimination of a song sung by two actors playing the parts of Frank and Jesse James. (One of Lawrence's subplots involved the robbery of the Bowery Savings Bank by the James brothers.)

"Let's be realistic, gentlemen," Melnick said, "it's not coming off, and we cannot hold onto the dream."

As soon as Charlap understood the intent of the conversation, he began to twitch nervously. Susskind put his arm around him, seeking to comfort him.

"Moose, Moose," he said, "stop that nonsense. Nobody's going to hurt you."

"I won't cut it," Charlap said, "I'm sorry; I simply won't do it."

So saying, he got up and walked out of the theater.

By the following afternoon, Susskind and Charlap had temporarily resolved their differences. But thereafter, if ever Susskind put his arm around Charlap's shoulder, the color would drain from Charlap's face, and his eyes would assume a glazed expression.

The rehearsals proceeded without incident for the rest of the week, and on Sunday the cast presented a run-through of the entire play for an audience of about 100 friends and relatives. The friends and relatives did not laugh much, nor did they applaud in a way that could be thought heartening.

"I remember in Paris once, after a performance like this," Lawrence said without explanation, "the audience yelled 'author, author,' and the actors brought out a gorilla."

The audience's lack of enthusiasm had a depressing effect on Ross, who sat slumped in his seat in the last row, his face in his hands.

"There isn't a page of dialogue that works," he said, "not a line."

Melnick, however, managed to interpret any apparent failure as an inconsequential illusion. Of the audience's response on this occasion, he said:

"They're interested. They're intrigued, but they're too respectful, like it was a poetry reading or an evening at the Ninety-Second Street Y.M.H.A. The love scene is too honest."

Much later that night, after long and involuted conversations in the men's room, everybody agreed that except for a few minor troubles in the first act, the play was in remarkably good shape. Ross, having regained his composure, expected slight changes in Philadelphia. "For what we have got to say," he said, "maybe we could cut twenty minutes; nothing's so good that it can't be cut."

"The wonderful thing about this show," Melnick said, "is that everybody is working together. There is none of that terribleness, that viciousness, those cliques common to most musicals. What we have here is a unity."

EN ROUTE TO PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 22, 1964; LATE MORNING.

The talk in the car, a long Cadillac with two telephones, devolved largely on deals: for books, movies, plays, people, television rights and common stocks. Joseph E. Levine, his hat placed firmly on his head, his hands spread motionless on his knees, sat on the back seat with Susskind. Melnick sat in front with the driver. They talked with the largesse of Monopoly players exchanging railroads and utilities

Levine was in a contented mood. His most recent film, *Marriage Italian Style*, had opened the day before in New York to rave notices and was expected to gross several million dollars at box offices across the country. *The Carpetbaggers* continued to earn record sums, and in London everybody said that Carroll Baker would attract additional millions in *Harlow*. For a man who had started out in Boston 59 years ago with no money and no prospects, and who had, among other things, sold plastic statuettes of Daddy Grace on the streets of Harlem, Levine had come a long way.

As the car moved slowly through the Lincoln Tunnel, Melnick explained that they might have trouble selling tickets to Kelly because Don Francks, in the lead, was an unknown name.

"He's not a star, Joe," Melnick said, "in Kansas they never heard of him . . . Jesus, what am I talking about, Kansas . . . they don't know him on Forty-Second Street."

"So I'll give him three pictures," Levine said.

Susskind reminded Levine that he was to appear the following week on Susskind's television show, *Hot Line*, together with Isaac Stern, the violinist, and Risë Stevens, the opera singer.

"It's a classy guest list, Joe," Susskind said, "you could talk about *Kelly*."

"Will Isaac play *Hearts and Flowers* if I tell him the story of my boyhood?" Levine asked.

During the rest of the trip Susskind seldom spoke. Levine and Melnick, however, continued to talk about money. Levine said he had just bought the movie and television rights to Romain Gary's new novel, *The Ski Bum*.

"Did you read the book, Joe?" Melnick asked.

"What do you mean, did I read it? I didn't have to read it. I bought it."

As the car approached Philadelphia, edging through the suburbs on the north side of town, Levine asked a series of questions about *Kelly*. Being a novice at producing for the stage, he wanted to know about costs, renting theaters, unions, advertising procedures. At the end of this conversation, by way of a joke, he asked, "So when do we close?"

Everybody laughed at that, and Levine said that no matter what happened on Broadway, he would make the play into "a helluva movie."

In the lobby of the Barclay Hotel on Rittenhouse Square, waiting for the bellboy to bring his luggage from the car, Susskind looked with mounting doubt and suspicion at the potted palms.

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"I hope we're going to be happy here," he said.

ACT II

PHILADELPHIA, THE SHUBERT THEATER, THE FOLLOWING NIGHT.

The marquee outside the theater looked like the marquee on a suburban supermarket. The cold and efficient lettering advertised, as if it were the day's special grocery offering, a SMASH NEW MUSICAL COMEDY. The phrase was conceived by Nat Dorfman, a New York press agent assigned by Perlis and Susskind to promote *Kelly* on the road. The show was to play a preview performance on Saturday, December 26, and on the following Monday, December 28, it would open for the Philadelphia critics and the beginning of a three-week engagement.

At 7:30 P.M. Wednesday, as a few people stood in line at the box office, the company began its first run-through with costumes, lights, scenery and orchestra. Ross sat in the 14th row, dictating notes to his assistant. Susskind and Melnick took their accustomed positions, directly behind him. To Ross's right sat Freddy Wittop, the costume designer, and Oliver Smith, the set designer. To his left, five rows farther back, sat Charlap and Lawrence.

The run-through required the better part of two days. Randy Brooks, the stage manager, stopped the performance every few minutes until he had satisfied himself that the sets worked properly and that the actors knew their exits and entrances precisely.

The revelation of the sets and costumes inspired Susskind and Melnick to elaborate compliments. "Smashing, Freddy, absolutely gorgeous," Melnick would say to Wittop. "Ravishing, Oliver, perfectly ravishing," Susskind would say to Smith. The sets had cost almost $100,000.

Because several scenes took place on the Bowery, in a lower-class milieu, many of the costumes, which cost another $90,000, had been made to look poor. "They look so good," Melnick said, "as if they came from an Army-Navy surplus store for $3.98."

"My rags are silk chiffon," Wittop said, "otherwise they wouldn't float that way. The idea is poetic dirt, not just a dirty look."

Charlap and Lawrence, however, disapproved of both sets and costumes. They would have preferred a bleak stage and abstract sets, something more in the tradition of Berthold Brecht.

"This is too real, too materialistic, too rich," Charlap said. "The imagination droops, and suddenly you're competing with *My Fair Lady*. In East Germany they would understand how to do this play."

"Well, if it's a stiff," Lawrence said, "we can always charge admission to let the people see the sets and costumes."

Ross, although pleased with the visual effects, worried about the music. He wasn't happy with Sandy Matlovsky, the conductor, and he thought some of the orchestral arrangements lacked style. Matlovsky had been hired at the insistence of Charlap, partly because the two men were friends and partly because Matlovsky had conducted the first New York performance of Brecht's classic *Threepenny Opera*.

Upon first hearing the orchestra play a dance number called *Tough Neighborhood*, Ross said, in an aside to Susskind and Melnick, "That's the worst thing I ever heard . . . it's as if they never saw the parts and telephoned it in!"

In a louder voice, to Matlovsky, he said, "Stop it, Sandy, stop it, I'm sorry, but I want it my way, now . . . it's just terrible."

The rehearsal ended at 11:30 P.M., the run-through having progressed as far as the last scene in Act I. Ross and the two producers then summoned their authors to a meeting in the basement of the theater. They had begun to suspect that the character of Hop Kelly was not sufficiently sympathetic or heroic. Earlier that day they had decided to ask Lawrence for three new scenes and Charlap for at least one new song.

Although the authors agreed to these requests, they did so with heavy reluctance, doubts obviously beginning to cloud their minds. When they had left, Melnick, who had been a vice president of the ABC television network and there had established *Ben Casey*, said, "You've got to be a Jesuit or a rabbi to justify all the changes and satisfy the emotional needs of these people . . . Authors are like children."

Susskind thought Lawrence and Charlap ungrateful for his and Melnick's advice.

"They ought to be down on their hands and knees for all the creative collaboration they're getting," he said.

THE SAME, THREE NIGHTS LATER.

Levine, who had gone back to New York after a press conference that first day, returned to Philadelphia for the first preview. Before the performance he stood unobtrusively in the lobby, watching the audience come into the theater, listening to the customers talking about their Christmas presents and the unusually warm rain that season.

"This week in New York," he said, "I've already had a flop and a hit. *Marriage Italian Style* is big. Everywhere there are lines, long lines at the box office."

The flop was Eugene O'Neill's *Hughie*, with Jason Robards Jr., a play that Levine had produced with the hope of improving his image among the literati.

"I mean, it was art for Chrissake," he said. "The critics are supposed to go for art, aren't they? I always knew that movie critics hated movies, and so from now on I know that drama critics hate plays."

He was especially troubled by the knowledge that the success or failure of a play depended on the opinions of only five or six men in New York.

"It's a crap game," he said. "You could take $500,000 to Las Vegas and do as well."

He watched the performance from the back of the theater, leaning against the rail behind the last row of seats, together with Susskind, Ross and Melnick. They watched the audience with the fascination of children looking at lions and tigers in a zoo.

Charlap and Lawrence stood off to one side. Of all the people in the theater they were the ones who most enjoyed the show. Lawrence, who had bought a new tie for the occasion, carried his script under his arm. He laughed at all the jokes and listened complacently to the songs.

Charlap, more nervous, paced excitedly back and forth.

"They [the producers] complained that the book doesn't hold," he said. "Well, it holds, it holds like nothing you ever saw before."

The audience, however, reserved its warmest applause for the sets and costumes. If the customers had arrived discussing Christmas or the weather, they left talking about the same subjects, except for a sympathetic lady in a veil who, expressing the majority opinion, said to a friend on her way through the lobby:

"I feel sorry for the cast."

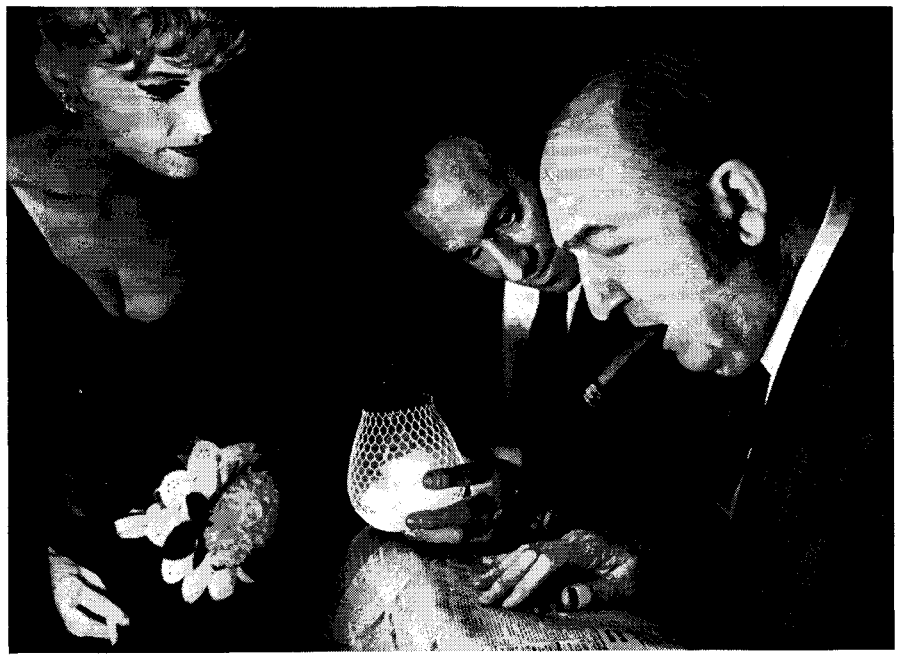
Ross, Susskind and Melnick walked back to the Barclay Hotel in the rain, all of them trying to think of something reassuring to say.

"I know it's there somewhere," Susskind said.

"I hope we don't get good notices," Ross said. "Eddie will be more difficult if we do . . . it's a question of major rewriting."

"At least we now know the things we thought were bad are really just as bad as we thought," Melnick said.

Philadelphia notices: Actor Jesse White meditates with cigar over the first critical blast.



An hour later, at the Variety Club, a bar frequented by traveling actors, the members of the cast comforted themselves with Scotch and variations of the maxim that Philadelphia audiences are always wrong. They ignored the Christmas tree and the messages of good cheer pasted on the walls.

"In Philly," somebody said, "they hated *West Side Story*."

"If they liked it," said somebody else, "then we'd really be in trouble."

THE BARCLAY HOTEL, THE MORNING OF DECEMBER 29.

In a room overlooking Rittenhouse Square, Ross, Melnick and Susskind sat staring gloomily at the Philadelphia newspapers scattered on the floor. Ross sprawled uncomfortably on a couch too small for his angular figure; Melnick and Susskind lounged in armchairs. In a corner of the room, suffused in cold, bright sunlight, a table had been set up with pastry and coffee.

The play had opened the night before, and the reviews were mixed. The Philadelphia Daily *News*, the least important of the local papers, thought *Kelly* "a thing of quality . . . rowdy in humor and blessed with memorable music and engaging dance." But the critic for the Philadelphia *Bulletin* spoke of "a tedious story torpedoed by indecision and the easiness with which it is led up blind alleys." He described Hop Kelly as "a one-dimensional oaf." The producers chose to believe the worst of the reviews.

"This show is an accumulation of non sequiturs," Susskind said, "for a hero we have an oaf, a passive iconoclast, a whiner, a cardboard social protest. There is self-pity implicit in his every speech and move."

"We have to get a line to the story," Ross said, "and then try to fill in the motivations. It happens all the time, just a matter of making the kid heroic."

After an hour of anguished conversation, they decided to cut Frank and Jesse James from the script, to move a successful dance number from the second to the first act and to insist that Lawrence write whatever they told him to write. They also wanted to cut the opening soliloquy, a song for Francks called *Ode to the Bridge*.

Charlap and Lawrence, accompanied by Matlovsky, the conductor, arrived about noon. They took chairs at the opposite end of the room and refused all offers of pastry or coffee. They looked wary.

Susskind began by reading aloud the sentence of the review about "a tedious story torpedoed by indecision." He then said, "Eddie, I agree with that review 100 percent."

Lawrence merely stared at him, saying nothing, his mouth drawing into a stubborn line. Charlap and Matlovsky looked at the paintings on the walls.

To interrupt the awkward silence, Melnick brought up the subject of the ode to the bridge.

"It's no good, Eddie," he said, "it's Götterdämmerung."

"Of course, like a bad poem," Lawrence said, "that's the whole point of the joke."

"Eddie," Susskind said, "it's a humorless rumination."

"I think it's funny," Lawrence said, "and my friends all think it's funny."

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"Your friends are wrong, Eddie," Susskind said.

"I'm not willing to give it up," Lawrence said, "at least not for now."

At that, discouraged by the inflexible expression in Lawrence's face, the producers dropped the subject. They proceeded to the faults in Hop Kelly's character.

"You've got to make the kid more lovable, Eddie," Ross said. "We've got to understand why the girl loves him."

"Have you got that, Eddie?" Susskind said. "Get to the love."

"I'm beginning to see the reason for all that love stuff in those old Metro movies," Melnick said.

Lawrence then read the three new scenes that he had written over the past two days. The others listened in noncommittal silence. When nobody said anything, Lawrence said, "I don't know what I'm writing anymore."

"Eddie," Susskind said, "don't talk like that. You've got a hero, you've got a mission, you've got enemy forces."

"Next time," Lawrence said, "we try out in Hudson's Bay. They haven't seen an actor there in thirty years."

Having thus disposed, at least temporarily, of the writing problems, the producers turned their attention to the music. To Matlovsky, Melnick said, "Sandy, let me level with you. I'm not comfortable, I'm worried, I don't think we're on top of the music."

"It's not the kind of music that plays itself," Matlovsky said, "the score is like a dead animal."

"We've got to have the result, Sandy," Melnick said.

From Charlap the producers also wanted a second new song, this one a ballad for the newly lovable Hop Kelly.

"It should be a song of self-revelation, discovery, recognition," Susskind said, "the *I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face* of our show."

Although Susskind and Melnick wanted to put all these changes into effect as soon as possible, Ross refused to let them give the new material to the actors until later in the week.

"Don't mess around with these people, Danny," he said to Melnick, "they're tired. I'm not going to see the show for the rest of this week, and I don't care what happens on stage. This is only Philadelphia. Who cares what happens in Philadelphia?"

As the meeting adjourned, just after two o'clock, Lawrence permitted himself a last wistful remark: "I liked my own show better. It was intimate and small, and now I see it turning into a lavish Broadway spectacle."

"Eddie, there's a big hit here," Susskind said. "This is the show you intended to write."

"I hate it," Lawrence said.

THE SHUBERT THEATRE, FIVE DAYS LATER.

The first rehearsal with Lawrence's three new scenes, rewritten since the meeting in the Barclay Hotel, and Charlap's two new songs, took place on the evening of January 3. The company would perform this "new" show on the following night.

The actors playing the James brothers had been fired on Saturday and already had gone back to New York. On the same day Susskind had gone to London to supervise the filming of a television spectacular, thus leaving the production to Melnick. During its first week in Philadelphia the play had earned $44,000, about $16,000 less than its expenses over the same period.

In the revised version of the play, Hop Kelly approached his jump from the Brooklyn Bridge as if for the first time, not the third. He had gained an additional reason for the jump. As he explained to his girl friend at the end of Act I, "because it's there. If I was in England, maybe I would want to swim the Channel, or if I was in Buffalo, go over Niagara Falls in a barrel."

Lawrence, although he had written the lines himself, disliked them. He still came to the theater every day, not as a matter of interest, but for fear that the producers would change lines without asking him. Watching the new love scene, he said:

"Smug, smug. My God, that's what I can't stand, that smugness. . . . Never again, no more Broadway producers. They want to run the theater like a bargain basement in a department store, trying to sell only what the public will buy. In France we used to sit around and laugh about things like this, but the trouble is that nobody here is laughing except me."

Melnick was pleased with the changes. He thought that now the play had begun to take shape, to tell a believable story that people could enjoy and understand.

"We took out the hostility," he said to Ross. "It's sensational, Herb, sensational . . . it moves so fast that if anybody in the audience stops to sneeze, they're lost."

THE BARCLAY HOTEL, THE MORNING OF JANUARY 5.

The new material had proved as disappointing as the old. The audience on Monday night laughed weakly at the new jokes and failed to demonstrate any additional sympathy for the new Hop Kelly. Susskind, informed of this disappointment on the telephone to London, demanded improvements; Levine called later in the day from New York giving similar instructions.

Sitting in the same chairs as on the previous Tuesday, Ross, Melnick, Charlap and Lawrence shared a common anxiety. They felt a need for strong and decisive action. Ross, who looked cold and tired, sat with his hands concealed in the sleeves of his sweater.

"I have something very dramatic," he said, ". . . it's Ella."

Nobody said anything. Ella Logan had last appeared on Broadway in 1947 as the lead in *Finian's Rainbow*, and her role as the mother of Hop Kelly was to have served as the vehicle for her triumphant return to the stage.

"She's a cantankerous lady," Ross said. "She's so vulgar I can't stand it. She's hurting us, and she will definitely have to go."

"She's a cancer," Melnick said, "a Trotskyite."

Both Charlap and Lawrence, surprised by this suggestion, pointed out that Miss Logan was the nearest person they had to a star, that so far she had received the loudest applause, that many tickets had been sold because of her name, and that, without her, the already small business at the box office might diminish even further.

Before Boston: "So I'll give him three pictures," said Levine about the "unknown" Francks.

That's a chance we must take, Melnick said. "If she were fabulous, we might not have the guts to get rid of her, but her part is irrelevant. We can give her lines to the father. She's hurting us, and we've got to be ruthless, just as if she were a song or a dance."

"You get a lot of laughs with the mother," Lawrence said.

"Two laughs, Eddie," Melnick said.

"Nobody understands my jokes," Lawrence said.

Without further argument it was agreed to do away with Miss Logan: Melnick said he would tell her on Wednesday night after the performance. Then, taking advantage of this new surge of self-confidence, he telephoned Nat Dorfman, the press agent.

"Nat, Nat sweetheart, I'm very disappointed in you. . . . I'm unhappy, Nat. The word of mouth is not good enough. Not enough people know that we have a very exciting show. Nat, I'm not interested in sympathy. Nat, I want it on the radio."

THE VARIETY CLUB, WEDNESDAY NIGHT.

The miasma of collective depression settled, like a mist in a swamp, along the bar. The members of the company exchanged rumors, saying that a screenwriter from Hollywood (some said it was the man who wrote *The Carpetbaggers*) would come east to rewrite the script. Others said that after Boston the show would travel to Toronto in hope of gaining additional time in which to make improvements.

Anita Gillette, a small, brown-haired girl with large, soft eyes, sat at a table among several dancers. To Tony di Vecchi, a dancer who kept his money in his shoes, she said, "Tony, am I on the way up or the way down?"

"If it's a big hit, honey," he said, "you're on the way up."

At around midnight Don Francks passed silently and wonderingly through the room, a riding crop under his arm and his familiar black notebook clutched in his left hand.

As the character of Hop Kelly gradually became sentimental, Francks's performance became less convincing. This confused and alarmed him, and so, on this particular night, leaving the Variety Club without saying more than a few words to anybody, he went back to his hotel room and wrote of his disillusion in his usual cryptic style. (The relevant entry in his notebook later read: "Thank you for your plastic flowers; thank you for your rubber fern . . . the bubbles in my pink champagne have burst.")

On his way out of the bar Francks smiled bleakly at Charlap, who, with his wife, sat drinking in the corner of the room under the Christmas tree. Charlap was brooding about the transformation of the play and the arguments won and lost with producers.

"The job of the creative man," he said, "is not to let the money men vitiate his work."

And then, growing more excited with the liquor and the late hour and the enormity of the injustice he felt inflicted upon him, he quoted at random from the work of Ezra Pound, savagely cutting the air with his hands and mixing up the verses of several poems.

"O helpless few in my country," he began, "O remnant enslaved, thwarted against the systems. . . . Go my songs. . . . I have weathered out this storm; I have beaten out my existence."

Ella Logan came in at about two A.M. Round-faced and sly, a woman in her early 50's, she wore a Hawaiian blouse and looked around the room with the exaggerated melodrama of a conspirator in a Shakespearean play.

Talking softly among her supporters in the corner of the bar opposite to Charlap, she reported Melnick's visit to her dressing room. That night, she said, he had come to her and told her that her part was being reduced to five lines in the first act and six lines in the second. She interpreted this maneuver as an attempt to humiliate her and thus oblige her, for reasons of her own pride, to quit the show. If she quit the producers could say that she had violated the contract and therefore they were under no obligation to pay her.

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"Us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch!"

Join the Unswitchables.
Get the filter cigarette with the taste worth fighting for!

Tareyton has a white outer tip
...and an inner section of charcoal.
Together, they actually improve
the flavor of Tareyton's fine tobaccos.

Tareyton

Product of *The American Tobacco Company* ©A. T. Co.

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Two kinds of people fall in love with a Chevrolet Super Sport:

emotional people and shrewd people

Find out below if you'll be one of them.

Now the emotional types are often first attracted to a Super Sport's rich all-vinyl interior (there's over 16 sq. yards of it).

To its deep foam-cushioned bucket seats —

And thick color-keyed carpeting that roams all over the floor, across the doors, up the cowl side panels and even into the floor console compartment.

They're impressed by the power they can have in a Super Sport — power that ranges from a responsive 140-hp Six to a brand-new Turbo-Jet V8.

By the wide variety of equipment offered —from a steering wheel that moves into seven different positions to a radio that plays in stereo.

And of course, by the little touches that make emotional people emotional people — curved side windows, a built-in vacuum gauge, an electric clock, brushed chrome trim, a solid tempered safety plate glass convertible rear window and so on.

As for the shrewd types, they of course know that a Super Sport is a full-size luxury car without a full-size luxury car price.

That a Chevrolet traditionally has maintained a high resale value at trade-in time.

That it rides on a Jet-smooth easy street with its Full Coil suspension system. And keeps quiet about it all with 700 sound and shock deadeners.

That it is built to last — with things like a hefty single unit Body by Fisher and a 9-step acrylic lacquer exterior finish.

And that behind its good looks, there are some pretty sensible money-saving features like self-adjusting brakes with bonded linings, a battery-saving Delcotron generator and four inner steel fenders that protect the four outer steel fenders.

This all brings us back to you — and your particular love affair.

What will it be? Emotional? Shrewd? Or both?

Makes no difference.

As you'll soon find out at your dealer's, a Chevrolet-Super-Sport-kind-of-love is a many splendored thing.

Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

CHEVROLET

In the foreground, there sits an Impala Super Sport Convertible.
In the background, an Impala Super Sport Coupe.

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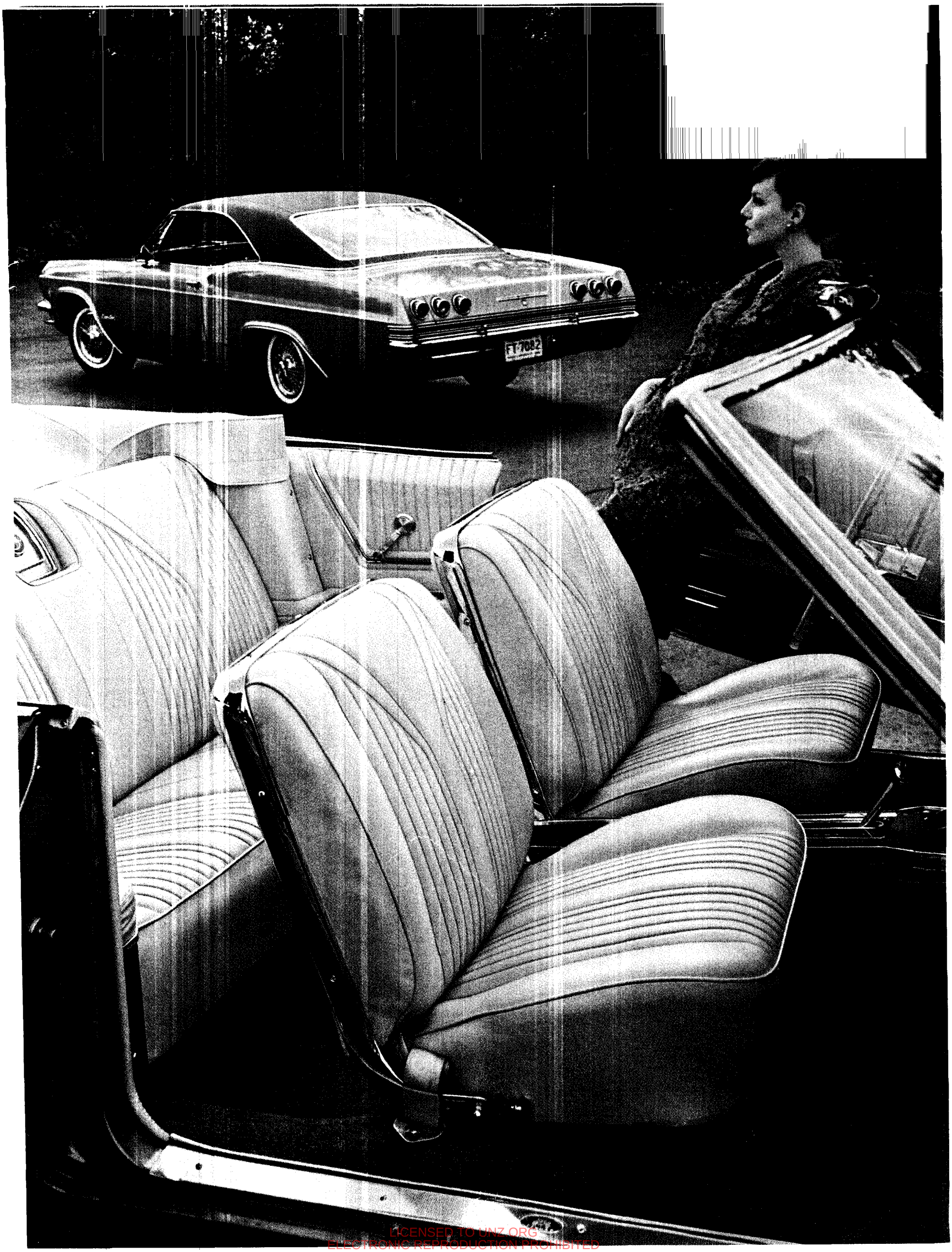

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"But I ain't moving," she said. "I told him very politely I'd speak to my lawyer, and I ain't moving."

Mickey Shaughnessy, a tall and florid man playing the part of a prizefighter who befriends Kelly, gave voice to the troubled emotions of everybody present. Although successful as a nightclub comic and a character actor, Shaughnessy had never played in a Broadway musical, and he was unfamiliar with the rules of behavior out of town.

He pounded his fist on the bar, glaring at the crowd with fierce, direct eyes. Several people tried to quiet him, but he ignored them, his anger that of a passionate and simple man first encountering intrigue.

"I'm sorry, I'm raw," he said. "I'm nightclub, I'm used to telling something to a man's face. We know the play's a bomb. But what is all this whispering and calling everybody 'darling'? If this is Broadway, I don't want it . . . it's untruthful. We've heard rumors of a new writer and new director. Let's go ask Mister Ross or Mister Lawrence or Mister Melnick. . . . Let's talk to each other."

The speech was received in embarrassed silence. Although accustomed to treachery, the other actors were not used to talking about it, especially in the presence of strangers in a bar. Eileen Rodgers, an actress who was cast in the role of a dance-hall queen, began to cry behind her dark glasses, the tears streaming down her face.

"I wish I was back in *Tenderloin*," she said. "It was a flop, but at least people were friendly."

PHILADELPHIA, THE LU LU TEMPLE, THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

Ross had called the actors together for a line rehearsal in the grand ballroom of the Masonic Temple down the street from the theater. The uneasiness and anxiety of the night before had now communicated itself to the entire company. It was another unusually warm day. Through the open windows on the south side of the room, a few birds could be heard singing over the noise of the traffic and the rain.

Halfway through the third scene in Act I, Jesse White, an actor in the role of Stickpin Sidney Crane, the principal gambler attempting to corrupt Kelly, slammed his script on the floor and addressed Eddie Lawrence. As a younger man White had played in several Broadway plays, but lately he had been working as a movie and television actor, his most famous role being in a series of television commercials for Chun King Chow Mein.

"How can I say a *line* like that, Eddie, for God's sake. What does it mean?" he said. "It stinks. It's not funny. If we go to Boston with this stuff, the critics will kill us. We keep hearing that you're going to write new material, but all you do is bring the same old stuff, warmed over. I'm out on the stage and nothing happens."

"If you don't like it," Lawrence said, "you can quit."

He then stood up and walked stiffly from the room, his script under his arm, his mouth set in the familiar obstinate line. He was followed by Eileen Rodgers, again in tears.

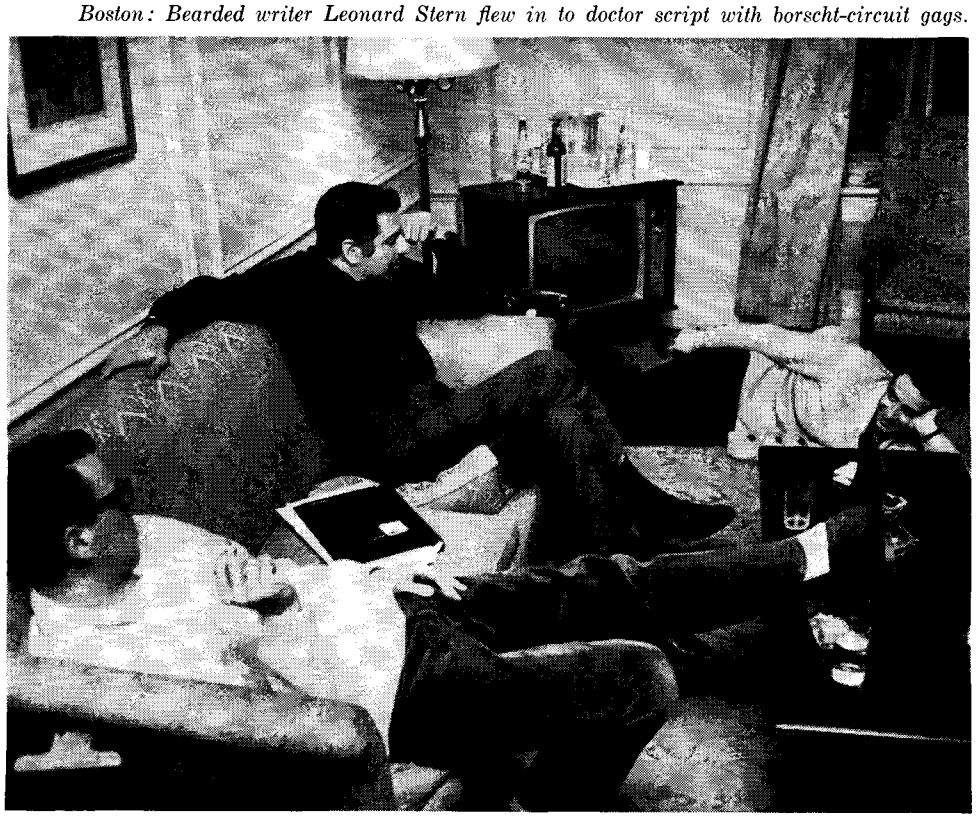
"I can't stand the screaming," she said, "I can't stand it anymore."

Ross allowed the company a 10-minute break and went to comfort Miss Rodgers in the hall. Lawrence had gone back to his hotel.

Waiting for the rehearsal to resume, Ella Logan, now frankly outspoken about the faults of the production, whispered to a dancer that Ross had lost control of his actors.

"Too many ears," she said, "Herbie has too many ears. . . . There's something frightfully fishy going on; you can't trust anybody around here. With most plays you never see the producers, but these guys do everything but come in rehearsal clothes." From that moment on she was always to refer to Melnick as "the smiling killer."

Boston: Bearded writer Leonard Stern flew in to doctor script with borscht-circuit gags.



When the company again assembled for the reading, Ross and Melnick both made short speeches, seeking to reassure the actors. "I know the script is bad," Ross said, "but changes will be made. You must not deteriorate under the emotional strain. It's rough, but that's why we are out on the road."

"At this critical moment," Melnick said, "we must not lose faith in Herb. We cannot behave like animals, snapping and snarling to protect individual interests. All of us have to recognize one thing. Eddie may be a son of a bitch, but he's *our* son of a bitch."

He went on to tell Miss Logan that she was a destructive influence, and he asked her to please cooperate.

"If the show's a flop," he said, "we'll all go back to television."

"You'll go back," Miss Logan said. "Some of us belong in the theater."

THE SHUBERT THEATRE, THE NEXT DAY.

Lawrence came to the theater shortly before noon, expecting to watch the actors rehearse a scene that he had written the previous night. Despite his objection to the producers' intentions he had agreed to more revision.

Before he arrived, however, Ross, acceding to the actors' requests and to his own intuition, had discarded the scene. Instead of following the script, he was conducting an experiment in improvisation, asking the actors to invent their own lines.

As Lawrence entered from backstage, a small, precise and well-dressed figure, he saw Ross sitting among four or five actors on folding chairs, all of them staring expectantly into the rafters. He sat down in the third row.

"I would like you people to say anything that comes into your heads," Ross was saying. "Don't worry about what it means; just respond to whatever is said to you."

Lawrence listened incredulously to the ensuing dialogue. After he had heard a minor actor say, "I don't know how the kid is going to jump off that monster and live," he turned and walked silently away.

A few minutes later, however, he could be heard shouting at Melnick in the lobby of the theater.

"This is a disgrace," he said. "These lines will never reach the stage, never. This is worse than *Young Doctor Malone*. This is sentimental slop. This is abominable."

Although his exact words were not distinguishable, Melnick's voice, much softer, could be heard mumbling appeasement. When he returned to his seat in the third row (Lawrence had again withdrawn to his hotel), Melnick was handed a telegram from an associate in his New York office.

NOTES FROM THE IVORY TOWER. WORD IN NEW YORK IS KELLY BIG HIT. TEASERS UP. LOOK GREAT. HAVE SEEN ADVANCE SUNDAY AD. SENSATIONAL.

The telegram partially restored Melnick's self-confidence. Never again, he said, would he produce a musical comedy under the conditions now imposed on him. He particularly resented the contract he had signed with Lawrence and Charlap; under its clear, Dramatists' Guild terms not a word of the script could be changed without their consent.

Although conceding that Lawrence had seemed a little upset just a few minutes before, he nevertheless thought that both authors would listen to reason at the meeting scheduled for that evening in his hotel room. What with all the money involved, and the chance for a hit and everybody's name in lights, he could not imagine that reasonable men would argue about a few lines of dialogue.

"For five hours I'll listen to the charade," he said. "I'll let them catharsize. They'll go along. We'll all be happy together in Boston."

INTERLUDE

Lawrence and Charlap never went to Boston with the company. On Friday, January 8, the same night that Melnick predicted reconciliation, he received a second telegram, this one from the authors' lawyers, threatening "appropriate action" if he and Susskind continued to permit unauthorized changes in the script. Over the weekend and through the following week the dispute became increasingly bitter. During this period the producers became furtive and shy.

Susskind returned from London on Monday, January 11, and rescinded the decision to abandon Miss Logan. Lawrence accordingly proceeded to write her part back into the play.

Lawrence's third and last revision went into the play on the evening of Tuesday, January 12. Although satisfactory to the authors, it failed to encourage the producers. During the intermission that night, in a bar adjacent to the theater, Ross, Susskind and Melnick, their faces strained and tense, avoided looking directly at one another, like suspects waiting to testify before a grand jury. Later that night they confronted their authors in the Barclay Hotel and presented an ultimatum. Melnick reported the substance of the conversation at breakfast the following morning.

"We told Eddie he was written out, that he was dry and had reached a dead end. The hero is still a petulant, mean and whining kid. We told Eddie he needs help, another writer."

Lawrence refused the offer, still maintaining that the character of Hop Kelly should be hostile, an anti-hero that the audience comes to admire despite his unattractive manners.

On Friday, Melnick reported that he and Susskind were determined to do whatever they wanted to do with the show, even if it meant getting rid of Lawrence and risking trouble with his lawyers. The play had continued to suffer at the box office, and they already had been obliged to raise another $100,000 to pay the show's expenses, first to Boston and thence to New York.

"It's incredible," Melnick said, "that guys like Levine and David and myself can be frustrated . . . wrecked . . . by these small-time maniacs. . . . I mean, it's unheard of, fantastic. . . . The time for pleasantries is past."

On January 16 Lawrence and Charlap left Philadelphia. The next morning Charlap telephoned from New York and said that he and Lawrence were through with "Kelly."

"It's not our show anymore," he said, "it's tenth-rate television jazz."

He reported that on Friday his lawyers had filed a demand for arbitration of the dispute. Levine had come to a meeting

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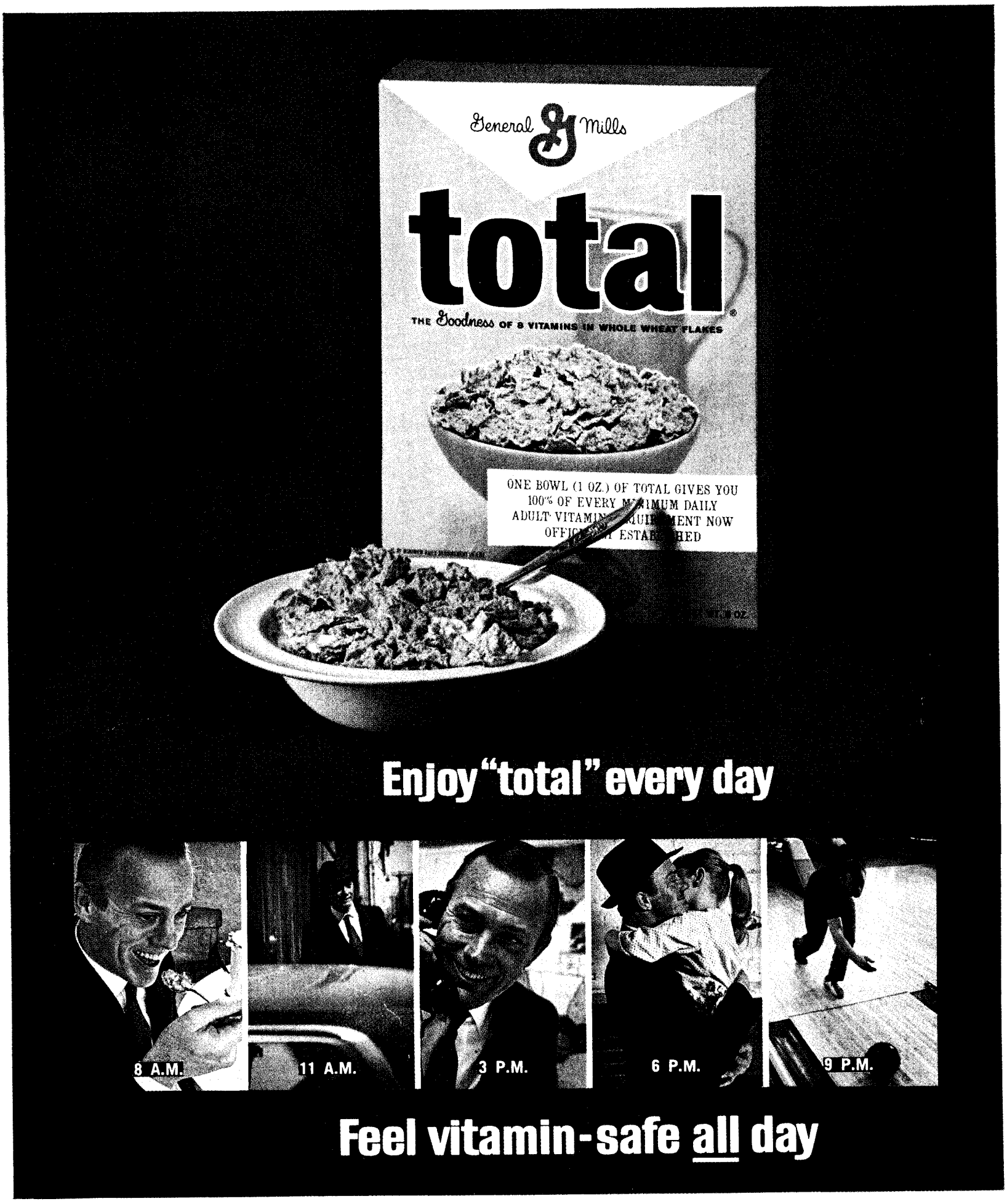

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Before New York: "Home Again," an extravagant production number, featured Anita Gillette and Jesse White (left) with Mickey Shaughnessy (right). The producers decided to kill it.

that night and there had been an unpleasant scene.

"The whole thing was like a sordid German movie," he said. "Levine shouted a lot. He wanted to know who the hell did we think we were, for Chrissake, Shakespeare and Beethoven? So I made a speech, sforzando, triple f's, and told them all they really cared about was money, and they didn't care what they put on the stage as long as some sucker paid $9.90 to see it. . . . These men are not human beings to me anymore, they're beasts. These are the men who will blow up the world."

On Monday, January 18, while stagehands were hanging the scenery in the Shubert Theater in Boston, Lawrence and Charlap asked their lawyers to seek a court order that would enjoin the producers from bringing the show to New York.

ACT III

BOSTON, THE SHUBERT THEATRE,
WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 20.

The tedious, familiar business of a dress rehearsal with stagehands, lighting crew and orchestra began at one P.M. The stage was smaller than the one in Philadelphia, and Randy Brooks, the stage manager, had some trouble making the necessary adjustments. The play was to open that night for what was scheduled as a three-week engagement.

The cast already had learned a new opening scene written by David Goodman, a comedy writer and a friend of Melnick's, who had secretly been with the show for almost a week. The new scene introduced Hop Kelly as a frankly sentimental Irish kid trying to make a success of himself in the tradition of Horatio Alger. Whereas in Lawrence's play the boy had been booed and jeered at by a crowd of townspeople when he first came onstage, he was now welcomed with friendly cheers. His father proudly announced him to the people milling around on the Bowery as an idealistic young man. The father's line read: "Clear the road for Hop Kelly, clear the way for the hero of the world."

Melnick, sitting in the middle of the theater with Ross and Susskind, explained that the tangled affairs of the production had assumed "nightmare proportions."

In order to forestall the authors' demand for arbitration he and Susskind had sought and won a temporary stay in Supreme Court in New York. This stay would postpone the court hearing until the following week. Throughout the rehearsal he was called away to the telephone, presumably to talk to lawyers, and he begrudged the time thus wasted. "The worst of all this," he said, "is that it prevents me from doing the creative work on the show."

Both he and Ross thought that the new scene, together with some other dialogue supplied by Goodman elsewhere in the play, immensely improved the character of Kelly.

"Until I heard these new lines," Ross said, "I never realized how dreadful Lawrence's stuff was."

He half expected Lawrence and Charlap to appear at the theater that evening and to come running down the aisles, yelling that this was not their play.

"I've been through that kind of scene before," he said, "and it's not particularly pretty."

Nat Dorfman arrived about three P.M., his arms filled with press releases. He squinted in the dim light, looking for Eddie Lawrence. The producers usually informed him of events three or four days after the fact, perhaps on the theory that if a press agent knows too much he becomes confused and ineffective.

At the end of the rehearsal, on the way to his hotel for a vitamin shot, Melnick said that the advance sales had been disappointing and that other prospective investors were coming up from New York that evening to look at the play.

"We desperately need good reviews," he said, "if not . . . Acapulco."

THE SHUBERT THEATRE,
LATER THE SAME EVENING.

Levine arrived only a few minutes before the opening curtain, accompanied by a retinue of his vice presidents carrying dispatch cases. Throughout most of the performance he remained in the lobby, seated heavily in a red-plush chair, receiving bulletins from Susskind and Melnick. He had come from Hollywood that afternoon, and he looked tired.

"This is not a business for sissies," he said. "This is much tougher than the movie business, and that ain't no lead-pipe cinch."

Although he had originally promised the cast a large party in Boston, to celebrate his triumph in his home town, he felt obliged to cancel it for fear that the show might fail. He did not want to stand around among a crowd of old friends, all of them obviously struggling to think of some hopeful remark.

"Like those terrible Hollywood previews," he said. "Everybody knows the movie's awful, but nobody knows what to say." A look of remembered pain drifted across his face. "Someday I'd like to try to produce one of these musicals by myself. You know . . . without any partners."

Every now and then Susskind or Melnick came out of the theater to inform Levine of the developments within. Toward the middle of the first act, Melnick appeared and said, "They love it, Joe. It's great, it works."

Two scenes later, Susskind said, "If only we had thrown those nuts out three weeks ago; now the script illuminates the characters instead of obscuring them."

Levine remained of the opinion, however, that the play should be funnier. "More jokes," he kept saying, "there ought to be more jokes."

When it was over, and before they went back to their hotel to talk to the prospective investors, Levine stood in the lobby with his arm across Melnick's shoulders.

"Mister Melnick and Mister Susskind have done a lot of fine work, and they have a lot at stake," he said, carefully avoiding the word "we," "and Mister Melnick, I'll tell you something, you put this show in shape in three weeks and get some laughs, and you'll be the new boy wonder."

Melnick smiled at that and said that

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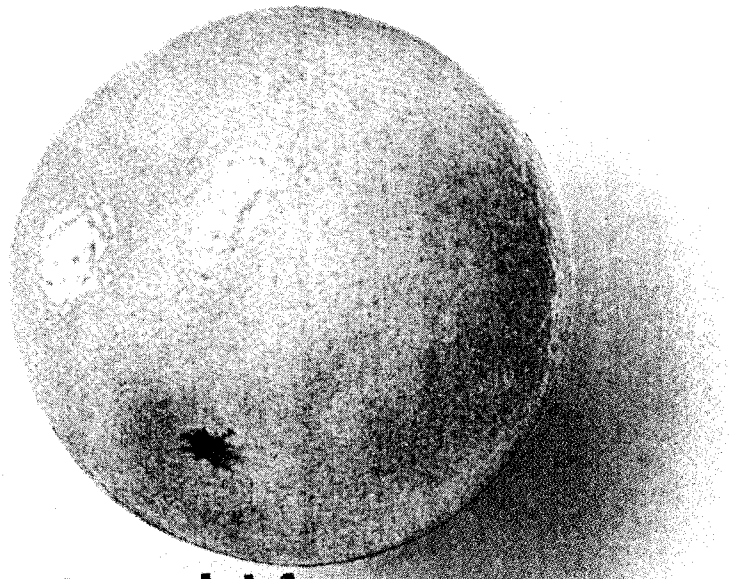
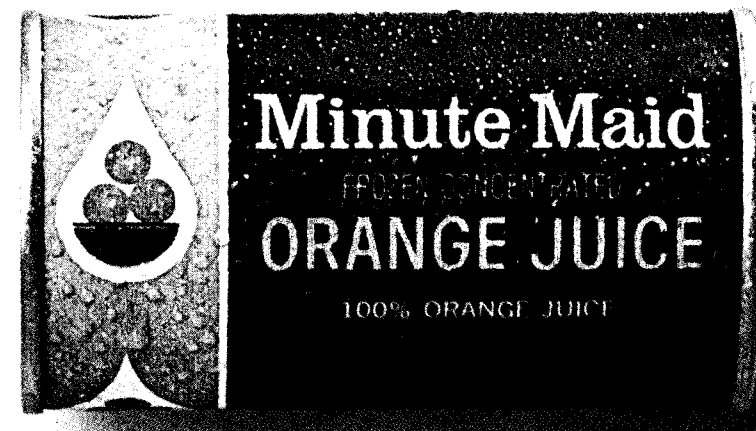


The old form.
No fruit can touch it for nutrition and flavor.
But it does squash easily, won't keep forever, and frankly, it tends to roll.



The new form.
New Minute Maid... doesn't squash, keeps beautifully. All frozen orange juice starts with 100% orange juice. But for years no concentrate (not even Minute Maid) captured more than 33% of the essence of fresh orange flavor. Now, at last, we've developed a secret new process that actually gives you up to 91% of the natural flavor. Incredible? So's the taste.

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if the play was the success he thought it was, he would gladly give some of the profits to charity. Enchanted once again by his own euphoria, he left the theater in an elated mood, explaining that he had to go back to his hotel to "juggle the balls in the air" among the investors from New York.

The actors and dancers, however, returned to their hotels, feeling depressed. To them the applause had sounded thin and perfunctory. Only a few of them bothered to stay up for the reviews. To her agent in New York, Eileen Rodgers sent a postcard on which she had scrawled the single monosyllable, "HEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEELP!"

BOSTON, THE RITZ HOTEL, THE AFTERNOON OF JANUARY 21.

The reviews were as bad or worse than those in Philadelphia. Although three of the critics faintly praised the show, calling it "colorful" and "appealing," the most influential critics in Boston, Elliot Norton on the *Record American* and Kevin Kelly on the *Globe,* damned it unequivocally. Norton described it as "the noisiest musical of the season, a rattling oover for emptiness." Kelly spoke of "a conventional piece of razzmatazz."

Again, as in Philadelphia, the producers had chosen to believe the worst. In the room overlooking the Boston Public Gardens, the trees already blurred in the gathering dusk, they sat around in the familiar attitudes of defeat and disillusion, Ross on the sofa, Melnick and Susskind in armchairs. On a tray against the wall were the glasses and the liquor bottles left over from the preceding night.

"I'll give you the bottom line first," Melnick said. "We close here Saturday and open in New York a week from tomorrow night."

He explained that the reviews in the *Record American* and the *Globe* foretold financial disaster in Boston. The investors from New York, after staying up to read the papers, and having learned of the impending lawsuit, had refused all offers of a deal. Levine also declined to advance additional money, and at 10 o'clock that morning he had departed for a week's vacation in Jamaica. To Susskind he had said, "David, this is Chicago, and I get off at Chicago."

Levine's defection left Susskind and Melnick in an embarrassing situation. Lacking sufficient money to support the play for its three-week run, they first decided to fold the show and accept their loss. But then, after long and complicated discussion, they reversed this decision on the ground that if they failed in Boston the gossips back in New York would say that *Kelly* had been the worst disaster since the Chicago Fire. Whereas if they could at least survive for a few weeks in New York, everybody would forget about it and dismiss it, in Susskind's phrase, as "just another rotten show."

Having reached this conclusion, Susskind had been on the telephone all afternoon in search of $50,000, enough to pay their costs for another week. To raise this money, Susskind had determined upon a plan to promise, for the same investment, equal shares in several of his other productions.

New York rehearsal: Susskind, a company favorite, gives chorines a charismatic word.

"These money worries sap the creative juices," Susskind said. "I mean, you're always asking yourself if you can get out of town alive. What kind of life is that?"

"If we believed in God," Melnick said, "we'd pray a lot."

The telephone continued to ring throughout the rest of the evening. First it was Don Francks. Melnick spoke to him in his most ingratiating voice. "You were beautiful, sweetheart," he said, "touching, great, terrific, very moving. . . . Goddard Lieberson (the president of Columbia Records) saw the show last night, and he says you are the best talent he has seen in the last ten years."

After he hung up, Melnick said, "I thought I'd better come on strong before he had a chance to complain about anything. If he leaves, we're dead."

Balanced on a desk was a design for the cover of the record album that would be issued if the show was to have even a modest success in New York. Susskind looked at it accusingly.

"Someday that could be a collector's item," he said, "the only one of its kind in the world."

The longer he considered this possibility the more depressed he became.

"We haven't got a Chinaman's chance," he said. "I don't believe in miracles or fantasy or magic. There is only truth, and the truth is that this is a bad show. If I thought I could fool Kerr and Taubman and the other critics so easily, I would lose all respect for the American theater."

Melnick, still possessed by his vision of fortune and success, wanted to rewrite the entire show in a week. Two television comedy writers were on their way from California, and he thought the miracle might yet occur. Lying on the floor, his hands behind his head, staring up at the ceiling, he said, "This is wild, this is radical, but what about a new number for the opening of Act Two? Let's fantasize for a second."

Ross, looking at his shoes, said. "There's no content, Danny, nothing. Just a lot of sweat and movement to conceal a lack of content."

"I keep asking myself," Melnick said, "how could those two schlemiels conquer us? It must have been colossal ego on our parts to think that we could work with these people."

At this point the telephone rang again, and it was Charlap. He and Lawrence had come to Boston that afternoon, and they wanted to see the performance that night. Susskind told him he could go to the theater, but he must not speak to anybody in the company, and he could not speak to Susskind or Melnick.

"All communications must be in writing, Moose," Susskind said on the phone. "I don't want to talk to you . . . nothing verbal, Moose." Hanging up, he said, "The profundity of this experience, this trauma, this holocaust . . . the reason that the world will go up in a puff of smoke is because people don't love each other, they enjoy each other's misery. Moose and Eddie no doubt have their arrogance intact. All that stuff about Brecht, for God's sake. If they wrote *My Fair Lady,* Eliza Doolittle would have a cleft palate and a limp."

A few minutes later his daughter called from the University of Wisconsin. Susskind told her that the reviews in Boston had been mixed, that the schedule had been slightly changed, and that the play would now open in New York two weeks sooner. When he put down the telephone, he said, "You know what she told me? She told me, 'Don't worry, Daddy, you can always come here and teach English!'"

SHUBERT THEATRE, 20 MINUTES LATER.

Half an hour before the opening curtain the cast assembled backstage to hear their fate. Their faces already made up for the performance, the girls wearing partial costumes or old dressing gowns, they gathered in a circle around Susskind, Ross and Melnick. The bored stagehands listened from a distance.

"Well, I guess I'm elected because I'm on a panel show and should be used to this kind of thing," Susskind said. ". . . you all open in New York next Friday. We believe there are enough individual excellencies to warrant opening where it counts."

Susskind then nodded at Ross.

"I think the producers have made an extraordinary decision," Ross said. "They are . . . we are, out of money. It will cost another $50,000 to open in New York. I can only admire them for their decision."

"Which really means," said Eileen Rodgers, "that we don't have a fighting chance."

At that several people began to talk at once, arguing with one another, their voices beginning to get loud and edgy. Almost everybody, impressed by Susskind's courage and generosity, thought Miss Rodgers unappreciative.

"Please," Susskind said, holding up his hand for silence. "I would hope this is what you want, if not . . ." He was interrupted before he could finish, everybody pressing forward to congratulate him and shake his hand.

"Elliot Norton hated *Oklahoma!*" somebody said. "Who cares what they think in Boston?"

THE RITZ HOTEL, THE NEXT NIGHT.

Mel Brooks and Leonard Stern, the television writers from Hollywood, had

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Should a woman have

Goodyear says no!

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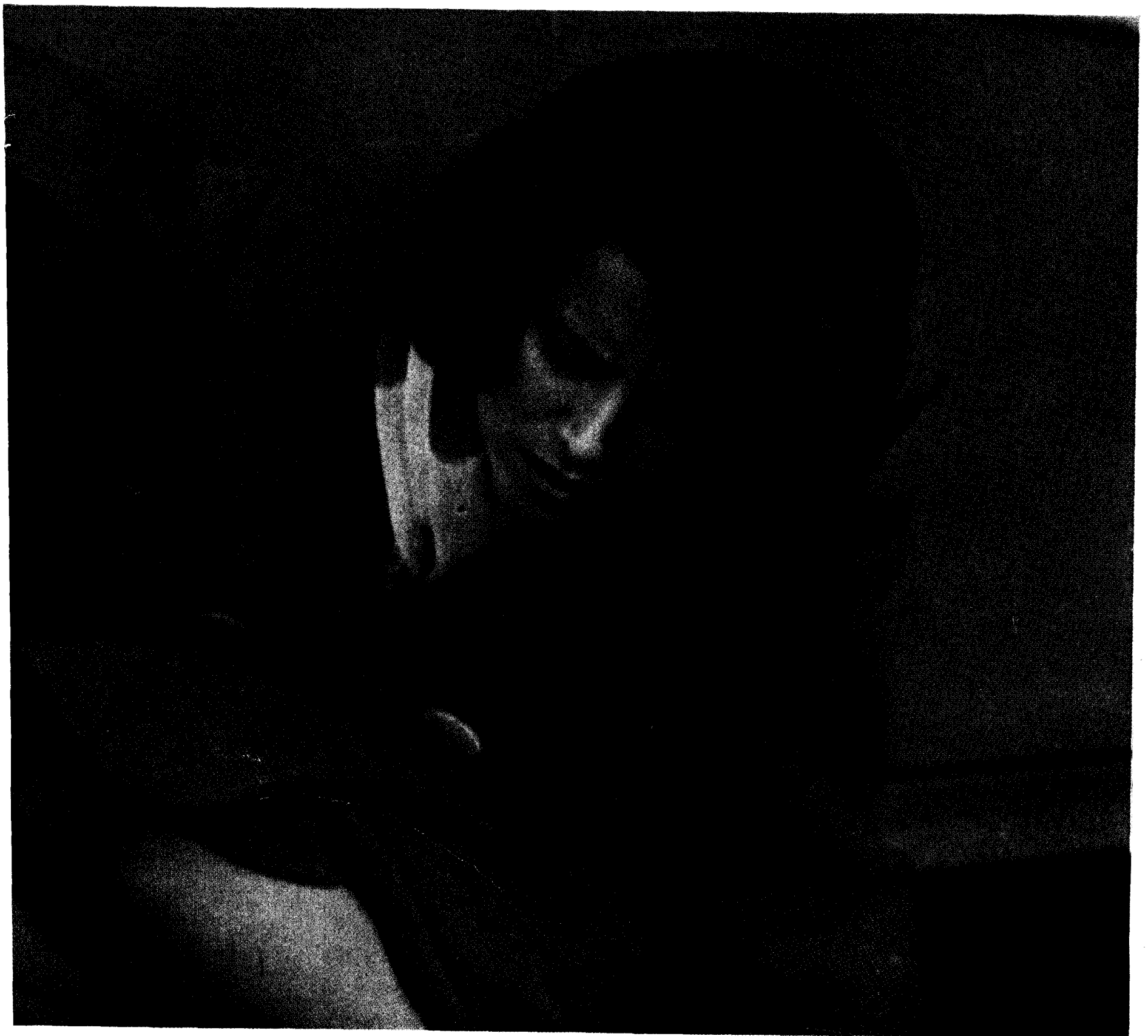
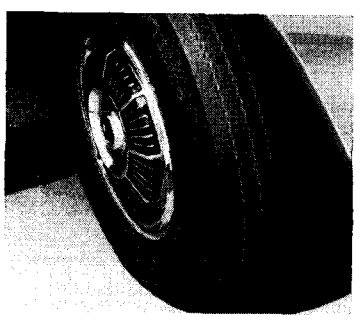


Tufsyn, Power Cushion—T.M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio



30,150 miles and still plenty of good, safe tread. (Actual photograph of the Goodyear Power Cushion.)

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

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arrived that afternoon from California; that evening they had seen the show for the first time. Neither of them had read the script. At 11:30, their observations scrawled on large sheets of paper or the backs of envelopes, they went up to Susskind's suite to suggest improvements.

Brooks, a small, energetic man with thinning hair, sat in a chair in front of the fireplace. Stern leaned against the mantelpiece. Taller and heavier than Brooks, wearing a goatee and elaborate gold cuff links in his silk shirt, he chewed gum and spoke with slow solemnity. Both men enjoyed reputations as writers for such comedians as Jackie Gleason and Steve Allen.

Ross, Susskind and Melnick sat at the other end of the room, like schoolboys waiting for the headmaster to decide their punishment.

"OK, you want it straight," Brooks said, "you've got a Chink's chance. As cloying, as horrible, and as saccharin as some of the scenes are, the audience seems to forgive."

He recommended getting rid of Ella Logan. "I didn't believe a mother's tears wouldn't work," he said, "but it doesn't. She softens the show. She's out there selling torn rubber raincoats."

Ross and Melnick nodded enthusiastically, looking at Susskind with expressions of triumph, reminding him of their opinion in Philadelphia.

"She's just dreadful," Ross said. "Everybody who has come from New York says she's killing the show."

"It'll be a pleasure to fire her," Melnick said.

"OK," Susskind said, "so Ella's out of the show."

Brooks and Stern then proceeded to the principal weaknesses of the play. "What we are up against, fellas," Brooks said, "is grievous errors in the structure of the book; too many extraneous characters sing extraneous songs. Moose and Eddie wrote some marvelous stuff, but they only brought you to the five-yard line. No touchdown."

"The end of Act One," Stern said, "I don't know where is the commitment."

"The first three numbers in Act Two," Brooks said, "are the worst, seventy-five miles an hour into a stone wall. Death. Three losers back to back."

"That song," Stern said, "that awful song . . . what's the name of it?"

"*Home Again*," Ross said.

"Yeah, right, *Home Again*," Stern said. "Well, it's terrible. What should be an enchanting lyrical moment is a pedantic horror."

With these observations everybody expressed wholehearted agreement. Ross slouched deeper into his chair, peering out at Brooks through his fingers.

"You have a very incisive mind, Mel," Melnick said. "It's fabulous, Mel, fabulous."

Susskind asked if there was anything good about the play, and, if so, what to do about it.

"The best thing in the show is Don Francks," Brooks said. "What you're bringing to Broadway is a new boy, a new face. . . . Go all the way with the kid. The love for the kid is the tickets. More love, more tickets."

"The boy delivers such a strength, such power," Stern said.

Stern wanted to cut three or four songs from the score, but the producers resisted because they then would have a very short musical with little music.

"So what," Brooks said. "Light the blaze under Don Francks. A few happy moments for the tired businessman watching some girls jump around onstage, and everybody goes home at ten o'clock. They'll be glad to get the first cabs."

As of two A.M., after 11 pots of coffee and much more conversation, the producers had agreed to cut Ella Logan and to engage a songwriter to write a song replacing *Home Again*. This, with Miss Logan's other song, was the ninth of Charlap's 17 songs to be cut.

The producers also wondered if Kelly's leap from the Brooklyn Bridge at the climax of the second act was properly staged. He accomplished the jump by means of wires, and Susskind had doubts as to the theatrical effectiveness of the stunt.

"Sure, leave it in," Brooks said, "the hippies know he's on wires, but the Hadassah don't know." Ross departed at five A.M., carrying a Napoleon to his wife and leaving Brooks and Stern with instructions to write two scenes in addition and several comedy routines. Stern wandered aimlessly around the room, and Brooks, lying on the sofa, reflectively smoked a cigarette and looked at the first light of a cold, Saturday morning. "Isn't it fantastic," he said to Melnick. "You see things in the last six days that you should have seen a year ago . . . fantastic. It's the same with all shows in trouble. The same sad tune but different lyrics."

ACT IV

NEW YORK, A DANCE STUDIO ON SIXTH AVENUE, MONDAY, JANUARY 25; NOON.

The squares of sunlight on the polished floor gave the room a cheerfulness inappropriate to the mood of the people present. Dispirited and resigned, they had returned from Boston in a snowstorm the day before. Nobody expected a long run in New York. Mickey Shaughnessy had engaged a hotel room through Saturday morning. Ross arrived at 12:30, his face announcing him as the bringer of dismal news. He addressed the company from a folding chair placed in the center of a narrow semicircle.

"OK," he said. "Almost a total rewrite of the play will be available at four P.M. According to my latest information, we will open this Saturday instead of Friday. Maybe Danny and David can raise an extra $50,000. If so, we can pay for another week of rehearsal, and we will open on Saturday, February sixth, but we've got to figure for the twenty-ninth."

He announced the elimination of Ella Logan, and then outlined the new play as written by Brooks and Stern. They had begun writing it that Saturday morning in Boston, and had finished late Sunday night in New York.

In it Hop Kelly had become the boy next door: fearful, sweet and shy, a kid trying to do something for his sweetheart and his dad. The new comedy routines scattered through the play depended on exchanges such as the following, between two gamblers:

First gambler: "You can't welsh on an Englishman."

Second gambler: "Why don't you English on a Welshman?"

The cast received Ross's information with skepticism, knowing that if there was too much new material, they would not have time to learn it properly, and must therefore give shaky performances on opening night. A few of the actors also complained about the quality of the new lines.

"It's Jewish nightclub humor," somebody said, "Catskill stuff."

Before any of these objections could develop into extended arguments, however, Susskind and Melnick arrived with more words of hope and assurance. They took chairs on either side of Ross.

"I hope this is our last chat," Susskind said, "but I want to tell you the facts of life. At the end of our run in Philadelphia we had used up all our money. We have had, as you know, quite a number of troubles, particularly with Moose and Eddie, who thought they had written the Holy Scripture. But I want you to know that I believe in miracles, and that I am working around the clock to raise another $50,000 so that you people can have an extra week of rehearsal. I believe that with the new script we now have a strong show."

When the producers had left, and while they waited for the new scripts, everybody talked about the departure of Ella Logan. Mickey Shaughnessy, who had become extremely fond of her, had already talked to her that morning on the telephone. He had learned that instead of telling her themselves, the producers had instructed the stage manager to telephone her and tell her not to come to rehearsal. He thought this an abrupt way of firing a person, lacking in courage or courtesy.

"I'm a very torn-up guy," he said. "I liked that woman very much, and I wanted to do something to show how I felt about it. But she told me to forget it, that's the way it is on Broadway."

THE SAME, TWO NIGHTS LATER.

The afternoon rehearsals took place in an atmosphere of profound discouragement. At about three P.M. Ross, together with Susskind and Melnick, had gone to the Dramatists Guild for a meeting at which they hoped to reach a conciliation with Charlap and Lawrence. The authors' demand for arbitration was to be presented the next day in Supreme Court, and the producers feared the judge might close the show

New York opening: Anita Gillette, Francks and the entire cast give their unwearied best.

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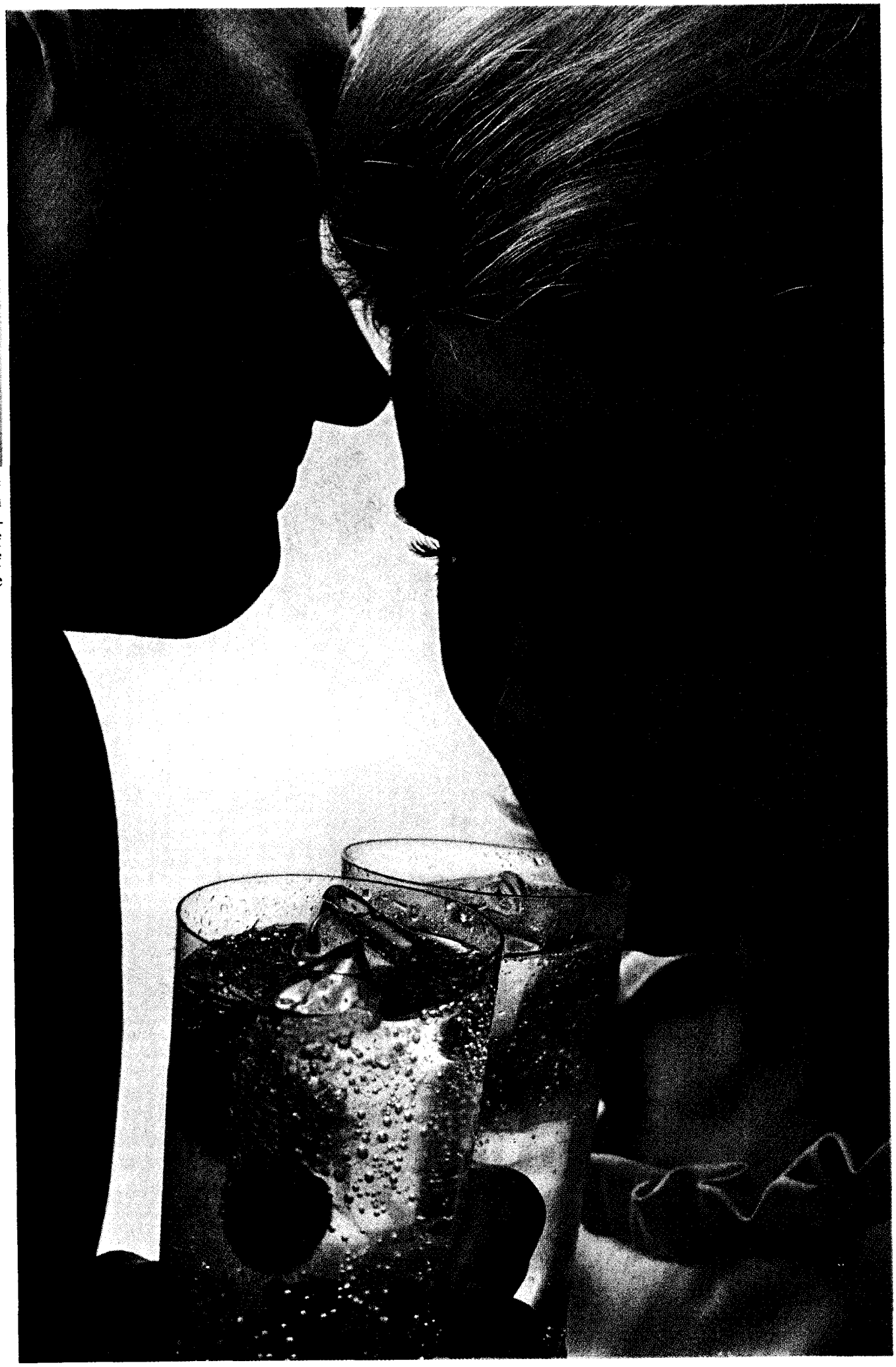
How will vodka coexist with the fresh, tart taste of Sprite® Exuberantly!

Try a Mad Russian. The alive, yet subtle taste of Sprite gets vodka doing things you never knew it would do. Sprite is tart. Naturally tart for adult tastes. Add a slice of lemon or lime. And a cherry. (Red, of course.) Will the Mad Russian become the People's Drink? Definitely da!



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before it opened. The company, having heard wild rumors about the court action, half expected the arrival of federal marshals ordering them to quit work. Whenever the telephone rang or the elevator doors opened, everybody looked nervously over his shoulder.

Susskind came in about eight P.M. and reported that the conciliation had failed, that Charlap and Lawrence, although willing to return to work for the show, had remained adamant in their request that the script be restored to what it had been on the opening night in Philadelphia. "How much endurance is a man supposed to have?" Susskind said. "I wish you could tell what somebody was like by looking at his face. I don't understand what they want. If it's a hit, they get their royalties; if not, they can take a big ad in Variety and call me a lot of nasty names. We now have got as many lawyers as actors."

ROOM 130, NEW YORK COUNTY COURTHOUSE, THE NEXT MORNING.

In the passage outside the courtroom, Ella Logan, accompanied by her lawyer, said she had come not to testify but merely as "an interested spectator." Speaking of the producers, she said, "Amateurs, darling. Dilettantes."

Justice Samuel Gold elected to hear "the matter of Susskind" as the last case of the morning, when only Miss Logan and a few men in shabby overcoats remained on the hard wooden benches of the courtroom.

Harry J. Halperin, Susskind's attorney, moving to prevent the arbitration, began his statement by saying that his clients had invested nearly $500,000 in the play. This was his strongest argument. He reminded the judge that it was customary for authors to accept help if their plays received mixed reviews out of town.

"Even a genius must be practical, your honor," he said; "if Shakespeare were alive and behaved like Eddie Lawrence, then Richard Burton's *Hamlet*, one of the greatest productions of all time, but one that modified the script, could never have reached the stage."

The judge asked Edward Schlesinger, the attorney for the authors, whether the matter could not be resolved in a peaceful manner, perhaps at a meeting in his chambers.

Schlesinger shook his head.

"Opposing counsel would have us weep for the producers' plight," he said, "but it was they who created this situation, willfully, deliberately and villainously. They want to take the play and do whatever they want with it, and we think the play will be a disaster. They are interlopers and vandals."

For several minutes Justice Gold examined the briefs presented by both attorneys, and then, addressing himself to Halperin, he said: "These people are vain about their work. They feel you'll mess it up in such a way as to make it commercially successful, but not something they wish to lend their names to. Being normal men, I'm sure they're acting according to the noblest motives their minds can conceive."

"But $500,000, if your honor please," Halperin said, gesturing desperately with his hands, "$500,000 and they want to see it down the drain."

Justice Gold said he would consider the matter and would hand down his decision in a few days. On her way out of the courthouse, Ella Logan, who was smiling, remarked on the unusually fine weather. "Almost like spring," she said. "I think I can hear birds singing."

Sardi's: A happy dancer cuddles up to actor Wilfrid Brambell. Reviews had not come in.

THE BROADHURST THEATRE, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 1.

The despair of the previous week had given way to a new hopefulness. Susskind had borrowed another $50,000, thus delaying the opening until Saturday, February 6. Justice Gold, although he had ordered the dispute to arbitration, had not specified an exact date, and he had denied the authors' cross-motion to enjoin the opening.

Even Melnick's wife, who had never liked the play and who had come to the dress rehearsal with serious doubts, expected a limited success. As the younger daughter of Richard Rodgers, the composer of *Oklahoma!* and *South Pacific*, her opinion was considered valuable.

"The jokes don't seem like insults anymore," she said.

"They're generic," Melnick said. "I think it's on the way to something terrific." He thought the smallness of the Broadhurst Theatre would contribute to the sympathetic effect.

"It's an intimate house," he said, "not much bigger than our living room."

"We should have done the play in our living room," his wife said. "It would have been cheaper."

Although hopeful of success, Susskind still was troubled by the threat of an eventual lawsuit. On the telephone Charlap had referred to Melnick and himself as "money men," an epithet that he considered the unkindest of all possible insults. "How can he say that?" Susskind asked. "We contribute to this thing on all levels. Those slobs," he said again, "ought to be down on their hands and knees to all the people working to save this show. They can't be right if it means eighty people out of work and $500,000 lost."

Of all the people associated with the show, however, the most optimistic was Nat Dorfman. For several days the newspapers had been printing stories about Ella Logan's dismissal, about the lawsuit, about opening two weeks before the date originally announced. Dorfman had been fending off reporters with assurances that these apparent troubles merely foretold a more dramatic success.

"I have never told so many lies in my life," he said. But he reasoned that even the disparaging publicity must do the play some good. "The people will be surprised," he said. "They'll like it because they'll come expecting so little."

THE SAME, FIVE DAYS LATER.

The bulletin board backstage was decorated with the usual opening-night telegrams, among them one from Leonard Stern, who, since rewriting the show in Boston and New York, had returned safely to California. The telegram read:

MAY THIS BE THE FIRST OF 1,000 PERFORMANCES.

Wandering across the stage, en route to their various dressing rooms, the members of the cast stopped to embrace and wish each other good luck. Half an hour before the curtain Ross and Melnick, both in evening clothes, came around to thank everybody for their time and trouble. On behalf of the company the dancers presented Ross with the gift of a Japanese tree in a pot.

Susskind, who had suddenly become superstitious, stayed away from the theater. On his television program that week he had entertained a group of soothsayers, among them a palmist, an astrologer, a lady with tea leaves, a man with playing cards and a handwriting analyst. In response to his question "Will *Kelly* be a big, fat hit?" each of the five had consulted his respective sources and returned with the unanimous answer, "a smash."

The night before, at the last of the five days' paid previews, Susskind had been absent, eating dinner with friends at "21." Ross and Melnick believed that the show had gone especially well that night and so, for good luck, Susskind had returned to "21," where, as the opening curtain went up, he was sitting at the same table with the same friends, ordering the same meal.

In the crowd outside the theater, jostled by arriving celebrities, Levine, tanned and healthy after his week in Jamaica, overheard a conversation between the box-office manager and 12 people who had tickets to the show that had closed the preceding week at the Broadhurst. They wanted their money back.

"So do I," said Levine.

Together with Ross, Melnick's wife and a few of his vice presidents, Levine sat out the performance at Sardi's, the theatrical restaurant directly across the street from the theater. Melnick watched most of the play, standing up behind the last row of seats, and loudly applauding at all appropriate moments. Whenever the strain became too severe he walked across 44th Street to Sardi's and ordered another drink. At the intermission he told Ross he had heard a conversation between a blond girl and Jean Kerr, the playwright and wife of Walter Kerr, drama critic for the New York *Herald Tribune*.

"Jean Kerr is crazy about Don Francks," he said. He considered this a good omen, because he once heard a rumor that Jean Kerr exerted an influence on her husband's opinion.

Charlap and Lawrence saw the play from the balcony, Charlap holding a tape recorder and accompanied by his lawyer, Lawrence making notes on sheets of yellow paper. Ella Logan sat with friends in the orchestra.

The play went as well as it ever did. The actors and dancers gave their performances all the verve and energy at their command. Nobody dropped a line. But, although the applause sounded loud and hearty in the orchestra, where most of the people had free seats, the balcony remained ominously quiet.

While the audience drifted out of the theater at the end of the performance, Charlap, Lawrence and Ella Logan stood on the sidewalk among friends sympathetic to their respective causes. "I could write better than this when I was eleven years old," Lawrence said. "The most shocking dialogue I've heard in the theater in twenty years. . . . They're going to jail for this."

"Cornball," Charlap said, "one of the ugliest things I ever saw, like a horse with three legs. The work of hucksters."

Miss Logan smiled peaceably. "A lovely night," she said, "just the kind of night to go for a ride in the park."

SARDI'S, A FEW MINUTES LATER.

Because it was Saturday, the newspaper reviews would not come out before Monday, but everybody went to Sardi's anyway, partly because it was the customary thing to do, and partly because at least they could wait for the television reviews.

The tables downstairs had been reserved for members of the company and their friends, and when each of the principal actors arrived, there were gusts of applause. At a large table near the center of the room Levine sat with his back against a pillar, surrounded by his family, his friends and his vice presidents. He entertained them with magic tricks, balancing forks and spoons on his forehead.

When Charlap came in, defying a tradition that forbids outcasts at such celebrations, he stopped at Levine's table and offered to shake hands.

"You still going to sue me, are you?" Levine asked.

"Yes, sir," Charlap said.

"Well, I'll tell you something, you little punk," Levine said, batting aside

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Charlap's hand. "I'll fight you in every court in the country, you and that crummy partner of yours."

The job of watching and then reporting the television reviews fell to Fred Segal, the man whose advertising agency had designed the posters and billboard publicity for *Kelly*. He had been with the production since the beginning at the Amsterdam Roof. Although never fond of the play, he liked many of the people associated with it, and it pained him to bring unhappy reports.

"NBC thinks it's a musical by committee," he said, returning from his first trip to the television set.

Thereafter, as he continued to come downstairs with less and less hope, he walked through the room with increasing slowness. Upon his last return he sat quietly at the table for five minutes before saying anything, moodily stirring his drink.

"Monumental bore," he said eventually, "AP."

After that word from the Associated Press, Segal didn't bother going upstairs anymore. Instead he explained his theory of *Kelly* as the ugly debutante. "You know what *Kelly*'s like," he said, "it's like an ugly awkward girl at a coming-out party she doesn't want. Her parents have bought her a new dress, hired the most expensive ballroom, taught her to sing and dance, all this in hope of impressing the right people, in this instance the New York drama critics. But the parents don't love her. They did it for reasons of their own, and that's why she's still a dumpy, awkward girl. Nobody loves her."

THE BROADHURST THEATRE, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 8.

The reviews, of course, were ruinous. Norman Nadel, writing in the *New York World-Telegram*, exceeded even Kerr and Taubman in the harshness of his judgment.

"There is some virtuoso tuba playing in the otherwise commonplace overture to *Kelly*," he began his column, ". . . mark it well, because nothing else that entertaining happens during the next fifty-five minutes."

Lacking even one moderately kind adjective, which they could perhaps take out of context and use in advertisements, the producers decided that morning to close the show. They had no money to pay for another week. During the afternoon Susskind's office telephoned or sent telegrams to the cast, informing them that there would be no second performance.

At eight P.M. Susskind came to the theater to say good-bye to the actors and dancers. Melnick did not appear. The company gathered in the first five rows of the orchestra, all of them stunned, some of them crying. "I had to see you again," Susskind said. "You're marvelous people. I'm heartbroken. The notices bore no relation to the things that I had come to love in the show. Those were death notices." As he talked he swayed slightly, accompanying himself with broad, circular gestures, as if trying to shape his feelings of sorrow and loss into a round ball.

"I will never forget any of you," he said. "I will stay in this business forever. I intend to come back to this theater and beat its brains out. We just thought we had so much going for us. If there had been only one review, even one phrase that we could have taken out of context, we would have borrowed more money to pay for ads to keep the show open, but there was nothing. I'll never know why or how. . . ."

His voice weakened, subsiding into vague and helpless sounds.

Eileen Rodgers cried out, "May your next show be a good one, David," she said, "you deserve it."

At that everybody applauded, and Susskind, smiling wanly, continued with his farewell. "One last word about Moose and Eddie," he said. "I hope they come to their senses. I hope all this ugliness passes away in a cloud of mercy and understanding. But . . . if not . . . maybe we'll have to call on you to testify."

Nat Dorfman, who had listened to the speech with awe in his face, was himself almost moved to tears.

"In all my days," he said, "I have never seen a scene so beautiful as this, nothing so poignant, so true."

McKAY'S DUMP, SECAUCUS, NEW JERSEY, FOUR DAYS LATER.

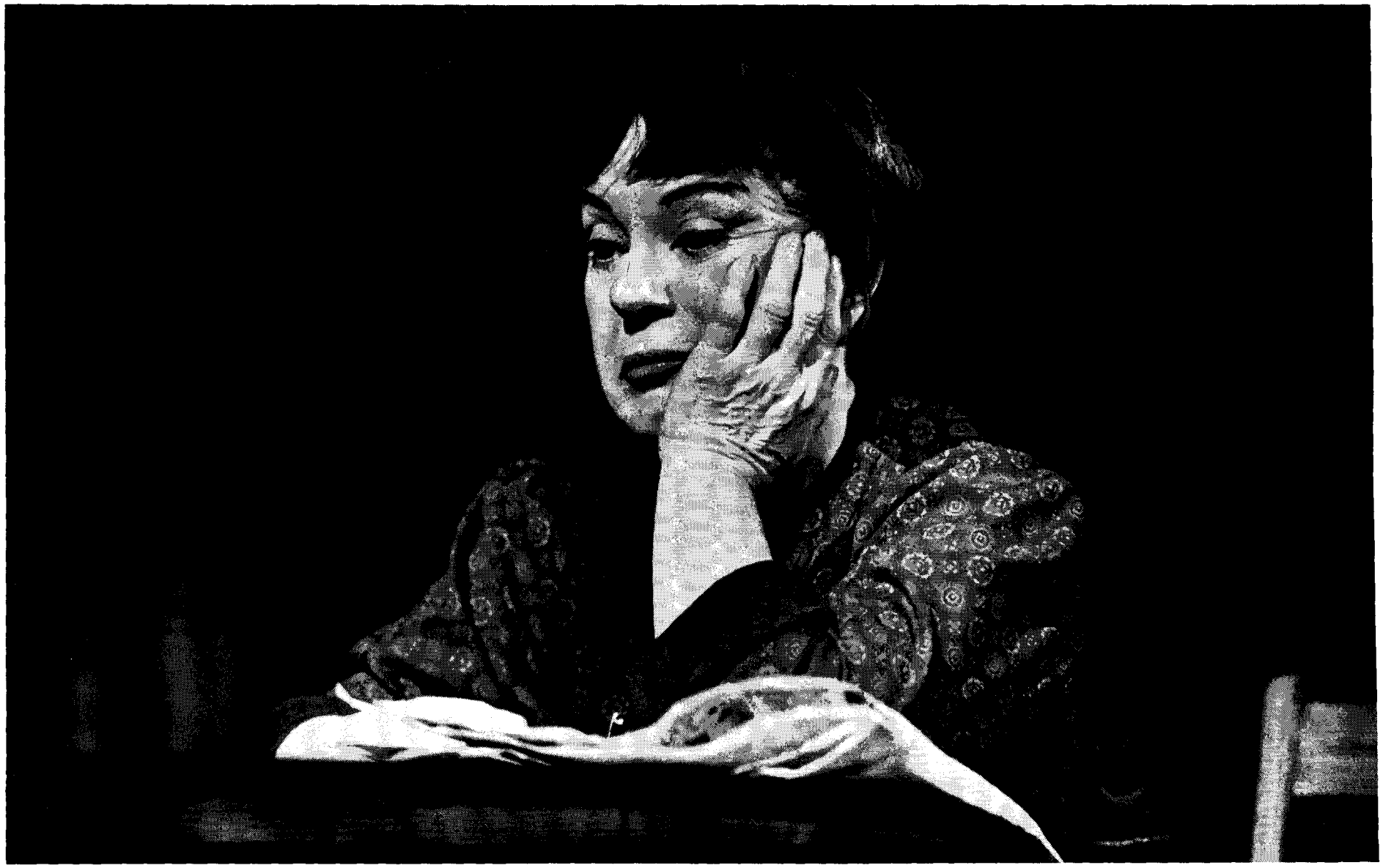
Under a railroad bridge, beyond a soap factory hidden in a veil of yellow smoke, at the end of a winter road worn deep with ruts, an almost illegible sign mounted in a jumble of wrecked automobiles marked the entrance to McKay's Dump. A heavy mist reduced visibility to less than thirty yards.

Randy Brooks, the stage manager, had said the sets would be burned at 10 A.M. The man at the gate, however, said he had heard nothing of any such play, and besides, they didn't burn stage sets anymore: He pointed toward a road leading to the center of the dump and said maybe at the end of it somebody might know something.

The road, paved with the tar-paper shingles of ruined houses, ran in a wide semicircular curve, along the crest of a mound of debris. In the hollow of the curve, rising out of the rank and fetid mud flats, marsh grass swayed in the wind. Every few hundred yards along the edge of the temporary road, the old men living in makeshift shacks were lighting their morning fires. In answer to questions they, too, pointed vaguely down the road.

Where the road finally stopped, at the brink of a new excavation, a man wearing high rubber boots stood leaning against a bulldozer. He said he had broken up some stage scenery about an hour before and then had buried it in the muck. No, he said, nothing could be seen, not even the edge of a flat or a drop; he had already buried something else on top of it.

"A play, huh," he said, "yeah, we get a lot of plays out here." □



Curtain: Ella Logan, a 1947 star of "Finian's Rainbow," hoped for a comeback but was fired. The "Kelly" opening, she said, afterward, "was a lovely night for a ride in the park."

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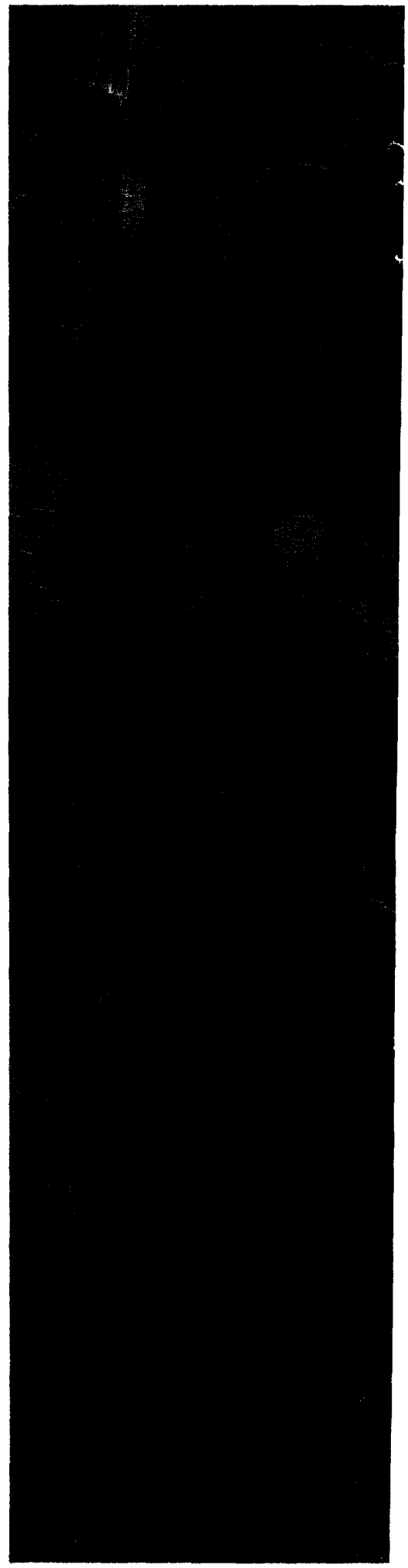
An Invitation to the Voyage



It isn't every day that a man gets asked to go on a trip from which there is no return.

By WARREN MILLER

Nearly everyone Arnold knew had made mistakes, yet for them it had not brought life to a standstill. Yes, life itself, Arnold repeated, as if another presence, standing near, might raise disbelieving eyebrows and say, What! Life itself? Yes, Arnold said, life itself. To a standstill. Arnold listened to the silence of their apartment. There was no pulse in any of its rooms; tables and chairs had petrified. It was like the house where a famous man had once lived; Arnold would not have been surprised to notice velvet ropes across every doorway to keep out the feet that might disturb the protecting dust.

His father-in-law put down the sheaf of notes he had been reading through and said, speaking softly because Evelyn was only just down the hall, "Do you think she *meant* for you to find them?"

Arnold said he was quite certain she did mean for him to see them, as she left the notes on his desk and in other places where she knew he was bound to find them.

"I see." Mr. Henrichs took off his glasses and folded them with care, as if he were reading the instructions for doing so. "Is she, ah, *seeing* things this time?"

Arnold said he did not think she was, at least not yet; or perhaps she was, but had not mentioned it.

"I have the hope," his father-in-law said, "I have the hope, Arnold, that it won't be as bad this time. I mean, there are certain signs, such as her not *see*ing things, that give one reason . . ." He put his glasses on again. "What does Doctor Verhagen say?" he asked.

ILLUSTRATED BY RAY PROHASKA

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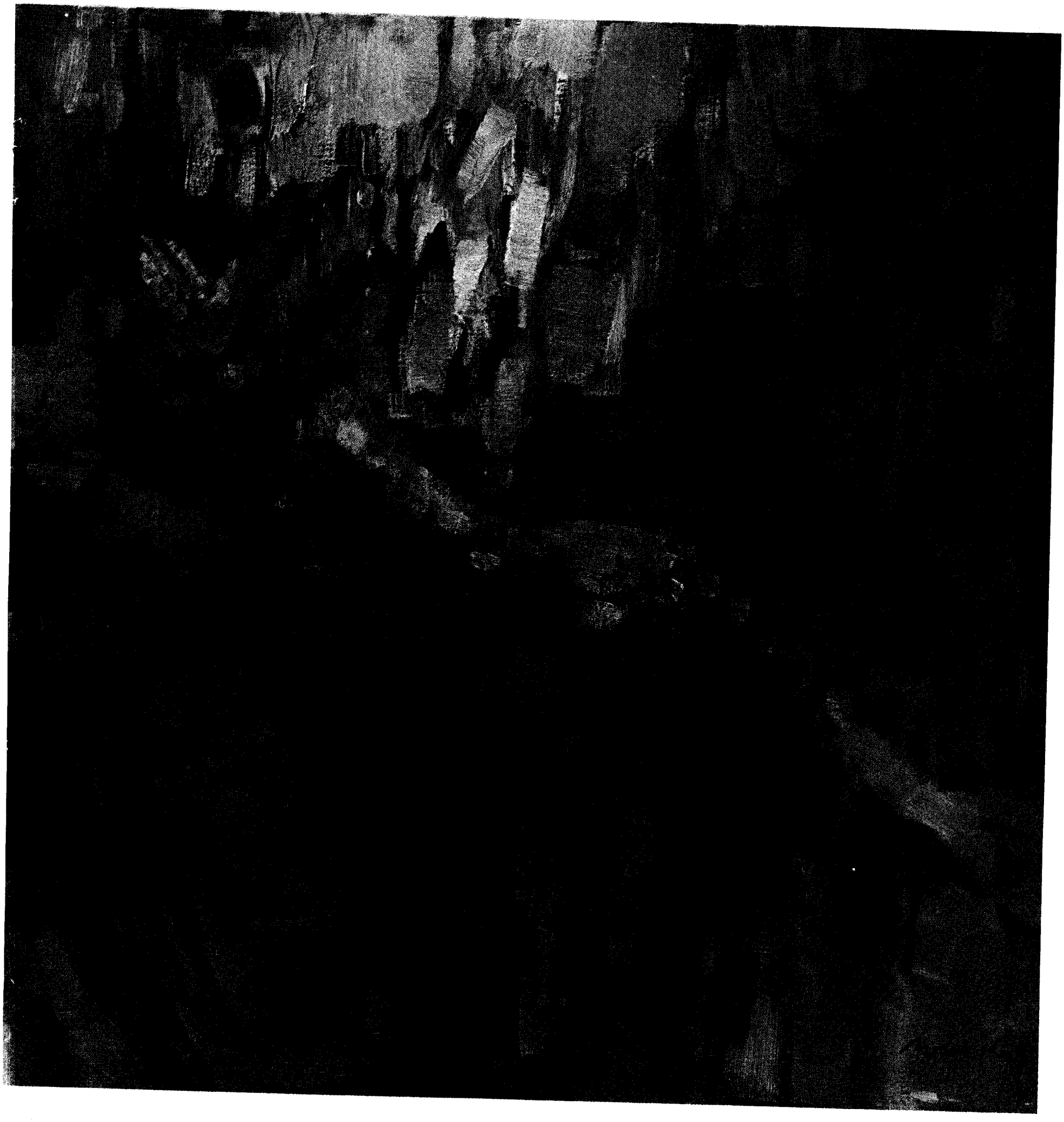

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Avoid sore, weary "WORLD'S FAIR FEET!"

advises Dr. Wm. M. Scholl

Wm. M. Scholl, M.D.

Daily care now can help prevent uncomfortable feet later!

Planning to visit the Fair, hoping for hours of carefree pleasure? Then don't let painful feet spoil *your* fun!

Daily Foot Care can *relieve and help prevent* many common foot troubles. If your hands, face and hair need care every day, *your feet deserve it even more.* Get into the daily habit right now. Start today with these Dr. Scholl's Foot Aids.

CORNS—SORE TOES

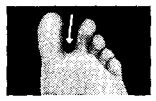
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads quickly relieve pain. Ease shoe pressure. Prevent corns, sore toes. Medicated disks remove corns. Also sizes for callouses and bunions. 19¢, 45¢.

TENDER FEET

Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder soothes tender, chafed, hot, perspiring feet, eases tight shoes. Helps dispel foot odor. 19¢, 50¢, 90¢; Spray-on $1.25.

ATHLETE'S FOOT

Dr. Scholl's Solvex stops Athlete's Foot itch, kills fungi on contact. Aids healing. Powder, 75¢. Liquid and Ointment, $1. Spray, $1.50.



BUNION PAIN

Dr. Scholl's Bunion Reducer of soft rubber, helps relieve painful shoe pressure, hides bulge, helps preserve shape of shoe. 75¢ each. *Leather Bunion Protector*, $1.25 each.

PAIN AT SOLE OF FOOT

Dr. Scholl's Ball-O-Foot Cushion loops over toe, nestles under sole of foot. Made of soft Latex Foam to relieve burning, pain of callouses. Gives day-long walking ease. Flesh color. Only $1.00 pair.

LIKE WALKING ON PILLOWS

Dr. Scholl's Air-Pillo Insoles cushion your feet from toe to heel. Made of soft Latex Foam. Washable. Give luxurious walking ease. Men's, Women's 60¢ a pair.

WEAK ARCHES

Dr. Scholl's Foot-Eazer and exercise relieve foot and leg pains, fatigue, when due to weak or fallen arches. Light, flexible. Adjustable as condition of arches improves. Men's, Women's $8.00 pair.

Your Feet Deserve The Best!

Dr. Scholl's

FOOT COMFORT® AIDS

At Drug, Shoe, Dept., 5-10¢ Stores, Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort® Shops Everywhere

INVITATION TO THE VOYAGE

Arnold said that in his opinion Doctor Verhagen was a fool.

"He has an *ex*cellent reputation. I understand he's writing a book."

Arnold rested his head on the back of the chair, wearied by the thought of all the books being written by doctors.

"What did Verhagen say?" Mr. Henrichs asked again, but made it sound as if he had not asked it before.

Arnold said he could not remember Verhagen's exact words, but that he gave the impression that he had expected this and, what's more, that it was a necessary part of the cure. It was Verhagen's notion that recovery without relapse is not to be trusted.

Mr. Henrichs nodded judiciously. "He may be right, Arnold, he may be right."

Arnold hoped he was.

"I cannot help having the feeling," Mr. Henrichs said, "that if my wife had lived, all this might have been avoided."

Arnold closed his eyes; he had heard this statement so often. Then he raised his head again and saw Evelyn's notes, a small untidy packet of paper squares, on the table near her father's speckled hand; he tried to persuade himself that he did not see them, that they really were not there. Failing at this effort—an insomniac's trick, he told himself—he reached out and picked them up. He tucked them quickly into his breast pocket, but even a glance was enough to remind him that the first note, the one on top, read: *The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom.*

There were nine other notes containing such messages as: *Lover, I find I no longer care very deeply about the Dualist Heresy. Is this wrong?* And: *Wednesdays and Saturdays, bad days for walking.* Arnold had come upon these messages, one by one, under his teapot, his pillow, on his desk blotter.

"What did Verhagen recommend?" Mr. Henrichs asked, unclasping his hands and putting his thumbs together.

Arnold told him that the good doctor thought Evelyn should have a change of scene, and that he did not believe New York to be good for her at the present time.

"Well, now," Mr. Henrichs said. "As you know, I've been living here for sixty years—I came here as a boy of fifteen—and I am *convinced* he's right." He leaned back and laid his hands on his chest like a book face down. "Especially postwar New York. We should all get out, Arnold. What keeps us here? Habit and vanity keep us here, that is all."

"I thought I might take her to see the Mayan ruins in the Yucatán. Mérida is said to be nice this time of year."

"Weren't you there before?"

"No, we have never been there."

"I thought—weren't you there during the trip before last?"

"No, Bill, the trip before last was the Caribbean trip, but we did not stop off in the Yucatán."

"I thought you had." Mr. Henrichs leaned forward and in an even lower voice said, "Do you think, Arnold—mind you, this is only a thought—but don't you think such a place might not be the *right place* for her? I mean, *at this time?*"

"Well, it isn't New York, Bill. There's that to be said for it. And the climate is good."

"I suppose," Mr. Henrichs said. "I suppose. You know how I am, Arnold. I am careful where Evvie is concerned. That is the way I am. Actually, Arnold, I am thinking of the *at*mosphere of such a place. Can ruins provide her with the proper *at*mosphere? I frankly don't know."

"It's not as if they were recent ruins, Bill. I mean, really, they are more monuments than ruins."

"That's true, that's true," Mr. Henrichs hastened to agree. "As I said, it was only a thought, and frankly, I don't know."

They had heard the sounds of Evelyn's preparations in the kitchen and for the last few minutes had been whispering. Now they leaned away from each other, and in silence and harmony both studied the exact center of the table, as if pondering deeply the whorled, stony wood. Then Mr. Henrichs, realizing that Evelyn's return was not imminent, finally said, "It only just occurs to me that I have been concerned with Evelyn for over half of my long life."

Arnold knew very well that it had not just occurred to him; his father-in-law had in fact often made the same remark and in precisely those words; and Arnold always thought, Yes, and I shall take care of her for half of mine. He was now forty-three and he had retired, quite by chance, at the age of thirty-five. He and Evelyn had been married three years at that time. Mr. Henrichs, who had been his employer, had sold his company, and although Arnold had never planned such an early retirement, his father-in-law had so arranged matters that he was able to. Since then, Arnold had spent the years building up his library of western Americana and taking Evelyn on trips.

Mr. Henrichs, taking Arnold's silence as a sign of interest, was about to speak again, but this time they heard the unmistakable sounds of Evelyn's passage down the corridor: the tinkling of the tea cart. When she entered the room, her back was slightly bent to accommodate her height to the cart, and this gave her something of the quality of a supplicant.

"Well, Evvie," her father said, "I came here thinking this was just another Wednesday tea, and now I find it is a farewell." But he smiled to show he forgave her. "I wish I were going with you, Evvie."

"It's just a little trip, Billy," Evelyn said, and she gave him a smile that was slightly fraudulent. This caused Arnold to think she looked like a nurse, what with the smile and the white wool dress she wore.

"I wish I were going with you," Mr. Henrichs said.

"I wish you were too, Billy." Evelyn smiled brightly at the two men and began to pour the tea.

"Well, you're a lucky girl, Evvie," her father said, "to be getting away to a warm country at this time of year. Though I must say that Mexico is not my favorite place."

"Nor mine either, Billy. As a matter of fact, I am suspicious of anyone whose favorite place it is."

"Suspicious?" Mr. Henrichs said, thinking this a bad sign. "Suspicious how, Evvie?"

"Suspicious of their taste, Billy. Billy, you're not eating any of these excellent cookies."

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Cornelius Nurseries, **Foley's** (All Stores), Golfcrest Hardware, Gulf Coast Garden Center, Gulf Nursery & Garden Center, Joskes, Kelly Hardware (4903 Westheimer, 5105 Cedar), Knight Hardware, Lee's Nursery, Muller Corey, Inc.; National Hardware, Palm's Nursery, Paul's Greenthumb Nursery, Southwest Fertilizer, The Hardware Store, Wagner Hardware Stores (12534 Memorial, 5233 Bellaire Blvd., 5254 Palms Center, 4002 Westheimer, 6111 Kirby Dr.), Warren Supply, Willhoite Ranch House; **Huntsville,** Walker County Hardware; **Hurst,** S & S Hardware; **Ingleside,** Western Auto Assoc. Store; **Irving,** Houses Nursery, Trinity Hardware; **Italy,** Italy Hardware, J. V. Wood & Son Lumber; **Itasca,** McPherson Hardware & Furniture; **Jacksboro,** Nash & Co.; **Jacksonville,** Fields—Heath & Heath Hardware; **Jasper,** Powells Hardware; **Kaufman,** Kaufman Hardware; **Kemah,** Kemah Hardware & Supply; **Kenedy,** Ruhmann Store; **Kerns,** Carroll's, Bain Hardware; **Kerrville,** Chas. 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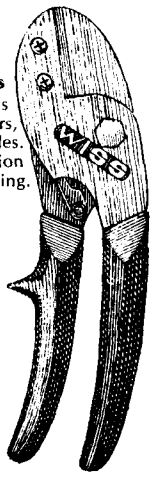
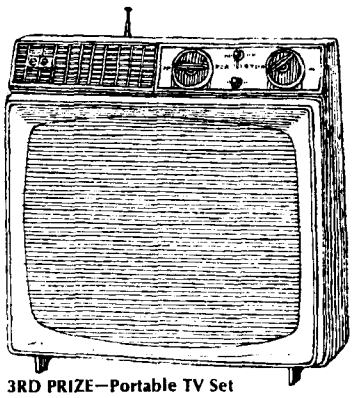
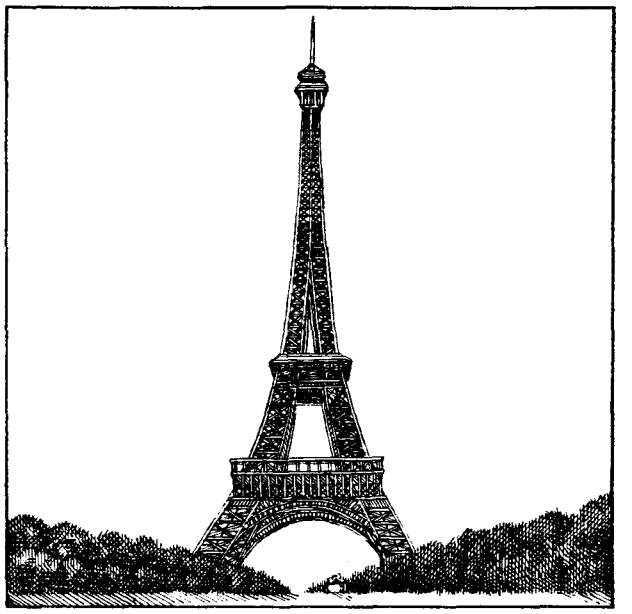


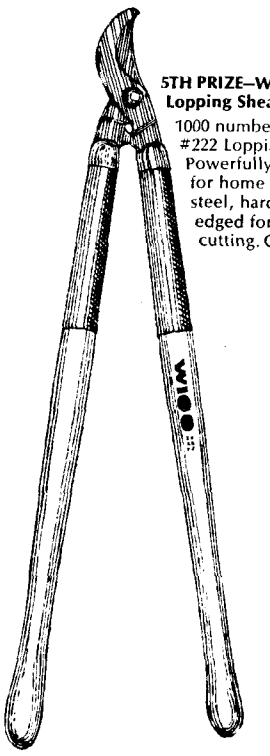
8TH PRIZE—Wiss Pruners
1000 numbers win Famous # 708 Brass Anvil Pruning Shears, hardened cutlery steel blades. Chrome plated. Two-position latch helps speed pruning.



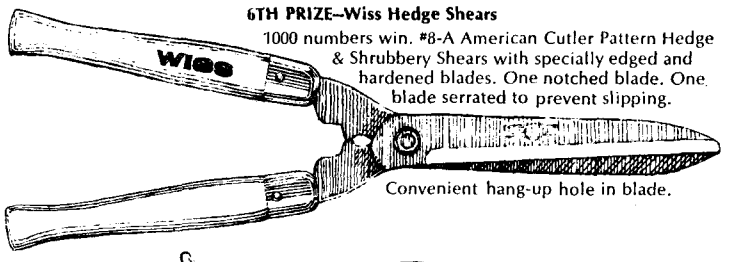
3RD PRIZE—Portable TV Set
Ten numbers win.
RCA Victor Portable T.V. Sets. Big screen, all channel reception performance by RCA the most trusted name in T.V.



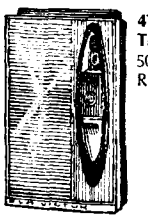
1ST PRIZE—Trip to Europe
Five lucky numbers win a never-to-be-forgotten trip for two to London, Paris and the Riviera via TWA StarStream Jet including round-trip transportation from your home, hotel accommodations and meals.



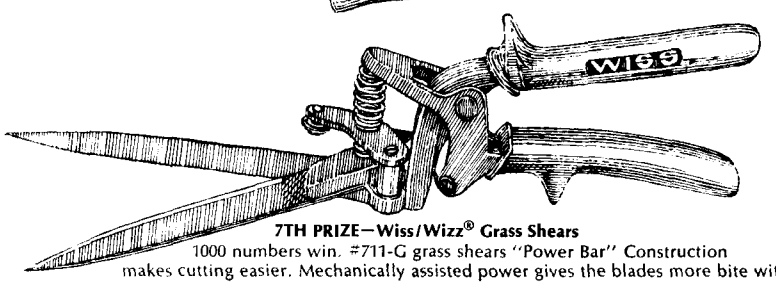
5TH PRIZE—Wiss Lopping Shears
1000 numbers win #222 Lopping Shears. Powerfully built—ideal for home use. Finest steel, hardened and edged for precise cutting. Chrome plated.



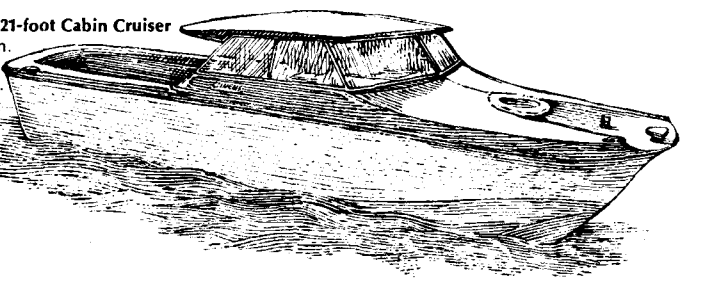
6TH PRIZE—Wiss Hedge Shears
1000 numbers win. #8-A American Cutler Pattern Hedge & Shrubbery Shears with specially edged and hardened blades. One notched blade. One blade serrated to prevent slipping.
Convenient hang-up hole in blade.



4TH PRIZE—Transistor Radio
50 numbers win.
RCA Transistor Radios.



7TH PRIZE—Wiss/Wizz® Grass Shears
1000 numbers win. #711-G grass shears "Power Bar" Construction makes cutting easier. Mechanically assisted power gives the blades more bite with less effort.



2ND PRIZE—21-foot Cabin Cruiser
Three numbers win.
Your own yacht! Owens' 23' Day Cruiser. Powered by a 150 h.p. MerCruiser Stern-drive with power tilt. Two forward vee berths.

Wouldn't you feel awful if this number were the winner of one of these prizes and you didn't take it into your Wiss dealer to find out?

All you do for this one is check in at the Wiss garden shears dealer near you (see listing below). The winning numbers already have been selected. The number on this page may be one of the winners (every copy of this magazine is printed with a different number). These retailers now have the list of winning numbers.

Winning numbers have been selected at random by Advertising Distributors of America, an independent Judging Organization, whose decisions are final regarding all matters concerning this offer.
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See adjacent column for more Wiss dealers.

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Her father immediately took two, and Arnold said, "They are very good, Ev."

Evelyn sat back and touched her pale blond hair, now the only brightness in the room; she gazed at the two men across unapproachable distances. Arnold, watching her, produced a smile of happiness, knowing at the same time that it could never carry across the vast tundra which separated her from them. Still, he knew in his heart that, though she sat in her Tibet of stillness and distance and was always guarded there by the failures of others, still she controlled them both; and he wondered how much strength there was, after all, in sanity.

While Evelyn packed, she sang Cuban songs and chatted with Arnold, who was across the hall in a room they called his office. It contained his books, a great old rolltop desk, a swivel chair upholstered in puffs of black leather. On the wall above his desk, the only wall without books, were three reproductions of Jacob Miller's paintings of the Old West and a map showing the route of the Lewis and Clark expedition. Arnold was leafing through *The Log of a Cowboy*, the 1903 edition which his dealer, after long search, had found for him.

Evelyn, standing at the bedroom door, said, "I don't believe in the Yucatán, you know. I don't believe those fabulous relics are really there. I think you will find, Arnold, that it's all a *sell*."

Arnold smiled. "We shall see," he said.

"I won't be a bit surprised if it all turns out to be an unfounded rumor. I think it's the archaeologist's Eldorado, that's what *I* think."

Skillfully, she fit twelve rolls of color film into the empty spaces on the top of the two suitcases she had packed; that finished the job, and she left them for Arnold to close and fasten in the morning. From bed she called good night to him, but he did not answer. "Are you somewhere west of the Pecos, dear?" she said. Then she took her pill and fell asleep almost at once.

When two hours later Arnold came into the bedroom, the first thing he did was reach under his pillow. Sometimes he did not remember to look for her note until after he had gone to bed; then he had to get up and turn on the light to read it. His hand burrowed under the pillow, searching, and found the paper. Oh no, he said; this is what he always said. The note read: *The fox condemns the trap, not himself.*

He put this note away with all the others; he kept them in a leather box in his chest of drawers, under his shirts. He no longer remembered why he had begun saving them. Lately it had come to seem to him a silly and childish thing to do. It reminded him of those not very serious friends he had had at college, the ones who saved invitations to dances and weekends, slipping them under the frames of their mirrors where in time they grew to form a wreath. To comb your hair and see your face there made you feel as if you had just been led into the winner's circle.

Even in the plane, the South seemed to make itself felt. Over Florida Arnold began to sense a gentleness of air about him, and the dim gray light they had carried with them from New York was driven out. He was not, he thought, merely imagining it; the other passengers felt it too. They woke from naps, stretched, and looked out at the flawless southern sky. It was as if each awoke not from a nap but from a winter's hibernation; each turned to his neighbor and began to talk, eager to hear speech after months of silence.

Watching, Arnold knew it was for such moments one traveled, and why doctors recommended it: therapy of excitement, the body glorying in the shocking abruptness of change. Below, now, the ocean, flattened by distance, was blue as the sky. Summer hung above it like morning mist.

Evelyn still slept, her face turned toward Arnold. The vibration of the plane shivered her relaxed face; there was an infinitesimal double edge to all her features. She woke and smiled at him, evidently touched that he had been watching her sleep.

"Was I snoring?" she asked. "Let us hope not." Like all the others, she turned and looked out the window. "Ah," she said. Land had appeared, defining the ocean. "Home again."

Not even the silliness of customs inspection irritated Arnold. He closed his eyes, the better to feel the delicious warmth, the crystalline air. He thought, exultantly, that one might live forever in this ambiance, so beautiful it was; this light and air and warmth was a preservative that would keep him whole through centuries as it did the Mayan stones.

And he was pleased by his first sight of the hotel lobby. It was all it should have been: open on two sides, a courtyard with flowers and a fountain separating it from the dining room, rattan chairs that creaked under the American tourists who sat there reading English-language newspapers from Mexico City. All the guests looked up and inspected Evelyn and Arnold when they entered. Arnold had sat in so many hotel lobbies that he could not object; he knew that in a few more days he would be doing the same. They might even meet some of the couples they had come to know on other trips; that was *beginning to happen*. The world was, it seemed, full of people in transit who had to reintroduce themselves to Evelyn and Arnold.

Evelyn liked their room, especially the enormous hand-carved headboard of their bed. "So primitive!" she said, and smiled at Arnold, making a caricature of wickedness. "I don't think you ought to look at it, Arnold dear. Try not to. You are far too young." Palms that grew in the courtyard scraped at the screens of their windows.

They waited a week before going out to the ruins, some seventy miles away. They had not planned it that way, but the days went by, and they never got around to making the arrangements. Not that they were ever permitted to forget. The local tourist agency had a desk in the lobby; it was decorated with magnificent color photos of the Temple of the Warriors, the Well of the Virgins, the Great Pyramid and other attractions.

The agency's representative was a white-faced Spanish lady who had lived in New York for fifteen years and spoke a hard, rapid American. She wore black always and, on Sundays came to her desk with a black lace mantilla on her head. Along with the sales talk, she gave a history of her family.

Evelyn leaned toward her, to show how interested she was. At the end of the account, she said, "The conquistadors were incredible, weren't they?"

The woman nodded. "Yes," she said, "until the the confiscation, life was a dream."

"I'll bet it was," Evelyn said.

"We did not know the meaning of insult," she said, and looked down at her black Wedgies, as if to indicate, this way, how great the change had been.

Evelyn sighed.

The lady roused herself to present realities. "Well, shall I put you down for next Monday? There's a very nice group going out on Monday."

Evelyn thought for a moment. "Put us down for Tuesday," she said.

Evelyn spent a good part of each day lying in the sun on the hot tiles beside the swimming pool. Under a trellis sagging with flowers were the closetlike

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changing rooms where she and Arnold hung up their terry-cloth robes. Here in the darkness that smelled of flowers and rotting wood, she jostled Arnold and said, "Oops, so sorry," and leered at him until he showed signs of embarrassment. He hurried out, and when she joined him a few minutes later, she said, "Gave you a turn in there, didn't I, Jack?"

Twice Arnold found notes in the pocket of his robe. The first read: *He who desires but acts not breeds pestilence.* And the second: *The most sublime act is to set another before you.* Arnold knew that if this continued much longer she would soon begin to see things. He was seized with revulsion at the thought. It's too much, he said, and found himself thinking, She never knows where to stop.

One day he left her by the pool and went up to take a nap. Lying on the bed, his head directly below the carving of a snouted god, he lit a cigarette and, turning to look for the ashtray, heard the crinkle of paper under his pillow. Wearily, with distaste, he reached under his head for the note. He held it above his face and read: *What is now proved was once only imagined.*

Evelyn entered at that moment, and, hurriedly, almost ashamed at having been caught at it, he hid the note under the bedspread. "I met the most marvelous man at the pool," she said. "Actually, it was under the Moorish arch. Such a propitious place. He's a big bear of a Dutchman, but born in New Jersey. His wife is dying in Mexico City, and he's on a two-week vacation from her suffering." She sat down on the bed beside Arnold and touched him. "You're not afraid of me, beloved, are you?" She put her head next to his. "Such luscious customs they have in this part of the world. It's the sun what does it, Arnold. The sun. It's more potent than the moon. Poets have misled us. You must stop listening to the poets, Arnold. Promise me, dear, you'll try to stop listening."

When Arnold woke from his nap—he refused to call it siesta, a matter of principle—Evelyn had gone down to the lobby. He dressed quickly and went to find her, his face stiff with apprehension. What he feared most, he believed, was the understanding of others, especially the elderly ladies with blue hair and with sweaters over their shoulders, always their fellow travelers on these trips, who came to him and said, "We understand." Patting of hands, eyes gone soft and idiot with sympathy. He wanted to avoid that this time.

He entered the lobby, expecting to hear Evelyn's voice, gay and light, saying alarming things. But she was sitting beside the Dutchman, nodding as he spoke, her eyes pained and pitying. Seeing Arnold, she laid a hand on the Dutchman's arm, stopping him, then introduced Arnold.

"Mr. Van Scuyver has been telling me about his wife," she explained to Arnold. Van Scuyver closed his eyes, signifying agreement. He had some difficulty opening them again. He held his glass at an impossible angle, and dollops of gin from time to time fell on his trousers and shirt.

"Yes, yes, yes," Van Scuyver said. "And did I tell you I met her in Ecuador? Found her in Ecuador."

"Yes, you did," Evelyn said.

"Tell you she's part Indian?"

"You told me."

"Oh, she's dying," Van Scuyver said. "No doubt of that. Indians always die." He covered his eyes with his hand.

Arnold was embarrassed and walked away. He went into the bar, a cool, dim, cavelike place a few steps below the lobby. Elderly American couples sat at their separate tables and drank without looking at each other, as if not looking at each other was a scheduled part of their vacation program.

The Indian bartender said, "You been out to the ruins yet, sir?"

"Tuesday. We are going on Tuesday."

The bartender said, "Don't believe anything the guide will tell you. I warn you in advance." He leaned across the bar and whispered to Arnold, "We did not make no blood sacrifices!" He waited for Arnold to speak.

"No?"

"No!" the bartender said. "Not until some Aztec priests came here from Mexico City and tell us we have to make them."

"I see."

"Now you know," the bartender said.

Arnold thanked him. He carried his drink to a table, thinking that he was getting to be as good as Evelyn at finding people eager to confide their small madnesses. And this place is full of them, he thought. He wondered if Evelyn's presence had infected them all, but he dismissed this notion.

At the expensive hotel near the ruins there were two old ladies and a middle-aged couple from Texas on their second honeymoon. The Texan called his wife Cousin and, as Evelyn was quick to point out, she might well have been. They had all arrived at the hotel late in the afternoon. Mayan girls in embroidered dresses brought them drinks as they sat in the long, cloistered porch; through the arch at the end of the cloister they saw the ancient observatory turn gold in the sunset.

"They were great astronomers," the Texan said. Mayans were his hobby, and he had read several books about them. "Their calendar was almost as exact as ours. Now to give you an example of their shrewdness: They knew about leap year!"

"The *things* people discover," Mrs. MacPhail said in a voice of wonder and resignation. Her friend Dorothy, the second old lady, nodded her head in weighty agreement and sighed.

They were all called to dinner then. Dorothy was very hungry and walked quickly to the dining room, ahead of everyone else, but Mrs. MacPhail remembered to pick up her friend's sweater and call after her, "Dorothy, don't worry, I've got your sweater."

Evelyn and Arnold found a table for two near a window overlooking the swimming pool. "Aren't they marvelous?" Evelyn said. "Aren't we a great and varied people, Arnold?"

Above the dining-room entrance was a small balcony. Four young men with guitars were stationed there and serenaded the guests. At the first sound of the music, Evelyn said, "Well, Cousin, and how do you like that?"

Arnold said that God knew he preferred it to *din*ner music.

She put her hand on Arnold's wrist, as if she were feeling for his pulse. "I'm glad we're out here, Arnold dear. I'm

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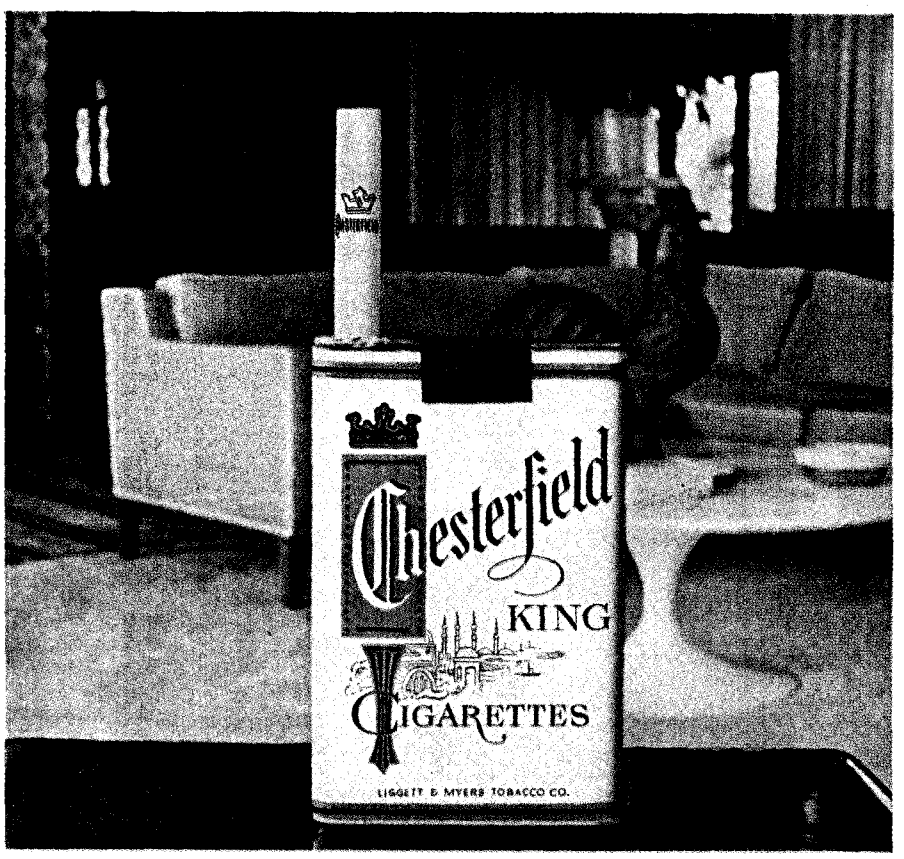
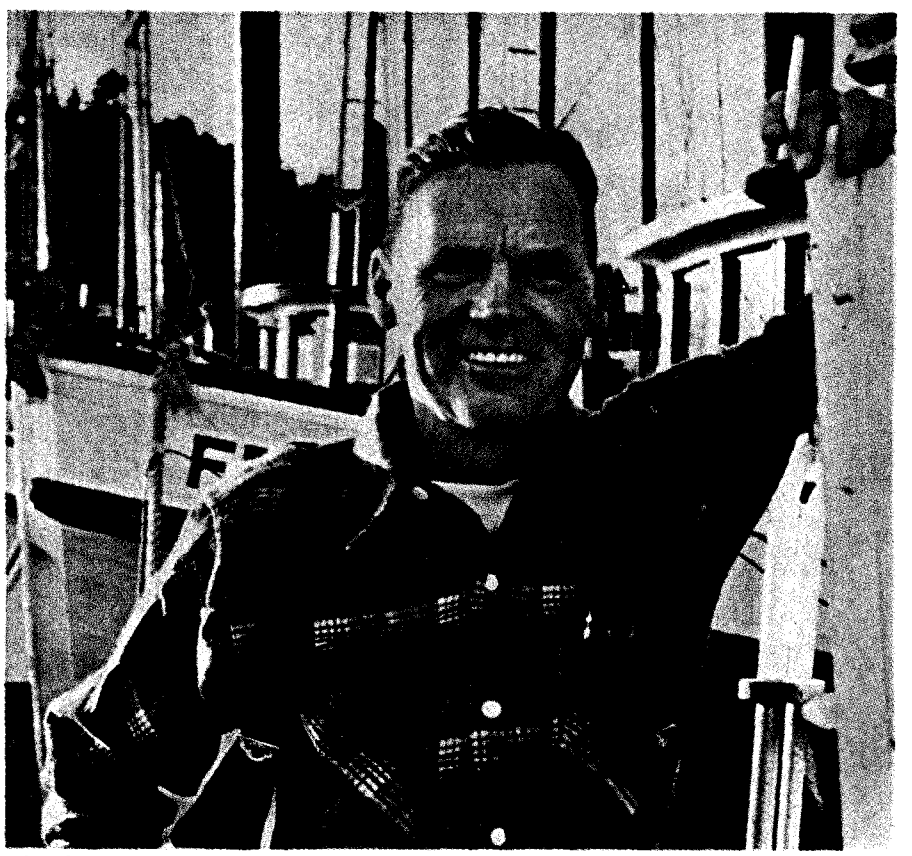


Chesterfield People smoke satisfied. Do you?



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glad we left that other hotel. I was coming not to like it."

Arnold said he was sorry to hear that. "I had no idea, Ev."

"Something about the halls. There was something about the halls I was coming not to like, dear."

"I am sorry, Ev. We won't go back there, of course."

After dinner they danced on the terrace and, later, in bright moonlight, they walked through the gardens, tropical and savagely colorful, to their guesthouse. They were not staying in the hotel. The guesthouses were round and had thatched roofs, exactly like the Indian houses they had passed on the way from Mérida. Even though it cost more, Evelyn decided she wanted to stay in a guesthouse. "So African," she said. "Not at all my idea of Indian." The hotel parrot began to sing "My country, 'tis of thee . . ." as they approached his perch.

Inside their guesthouse the mosquito net hung like a small tight cloud over the bed; it was tied to the crooked rafters which were the polished limbs of trees. The bed was in the center of the room, and the walls turned around it in a perfect circle. Because of the mosquitoes they did not turn on the lights; moonlight, in any case, made it unnecessary.

When Evelyn was undressed she loosened the net and spread it around the bed, fixing it under the mattress on three sides. She lay on the bed, inside the net's gauzy tent, and said, quietly, "So secret." She watched Arnold, and when he was ready she patted the bed and turned on her side to welcome him, holding up the net to let him in. "Our little nest," she said.

In the morning they began their tour of the ruins. Groups of tourists, herded by their guides, all converged on the Great Pyramid. They climbed in a long line up the narrow stairs cut through the heart of the pyramid to see the jaguar, that famous beast, ferocious though carved from stone of the softest pastel pink. There were bars to protect him from the tourists who might have chipped him away for souvenirs. Flashbulbs popped behind them, and then they began the descent, palms pressed against the sweating walls.

Outside again, Arnold reached into his pocket for a cigarette and found a note: *O thou who lovest me, set my love in order.* Even here! he said to himself; he felt put upon, harried. He crumpled the note and threw it into the sun-burned grass that crackled under the tourists' feet. What shall I do? he asked himself. I no longer know which way to turn. Intent on his own thoughts, no longer hearing the voice of the guide, he fell behind.

When the group stopped in front of a temple, he stopped too, not wanting to catch up with them. Perplexed and angry, looking at the ground as one does who knows the answer might be anywhere, he saw the snake moving toward him. His mind then was freed of thought by terror, and he recalled childhood knowledge and stood stock still. The toes of his shoes seemed terribly remote, not possibly his; detached, he watched the snake's oiled s as it glided past his feet. Then he hurried to join the group, throwing down his cigarette with disgust, as if it had become tainted.

As they walked to the Ball Court, the guide told them that at the end of every epoch, which some thought to be a period of fifty years and others four hundred, all the buildings were destroyed and new ones built over them. "Just like New York," Evelyn whispered to Arnold, taking his arm. She touched his hand and smiled her conspirator's smile, setting them apart from the other couples who had rubbed against one another so long they were like brothers and sisters, identical in gesture and speech.

Standing in the middle of the Ball Court, the guide pointed out the low relief of the team captain carrying what looked like a hockey stick in one hand and a human head in the other. He was the captain of the winning team; the head was his prize. The winning captain always beheaded the loser. From the neck of the severed head issued a snake, the Mayan symbol for life; coiled, turning on itself, it was like the balloon in a comic strip.

In the guide's car, returning to the hotel, Evelyn was silent. She sat beside Mrs. MacPhail and seemed not to hear the discussion going on around her. Arnold tried not to look at her too often. There must be no overt surveillance, Doctor Verhagen had told him.

"It's hard to believe it was all built by Indians," the Texan said.

"This is the road the conquerors followed," the guide said, pretending not to have heard.

Evelyn roused herself to listen, but when they got back to the hotel, she said to Arnold, "You won't mind, will you, if I take a nap instead of having lunch? I think I ought to rest a little."

Serenaded by the four young men, Arnold ate alone. At two, when the groups began to collect around their guides in the lobby, he went to the guesthouse to wake Evelyn.

"I don't think I'll come along this afternoon, sweetheart," she said. "It's not that I'm feeling unwell. I am enjoying perfect health, dear, as you well know. . . ." She smiled. "It's just that I'd pre*fer* to stay here."

"I'll be back at five," Arnold said. "Have a good rest. It's our last night here, and I plan to dance you off your feet." He thought he sounded genuinely cheerful.

Arnold went off and joined his group and his guide. With them he climbed to the top of the observatory. From there he could see the hotel, white in the sun, a celestial city. He was anxious to get back; he had the feeling that though he was where he was supposed to be he had, somehow, got left behind. He looked at his watch so many times that he said to himself, I have got the Mayan disease, I am obsessed by time.

It was sundown before he got back to the guesthouse. Evelyn was awake but still resting. While Arnold showered she lay on the bed, her eyes following the lines of the crooked beams, staring at the apex of the thatched cone. "It's so like a fortress," she called to him. "The round walls. I do like this place."

After dinner they danced while the boys played Cuban love songs for Evelyn. She sang to Arnold in a low, husky

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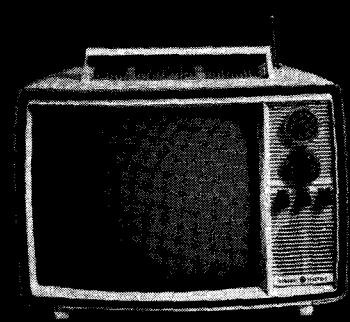

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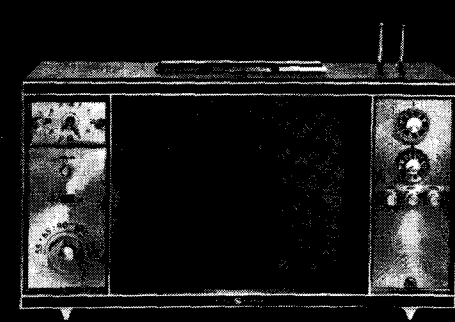

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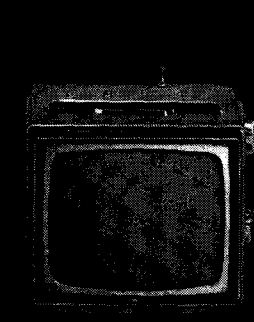

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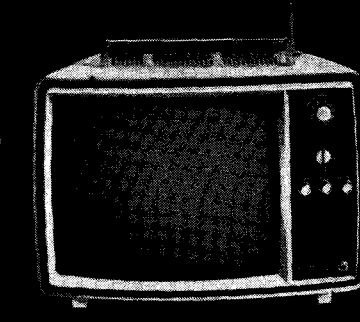

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voice while they danced. At eleven Arnold said he thought they ought to go. There was the packing to do, he said, and they had to be up at nine.

"Well, as to that, dear," Evelyn said. "As to that, I don't think I'm ready to leave here yet. I do like our little house so much. You know that, dear. And there isn't a reason in the world we can't stay here another day or two. Or even a week, for that matter."

"We're running out of money, Ev."

"People like us don't run out of money, dearest. We just send home for more."

"Well, perhaps a few more days. A day or two more," he said.

"Even a week or two, Arnold. There isn't a reason in the world for leaving, you know."

Arnold tried to think of one. Finally, he said, "Well, let's just see, dear." And when they walked back to the guesthouse, whose walls were now the color of the moon itself, he thought of New York perishing in the cold and of how lucky he was after all, in spite of everything.

She raised the net for Arnold; moonlight bleached it to brightness; it was the color of her hair. "Like a cocoon," Evelyn said, looking up. "And here we lie. Who knows, dearest, what cunning metamorphosis is even now taking place. Perhaps by dawn the change will be complete and we will wake with wings, or you'll be marked like a Mayan god, and all the servants will kneel when you go in for breakfast."

She was watching his face; he tried to smile. She leaned over him, a sentinel on watch for change. He drew her to him, touched her mouth with his fingers and kissed her hair. We do not share the same reality, he thought; and the pain of this knowledge was hard for him to bear; it was an act of infidelity. He thought of all the notes she had written him, that leather box in his chest of drawers full of small folded squares of paper, and saw again the mirror and the wreath of invitations that fluttered with life as the wind of memory touched them. He held her close; he wanted to say, Dearest, I'd come; I would join you if I could. But what excuse could he offer? he asked himself. Prior engagements? He had none; she was his life; he had no other kin. Her arms were around him, her breath soft on his face. We're in the net together, he thought, queer fish who walk on land, breathe air.

He circled sleep, drifting, as if already winged; a foreigner in Evelyn's world of excess, sleep was home to him, familiar, and he found comfort there. He grudged waking, tried to evade whatever was pushing him above the surface of sleep, but he broke through to wakefulness, breathing heavily, winded by the struggle. Evelyn was gone. The net, loose on one side, fluttered now in the night wind, a huge wing; it touched his face with its feathery edge as it passed across the bed.

His leather slippers felt clammy, as if the animal were not quite dead. He hurried through the gardens, his heels hissing on the tiles of the porch. He looked for her in the lobby where one small amber light burned, then down the cloistered porch again. The dining room was closed, the bar was dark. He followed the path along the edge of the garden to the terrace. The water in the pool was pale blue and heaved gently and regularly, as if some great beast were in it, breathing.

He was about to turn away when Evelyn rose from under the water. He could see now the white furrow of her passage from the opposite side. "Jump in," she whispered, "the water's fine." Her face, her shoulders and arms, were silvered by moonlight; metallic, she looked like an exotic crustacean, gorgeous and frightful, and as if there were nothing like her before on land or sea. When she moved, drops of silver rained from her. It was as if she were seeding the water with her wealth.

Arnold removed his robe.

"Oh, I am glad," she said.

She waited for him, smiling, her arms crossed, covering herself. Arnold sat down at the edge of the pool and slipped gently in. His back turned silver as he swam toward her, part of her amphibian world now. Or at least, he thought, at least now I'm claiming citizenship there. He touched her and felt for the bottom with his toes.

"Dearest," she said, "isn't it grand here?"

He drew a deep breath and dived toward the silvered tiles on the floor of the pool, aware of Evelyn above him, her protecting presence. Moonlight penetrated these depths, he noted. He turned and let himself be carried up; she reached out for his hand and drew him to her.

"I knew you'd come," she said to him, softly. "I never doubted for a moment, love." □

Newly manufactured combines frame Robert L. Siegel (left), Insurance Manager of Deere & Company and William C. Zeigel, Employers Mutuals representative, during a recent plant-tour discussion of Deere & Company's many faceted insurance program.

Wausau Story

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By James Buechler

After a man has seen so much violence, sometimes all he wants is order in his life. But he must not forget that to impose order he may need to use a violence of his own.

THE AMBULANCE DRIVER

A circle of people had gathered one night on the sidewalk around a parked ambulance. The red light on top was flashing and the motor running, as though there were not a moment to be lost in bearing some stricken human being to a place where his life would be safe.

The circle of people extended up to the door of a house that most of them knew very well but had never been inside of, which was now thrown open and a part of its mysterious interior—the hallway, at least—revealed for the first time. They saw a man come hustling out on one end of a stretcher—though it was not really a stretcher; it had chromium-plated handles at each end and some sort of carriage with wheels underneath so that it could stand by itself if necessary, or be rolled—the long, covered body following through the doorway, with only the face exposed, and then the second ambulance man coming, awkward and careful not to stumble, showing effort in his expression. His name was Baer.

He was a large, quite heavy man, whose wide black belt with the big metal buckle gave him a look of physical solidity; wearing a uniform that included dark trousers with a bright stripe running down on both sides: a man performing in the presence of crowds of people with a perfect intentness on his business, perfectly at home in the atmosphere of life-or-death excitement that had gathered the crowd in the first place, acting as though it were his sphere—as indeed it was.

The ambulance men hurried their burden to the ambulance, set it down an instant, flung wide the rear door, which hung open high, at an angle; the stretcher was rolled in on its carriage; the intern—all in white, very young-looking—came hurrying out through the open house door, which he left open. He climbed into the back of the vehicle with the patient. Baer secured them inside together and hastened forward to the wheel; his partner was already waiting on the other side. The ambulance jumped into motion, and now the very blinking of its red light seemed to speed up, becoming more urgent; other vehicles fell away to the side in its path, as it screamed toward the hospital.

In a scene like this, though he was never guilty of an expression or gesture either vain or unnecessary, Baer was certainly conscious of his own important part. Yet after all, driving an ambulance is a job like any other, and he had come by it in the same way that people generally do find jobs.

It seemed he had just begun his working life when the depression came on the country. For a while it was all anybody talked about—though, apparently, the real depression had begun in New York City three or four years earlier with a great many men leaping to their deaths from the windows of high buildings. For Baer, who was willing to do anything at all, it was not so hard to find a job, in those times, as to keep one. All the jobs he could find would end after a few months.

Then one day he went to the hospital. A friend had told him that they kept guinea pigs there in coops, for the doctors to experiment with, and rabbits and white mice, and that they might need a man to feed the animals and clean out the coops.

Baer asked about the guinea pigs, but the fierce, gray-haired woman in the white uniform, whom he was sent in to see, asked him instead, "Can you drive a car well?" Though he was not a good driver, by any means—in fact, he was hardly a driver at all, having used a truck for two days on a farm once but having no other experience—Baer said yes. "Will you work nights?" Baer said he would. "Will you work *twelve hours* every night?" Baer said he would. "Well, it isn't any of my business and I don't know why they sent you to me," said the fierce woman, "but I do know the hospital needs a night ambulance driver." She sent him to the right person to see, and he was hired.

He worked from seven in the evening until seven in the morning. At certain times of the year, that would be almost exactly from darkness until light, a term of work that

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seemed normal to Baer; he did not feel himself abused by the long hours. And then, the work was not really hard. He and his partner, a man named Freddy, who was a little older than himself, sat in wooden chairs out in front of the garage attached to the big, partially lighted hospital, and looked something like firemen waiting for a call. Freddy had been handling things alone, and was glad enough to help Baer with his driving. It turned out that one night a week Baer did have to look after the guinea pigs, but he didn't mind that: he was used to animals; his parents had always kept chickens. They lived almost in the country, just beyond the last paved street. Baer got one night off each week, but it could not be on a weekend.

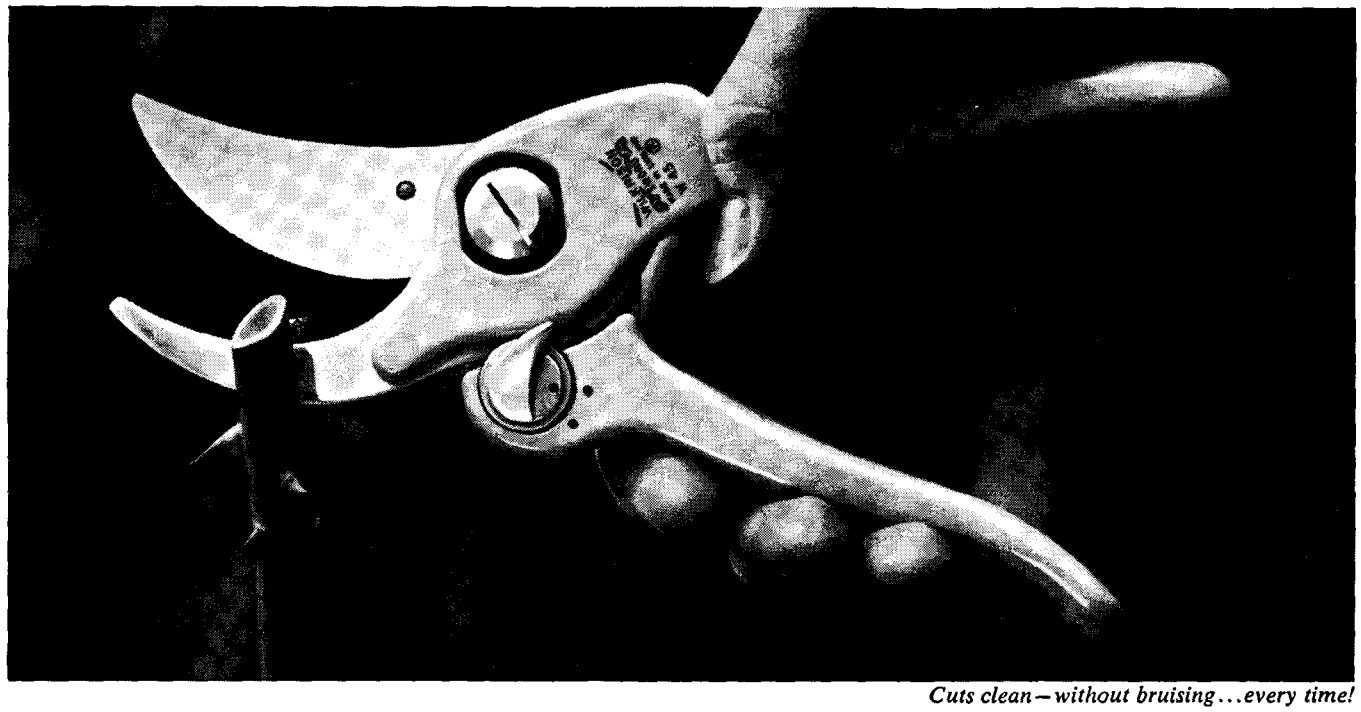
When the hospital job had lasted for a year and seemed secure ("People will always get sick," his father said to him wisely), Baer got married on the strength of it. He had been going with the same girl more than four years, but he was a careful man, strictly brought up to believe he must always be responsible for his own, and he had put off marrying. But he had saved his money even when the jobs had not lasted. Now he moved with his wife—a black-haired girl, slim, but wiry and strong, whose family had lived near his own for years—into an apartment in a two-family house just a few blocks from the hospital.

For the next two years or so their life was successful enough, but as Baer said to his wife, "I don't like living in somebody else's house." And his wife said, "You say what you want us to do. As long as the roof don't leak and the floors don't sag, I don't care." Really, they were well matched; they thought alike about almost everything.

So Baer looked around, and in the sandy country to the north of the city he found a little place that had been empty awhile; exactly square, with decent siding though the paint was bad, and a four-sided pyramid for a roof. The roof was covered with strips of tar paper, the kind that is sprinkled on one side with red abrasive particles like sugar, which glint in the sun. It was tiny but cheap; it sat well back on a deep strip of land bounded on one side by a line of medium-sized oak trees, and was on a paved road about seven miles from the hospital. Freddy found a used Model A Ford for Baer to buy, and they moved out.

Immediately, Baer and his wife went to work. They made the place a human habitation. (Between themselves, they sometimes wondered what it could have been, before.) They had a well dug; its pipe came up to feed a neat little hand pump mounted to the side of Mrs. Baer's sink. They bought a small oil heater for warmth in the main room, but slept under quilts in a cold bedroom. The place was already wired; for cooking they used a kerosene range. In the first days (they had moved out in summer) Baer's wife scrubbed and disinfected the inside and began to make it pleasant. Just because she had lived in the country, where dirt is plentiful, she would not bear it, and everything must be shining-sanitary. The inside would smell of furniture polish, kerosene, disinfectant, sometimes of an oversweet, smoking incense stick, but never of mustiness or dirt. Yet there were also the small touches of decoration—the house plants, crocheted doilies on the chair arms, miniature articles arranged on corner shelves—that attach people to the peculiar sheltering interior, even a single room, that they inhabit. In the meantime Baer sacrificed some of his sleeping hours. He added a shedlike wing at the back. He dug a deep hole and over it erected an outhouse around which he built a lattice, and at the base of the lattice he planted morning-glory vines. As he had no real skill, his work was crude but strong, like a peasant's. He never hesitated to build what he needed, though he could manage only the simplest tools—saw and hammer and nails. He did everything directly, in the simplest way.

Every night at the same time, Baer came out of the little house, got into his Model A, drove out the long driveway, which turned twice around some small pines, and rolled off toward the city. Each morning, about seven-thirty, he was back. Winter or summer, the open days passed over the house with a profound and quiet peacefulness. Inside, Baer slept. Sometimes his wife came out, slight and strong, bearing a great basket, and hung out glistening clothes on a rope that stretched to the oak trees. In summer the smell of the sweet fern was hot and strong in the sun, and the hot tar of the roof had its own smell; but in all seasons the air carried the tang of the lime that Baer's wife used in the outhouse. The land itself was pleasant. There were many small birches on the place. The whippoorwills were very



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Anvil Pruners: Thick anvil can (A) bruise bark, crush branch, (B) crack openings in branch that invite disease, (C) can't cut close to bud without risking bud loss.

"Scissor-Cut" Pruners: With use, the scissor action can (D) cut unevenly in ragged step which invites disease and loss of bud. Inadequate, too, for heavy pruning.

Wilkinson Sword Pruners: (E) cut clean—without bruising to discourage disease, (F) encourage cutting at the correct "watershed" angle, (G) cut close to bud.

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loud in the first part of the night, after Baer had left, but they didn't bother Mrs. Baer; she grew to like them.

Nothing much seemed to happen. One year Baer's wife had a baby, a little girl, but even this event did not disturb their life at all. Baer simply took his wife in with him when he went to work one night, and brought her back again holding a soft, pink blanket-bundle in her arms when he returned at his usual time in the morning about ten days later. From then on, a baby carriage would be seen outside sometimes, draped with gauze netting to keep away insects, but the baby was happy, never cried, and so kept intact the perfect sun-filled serenity that hung over Baer's house and land.

Such, at least, was the picture of Baer's life held by Henry Renfrew, a young engineer who had bought land on the other side of the oak trees and built a new house for himself and his wife. For the Second World War had come and gone without apparently affecting Baer at all. He was not quite too old for the service, but at the very end of the age group, and besides, they told him there was something the matter with him—his teeth weren't as good as they should be. He might have made a lot of money by going down to the Works, but he was too canny; he figured it wouldn't last forever, and in the end he was proved right. He remembered his father's saying people would always get sick. After the war, in the general rush to the suburbs, the sandy plots with their cover of birches, pine, scrub oak and sweet fern began to be bought up along his road. Renfrew came, and built his white wooden house of the Cape Cod type. It stood just under the long, straight oak branches close to the property line.

Henry Renfrew was young and smart, doing well at the Works, and liked to read. He had not been in the war, either. He liked the idea of living in the country. And from the first, he took an interest in his neighbor—this large, uniformed man who, in the morning, was just driving in when he was driving out; who came out and left for work just as he was eating his supper and looking forward to the hours of enjoyment ahead. The sunny peacefulness of Baer's property that he would observe on weekends (the Baers went to church and returned and disappeared into their house, and all was as before) appealed to his imagination, and so did the idea of a man who spent his days sleeping in a place like this and then went down into the city, where throughout the night he raced among the darkened houses with a siren, penetrating always into some of them with the extraordinary right possessed by those who act in emergencies. When Renfrew took a free moment at the Works, and read in the morning's paper about some awful accident in the city the night before, it would suddenly occur to the young man that of course, Baer had been there.

In these years, Baer's little girl had been growing. Already she was four and a half years old. Another year, and she would go to kindergarten. Baer and his wife were fond and proud of her. If they spoke of her to anyone, it was "our daughter" this, "our daughter" that. Of course, they spoiled her terribly, though they considered, themselves, that they were too severe. Baer kept a strap on a nail behind the door and he wasn't slow about using it, so that the child screamed, in rebellion as well as in pain, until at times she lost her breath and was reduced to gasps which only came with the sucking-in of her breath, involuntarily. He didn't beat her in anger but only when he and his wife decided it was necessary. For at bottom he was a sentimental man. He would actually cry at sad things; his eyes would grow red and real tears would come. He loved the little girl and so did his wife, and he did many unexpected, unusual little things for her out of the simple impulses of his love.

About this time the regular guinea-pig keeper brought in a little puppy for one of the daytime drivers, whose wife, that same night, swore she would leave him if he tried to bring it into the house. So the poor man drove back with the dog to the hospital, where Baer, thinking suddenly of the little girl, took it from him.

Next morning he brought it home. Both Baer and his wife were overcome by their daughter's delight with the little creature, which was so young and fat that its heavy belly dragged between its weak legs in the sand of the driveway. The little girl had never had playmates. She was too old for the babies that people like the Renfrews were just beginning to have. She named the dog George. Eventually it grew into some kind of mongrel, with the lean body and long legs of a medium-sized terrier but the curved tail, long, soft ears, and large, diffident brown eyes of a small hound. Front and back, in the green-and-black scrub of Baer's land, the

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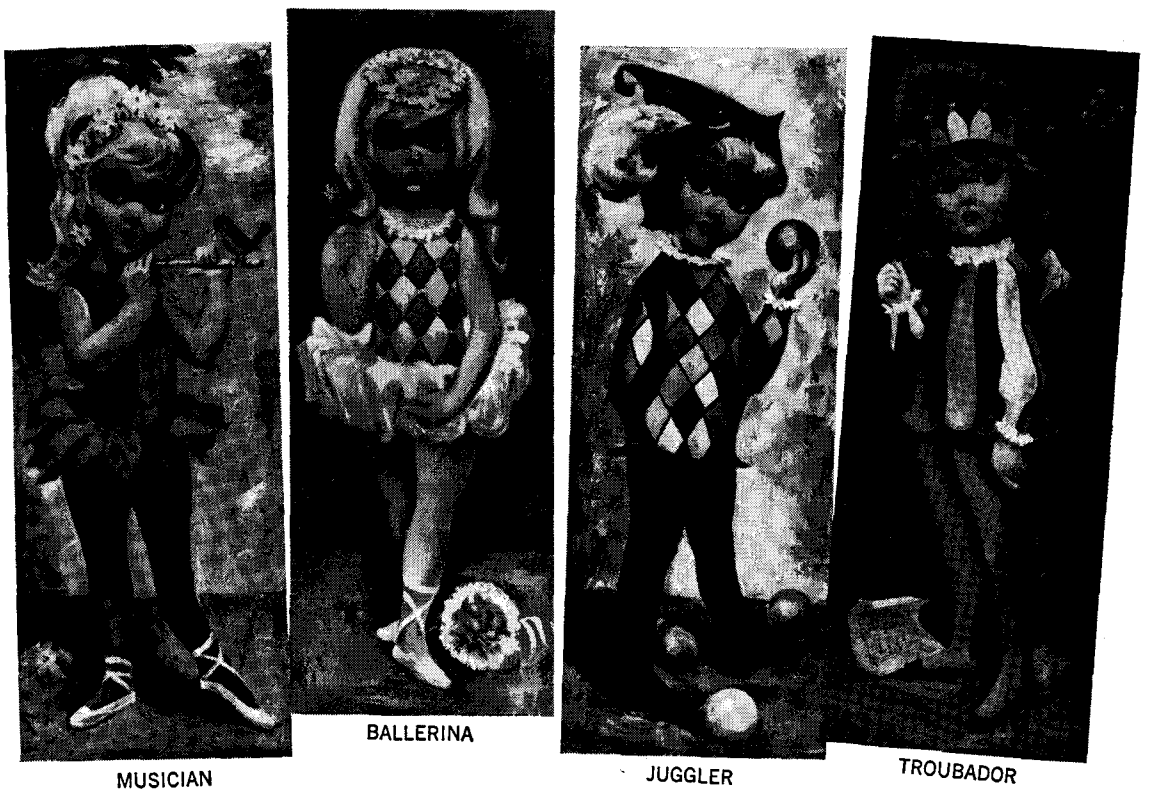

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bright clothing of the little girl would disappear and flash out, winding through the cover with the swift white body of the dog.

The autumn came again. The little girl went out in the morning now to catch the yellow school bus on the paved road. Baer slept. His wife did her work. The land was tranquil until afternoon. George, the dog, played with a black shadow among the small, nervous, shining, heart-shaped birch leaves in the grove at the woods line on the fringe of Baer's property.

One afternoon in November the little girl failed to find George after school and, after changing her clothes, ran out there. She soon came running back again, zigzagging through the brush, yelling madly. George lay in a shallow hole he must have dug for himself in the loose sand, suckling twelve fat, piglike, pink-tinged puppies. It seemed important enough even to wake Baer, whose sleep was never intruded upon, and he too was led out toward the edge of the land. And while the little girl squatted, gingerly touching the warm bodies, Baer's wife looked at him across the shallow burrow. With the years, it seemed, she had grown only more lean and strong, and her eyes, once brown, appeared now positively black, glowing and alive and black.

"It's this sand keeps 'em warm," Baer muttered uncomfortably. "Sun shines on it out here all day." He and his wife went back to the little house.

Inside, Baer's wife said, "We can't feed twelve dogs, Cap."

Baer scratched his head. His mouth tasted terrible; he had been waked up more than two hours before his time.

"You know yourself we've only got so much a week," she said. "You aren't ever going to make much more. We've got this place, but we've always had to watch. Everything they eat up comes out of our mouths." Baer scratched his head. His wife picked up a dustcloth and used it a little, without thinking. "It's hard enough to give away one or two," she said. "Where are we going to give away a dozen?" Instead of answering, Baer went back into the bedroom to sleep.

Purposely, Baer left the litter out in the half-exposed lair the mother had made for them, but though the nights were cold the dogs throve; they grew into fat little pigs such as George had been when Baer had brought her home. They squealed a great deal, especially when the mother left them to be fed herself, or when she returned and settled down among them. But they were squealing off and on, all the time. In two weeks they had begun to root in the sweet fern.

"They'll never die now," his wife said to him.

Accordingly, on a cold Saturday afternoon Baer got out of bed a couple of hours early. He dressed in his hospital uniform. In the shed he found a big cardboard grocery box with flaps he could fold together at the top, which he carried outdoors to the back of the Model A for a moment. He took out his knife and went back and squatted in the shelter of the house. The day was windy, with low, fast-moving clouds.

"What are you doing, Cap?" asked the little girl, coming to the house from the dogs. (It was a peculiarity of the household that Baer's daughter, as well as his wife, called him "Cap.")

"Don't talk to me now," he said. She watched him cut a hole in the box, quite near the top, perhaps an inch and a half across. He took the box by one flap and walked with it through the dry sweet fern. The little girl trailed. The puppies began to bleat as he pulled them off the mother dog's teats and dropped them into the box. Now he needed both hands; he had to grasp the box by the bottom edges as he walked back with the wiggling and scratching animals inside. The live load, from which came an occasional yelp but, strangely, none of the almost incessant squealing of the last weeks, caused the tall box to pitch in his hands.

"What are you going to do?" cried the little girl, running after him.

"I'm going to put them to sleep," said Baer, in a loud voice. But he did not look at her; his face was intent, instead, on what he was doing. From the side the child, who was running and stumbling among the fern bushes, hardly able to keep up, looked at him suspiciously.

"Will it hurt them?"

"It will put them to sleep," he repeated obstinately, with even greater seriousness about his task, disregarding her. He had reached the back end of the Ford, which stood quite high on its narrow wheels. Stooping down, setting the box in the sand, he fitted the projecting exhaust pipe into the hole he had just made with his knife. Then he went round, climbed into the car, and turned over the engine. The four cylinders began to work in regular, tinny, fluttering cycles. Baer set the hand throttle and walked back to the rear of the car.

Something—a light body wound in soft clothes—flew at him out of somewhere and hit him a tremendous shock, so that he staggered. Baer's little girl had fastened on and was biting his big arm in its uniform jacket, her small feet kicking at the stripes on his legs. Without thinking, Baer righted himself and flung away his arm; the body flew and landed and lay limp among its clothes. But in an instant it was up, and at him as though by electric attraction. This time Baer set his face toward the box, which was vibrating now ever so slightly with the regular flutter of the car's engine. Inside were scratchings and the sharp mother-squeals of the last two weeks. He caught the girl more gently, but with the back of his iron arm, and flung her ten feet away, though he never looked at her. She did not lose her feet; she came on again, and he warded her off.

The child began to scream, in a voice so high it could not be loud, running back and forth in an arc at a little distance from him. Baer would get angry sometimes, and when he did he used rough words that the girl had heard, and now she used them against him, screeching them out until, as when he beat her, she had to stop and gasp for breath. The noise brought Baer's wife outdoors from the one side, and brought from the other, up to the birch rails that separated their property, Henry Renfrew.

The chugging Model A, the cardboard box from which the squeals came, the hysterical little girl, Baer's intent face—the young man took the whole thing in immediately.

"For God's sake, Baer!" he cried out, in appeal.

The ambulance driver's expression shattered at once, like a flowerpot. "You want to take them?" he yelled, turning savagely on the younger man. "You're so rich—you got a new house." And the big, uniformed man suddenly advanced upon his neighbor, his eyes red, his hair looking all disheveled with sweat under his policeman's cap. "Here," he shouted in a fury, "you say you'll take them, and I'll shut off the engine! Well—you going to take them?"

The engineer turned and went back into his house. His aluminum storm door banged shut.

Baer watched him all the way. Slowly he returned to the Model A, which had never ceased to flutter—and flutter—and flutter.

Baer's wife had managed to get their daughter into the house. Baer himself stood with folded arms over the box, and waited. He stood an unbearably long time; he even thought of the gasoline the car must be consuming during such a long time. After a while Baer's wife and girl came out of the house and stood by the back door. They were both quiet.

But when he finally turned off the engine and pulled open the box's flaps, the little girl was there, peering in, as soon as he was. And three of the little

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animals were still squirming and pushing forward, their noses buried against the soft bodies of the others. She reached far in and grabbed them, and ran into the house with them before Baer could think.

He shook his head. He dragged the others out to the back of his land and buried them deep in the sandy ground. Then he threw the box into his trash pit and set fire to it. He looked at his wristwatch. It was getting late.

He entered the kitchen, first wiping his feet outside, and sat down and waited to be served his supper. While he ate, his wife told him that the child had the puppies in the bedroom—the farthest corner of the square house from Baer himself at that moment.

Afterward, Baer put on his uniform jacket again, and then went out to the shed off the kitchen and rummaged in his wife's rag bag until he found an old shirt that no longer fit him—he was growing more stout, thicker in the chest and under the arms. He came in and sat down again at the table.

In the bedroom his wife said to the little girl, "He won't hurt them now. He has to go to work. You can get them some milk. I'll stay here with them."

As she came through the kitchen, the child took the way that would keep her farthest from Baer, eyeing him with terror the whole time. They kept their icebox outside in the unheated shed. As soon as he heard the handles snapping out there, Baer got up and hurried quietly into the bedroom. His wife had the puppies. He spread the clean old shirt, and she placed them in it. He gathered the edges around them, and made a great knot; he knotted both sleeves. Little squeals came from the bundle. He thrust it underneath his jacket and walked straight out of the house. The little girl was working with a milk bottle and pie tin at the kitchen table as he passed through.

Baer drove toward the city faster than he had ever driven his own car before, but without the firm control he always had of the speeding ambulance. Outside, it had turned very cold; the wind attacked the high, square car in irregular fits, as though something were trying to snatch it up and shake it. Although he was early, it was already nearly dark. Instead of going to the hospital, Baer drove to a highway near the river. He stopped the car, picked up the knotted shirt from the floor in back, and got out.

Immediately, the pups began their squealing. All around, the whole earth was dark, but the broad sky was light enough, with deep, gray-black, smoking clouds driving through it, throwing down sharp bits of rain. He started to walk through a wide cornfield, all stubble now, nothing in it but himself, toward the river at its far verge. Carrying the shirt—he couldn't help himself—he looked upward, back and over his shoulder, and he only wished he could be under trees, or in a building somewhere. He was a religious man. From boyhood he had felt, at certain times, the presence of someone watching everything he did. All at once he was afraid of taking life. He had wondered, sometimes, about the men who had had to kill during the war. Still, he set his face and walked on, across the stubble. He was responsible. Men living in the world are responsible for themselves and theirs.

He came to the riverbank—curving here, the cornfield shelving off a little each year—and slid down the bank right into the water; he felt the cold as it suddenly encircled his ankles. He leaned out deeper, and with both hands sank the light-colored shirt. The bodies struggled under his hands; he could actually hear the whimpers, though they were submerged. Harder he pressed down—holding them down. His shoes were sunk in river mud. Both his arms, his feet, grew numb. The forms had long been still. Baer lifted out the dripping bundle, scrambled up the bank, and carried it toward his car. Vaguely in his mind was the idea that he would take them back and bury them "right" on his land.

But when he pushed back the driver's seat, and dropped the wet shirt on the back floor, two distinct, despairing squeals sounded from inside it.

The big man caught up the shirt like a maniac, and lumbered across the stubble field wildly and recklessly, falling twice. When he came at last to the top of the bank, he leaned back and hurled the wet bundle high and far from him, out over the dark river.

He stood, panting, all muddy, listening. Incredibly, he heard nothing. For one instant hallucinations overcame him—something had caught it out there, where he could not see, and was bearing it up into the last light places in the sky. But he had only forgotten what a strong man he was, and at last, far out in the water, he heard the single sound—splash. □

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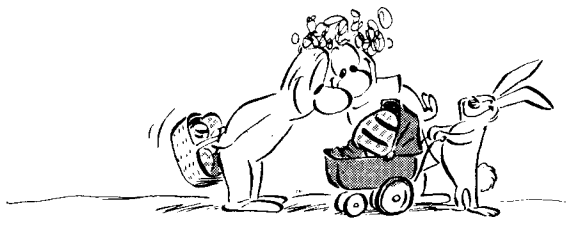
Post scripts

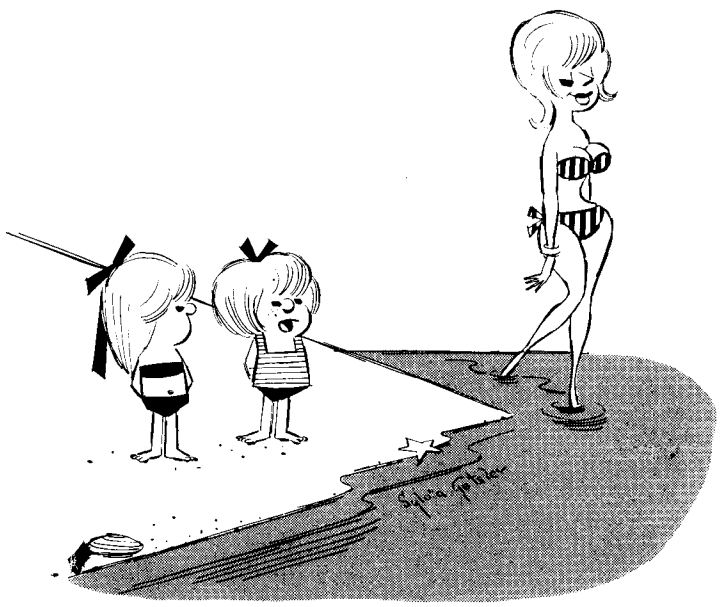


"*Hey, it's really spring, Sheila—the marijuana plant is blooming!*"

"*I can't sit down. I've got frogs in my back pockets.*"

"*Your tickets are for seats 325 to 328, section A, down over there.*"

"*I can't sit down. I've got frogs in my back pockets.*"



"*Isometrics.*"

"*About this $5,000 for entertainment!*"

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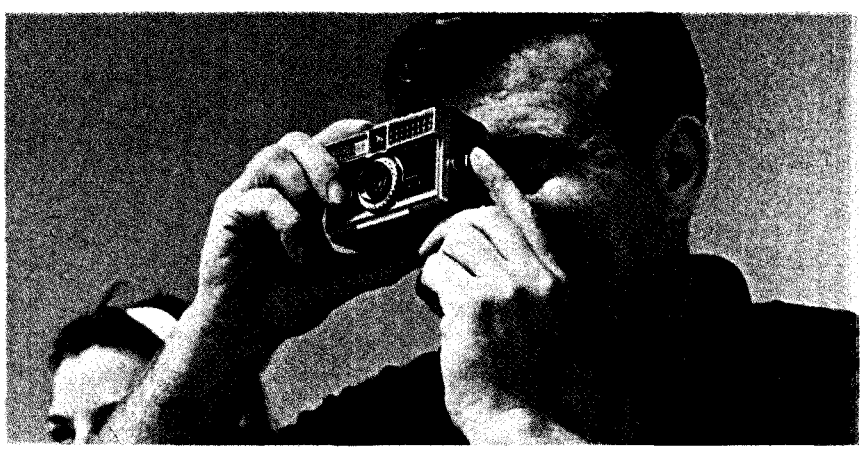

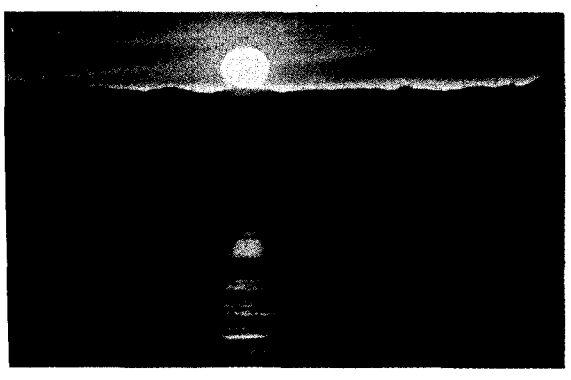

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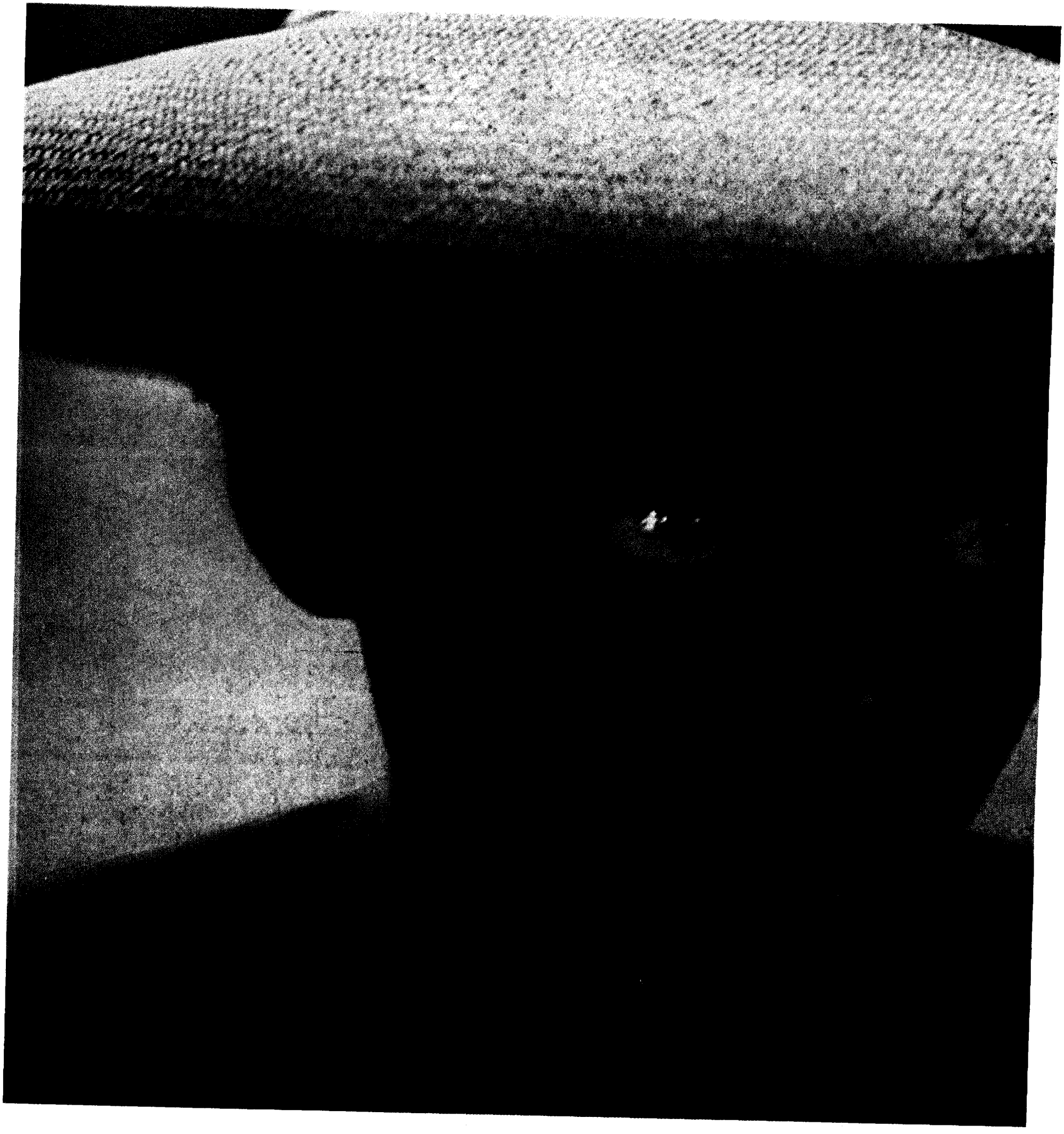

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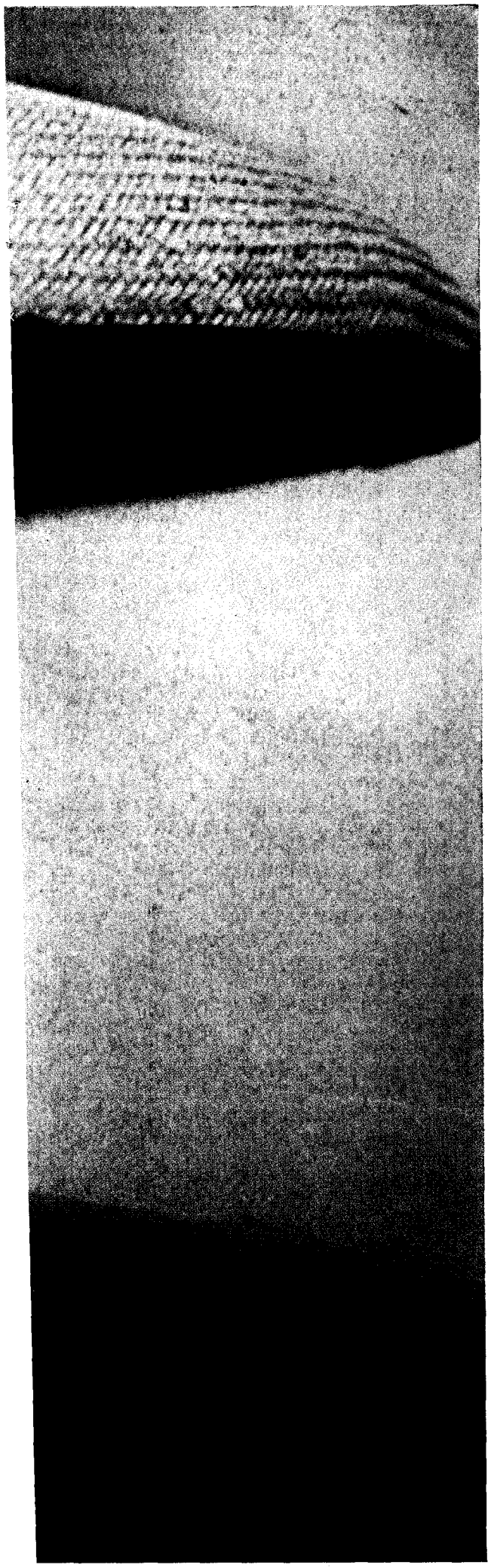


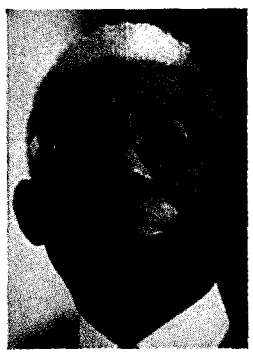
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES HARBUTT

HAITI

HATRED WITHOUT HOPE

The menace in the air has changed the way Haitians take their breath, for President Duvalier's voodoo dictatorship has brought suffering and despair to his beautiful land.

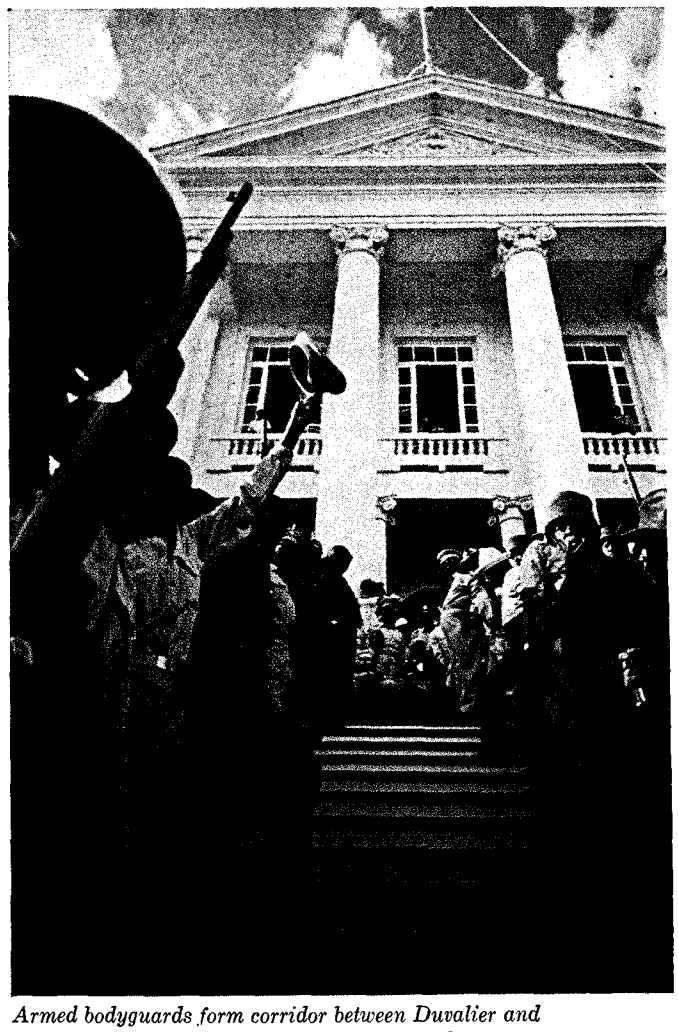
By HERBERT GOLD



"Papa Doc" Duvalier.

Haiti's President-for-Life François Duvalier has set a hard task for his minister of tourism. Papa Doc's Haiti—romantic land of the merengue and voodoo ritual, shimmering tropic isle of echoing marketplaces and brilliant foliage—badly wants its "image" restored so that the cruise ships will come calling once again. To get things started, the minister of tourism early this year invited a group of American writers to fly down to Port-au-Prince's brand-new jetport and to see for themselves how pleasant Haiti has become, how unreal are all those tales of torture chambers inside the presidential palace.

The reporters found 10,000 people, some of them painted blue, dancing along the five-mile route into the capital. They also saw an impressive abundance of revolvers and automatic pistols, old and new rifles, and submachine guns. Posters honoring Papa Doc were everywhere, one of them portraying Jesus with His arm around Duvalier's shoulder and saying, "I have chosen him." Haitian officials were anxious to make clear that a new era had begun: "We used to be suspicious," one of them explained. "Why, we even stripped



Armed bodyguards form corridor between Duvalier and his subjects as he makes appearance outside palace.

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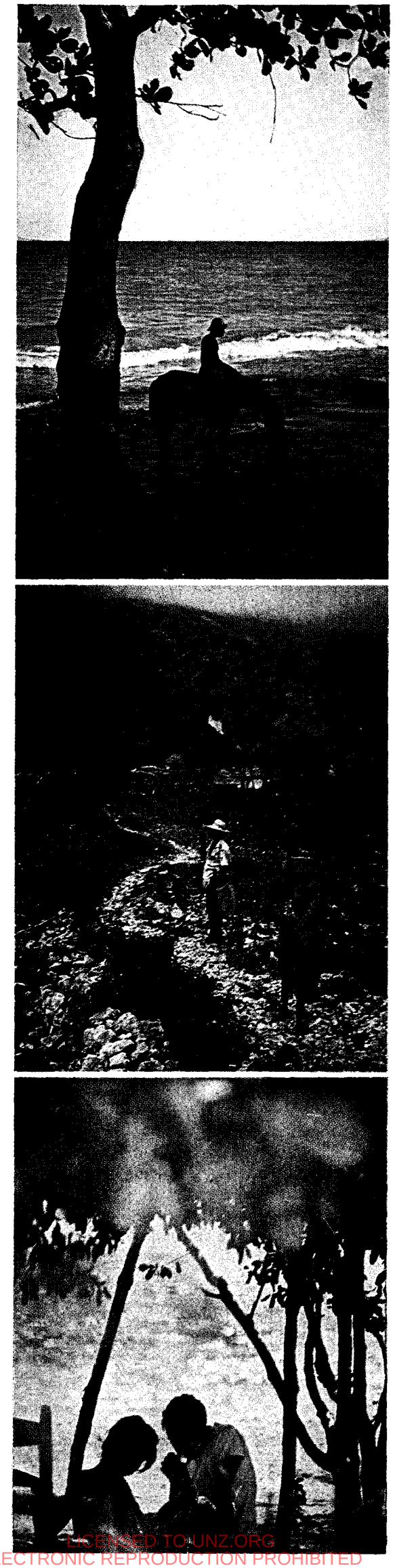
and searched people at the airport, looking for weapons. Now go back and tell the American travel agents that we are no longer stripping the tourists." Some reporters returned to New York to beat the drum, but others found Haiti to be a distinctly odd place to visit.

Haiti has always been odd, a paradox difficult to imagine. Think of a nation slightly larger than Vermont, but with four million people crammed within its borders. Now imagine this country without industry, without organized farming, with thin natural resources and an untrained population. It has been cursed by history with a ruling class which speaks a different language from the immense majority of the population. Now imagine this world periodically swept by hurricanes, bled by malnutrition and tropical diseases, alternately exploited and deserted by the great powers. And after this predominantly Negro nation has stewed in its misery for over 150 years, now give it racist rulers—fanatic, bewitched by an obscure fantasy of glory and retribution. This is the République d'Haiti today, a mountainous handful of rock and green on the western portion of the same island occupied by the Dominican Republic, a few miles from Cuba. The first independent Negro nation of modern times, it was created 160 years ago by slaves in revolt against their French masters. The ex-slave leaders, Toussaint L'Ouverture, the mulatto Pétion, Christophe—and even the ferocious, vengeful Dessalines, who wanted to write the Haitian constitution in the blood of white men—were organizing geniuses. Many of the founders of the Haitian state are inspiring examples of man's love of freedom. But history since 1804 has taken Haiti downward into misery, into disaster; and today, beyond misery and disaster, into a state near chaos.

The man who sits brooding atop this ruin, François Duvalier, is a former country doctor who took possession of the National Palace after the flight of the previous incumbent. Duvalier declared himself supreme ruler after his term of office as president expired, and no one will be surprised if he declares himself Emperor François I at anniversary ceremonies next month. He suffers the personal handicaps of heart disease and diabetes, poor eyesight and partial paralysis; the trained elite of the country is nearly unanimously opposed to him, and is consequently relegated to exile, prison, silence and, some of them, to death. The United States made an effort to force his removal in 1963, and all but ended the aid programs which kept the economy stumbling along. The harbors are empty; the government has no funds for essential supplies, but allows its hoodlum militia called Tonton Macoutes (Bogeymen) to extort money from anyone their eyes light upon.

What is the effect of this explosive situation? No explosion. Silence. In fact, no "situation" at all. After calling home its ambassador, the United States eventually appointed a new one. (Duvalier let him hang around for five weeks before he received him.) American aid, which had been limited to a malaria-

Haitian farmer slakes his horse's thirst in seaside stream (top). Peasant boy toting water picks his way along rocky path. Unhurried Haitians relax with rum punch at Ibo.



eradication program, started up again indirectly through U.S. approval of a $2.8 million loan by the Inter-American Development Bank. The exile opposition groups have given up their brave talk of invasion.

"Duvalier has performed an economic miracle for Haiti," said one bitter resident of Port-au-Prince. "He has taught us to live without money and to eat without food. No, that's not all"—a thoughtful frown creased his face, battered in by police during a "routine questioning"—"Duvalier has taught us to live without life."

There is a traditional Haitian story about the origin of the world. It seems that God created one example of each of three races of mankind, the white, the mulatto and the black. He happened to ask the white man first: *What do you desire on earth?* The white man quickly replied, "Power and dominion over all." He then asked the mulatto: *What do you want?* The mulatto considered what was left. Finally he answered: "I want to help the white man." The Good Lord then turned to the black man to ask: *And what do you want?* The black man glanced about nervously, thought and thought, sighed, and finally said, "I just came along with these gentlemen."

"These gentlemen" have ruled over the black majority in Haiti throughout most of its history. Although Duvalier has broken the old ruling class, a cruel and perhaps necessary task, he has replaced it with a rabble. The Tonton Macoutes extort their ransoms from the poor as well as the rich; it is a gang, not a class, that is ruling. For example, at the Ecole de Médecine, which once trained excellent practitioners in the art of healing, classes consisting chiefly of semiliterate "doctors" are being clicked out, with politicians giving or selling the degrees. Professors in the school have the right only to recommend grades.

The elimination of the French-speaking elite—like everything else—is not systematic. There was a Night of Blood followed by construction of a monument near the waterfront on Boulevard Harry Truman—a neon-lit black hand clasping a neon-lit pale hand. Hate is brought to the surface, and then there are appeals to "national reconciliation."

Naturally every embassy is deluged with applications for visas. One of the most despised officials in Haiti is the person who must be bribed in order to get a passport. Those who can, from every class, are leaving the country. "But Haitians don't need a visa," says one local observer. "*Haiti* needs a visa." He speaks with the usual peppery charm of the Port-au-Princian. He is also a man who has had human excrement rubbed in his face by Tonton Macoutes, and he would not be seen publicly with an American writer. He never goes out after sundown.

In the hush of the once-vibrant Port-au-Prince evening, with the bars closed, no automobiles, and only a few peasant women carrying their baskets to market, I stood alone in a downtown park and listened to a serenade designed for imaginary tourists. There were hardly any lights except for enormous,

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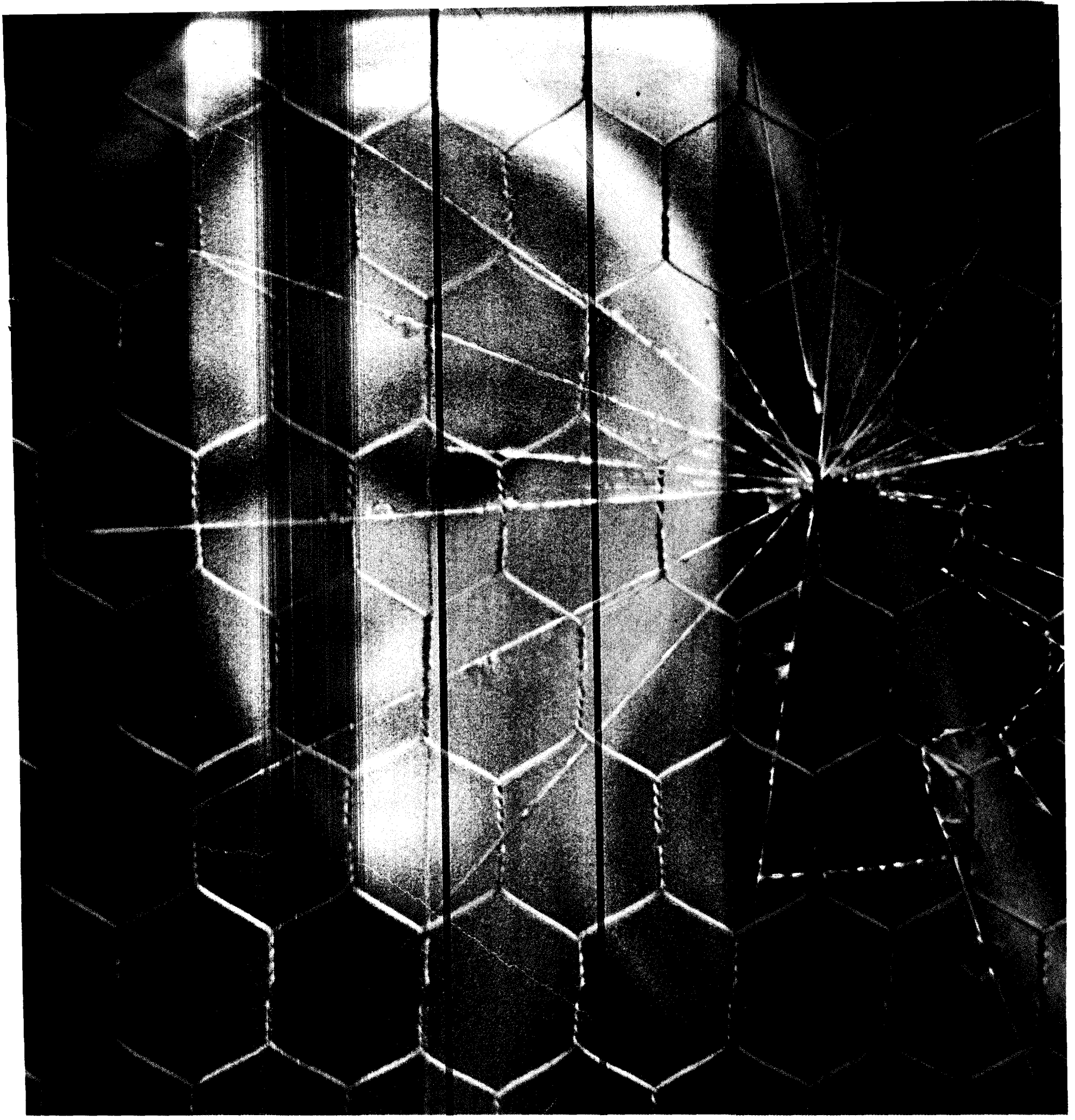

Fewer broken windows, more mended minds

In 1955, a large, well-known state hospital had three full-time glaziers on its payroll. They were needed to replace the 8000 windowpanes which were broken every year by violent mental patients.

But an era was coming to an end—of broken glass, seclusion rooms, barred peepholes.

In 1954, after years of research and extensive testing, the first of a new family of drugs to successfully treat mental disorders was made available for prescription use.

Developed by drug company and medical scientists, it soothed patients but left their minds alert. The once-violent became manageable. Many recovered and were sent home.

Combined with professional treatment, this drug, and others that followed, reversed a long-time rise in mental hospital population. Since 1955 the number of patients in our mental hospitals has been dropping at an average rate of more than 6000 per year.

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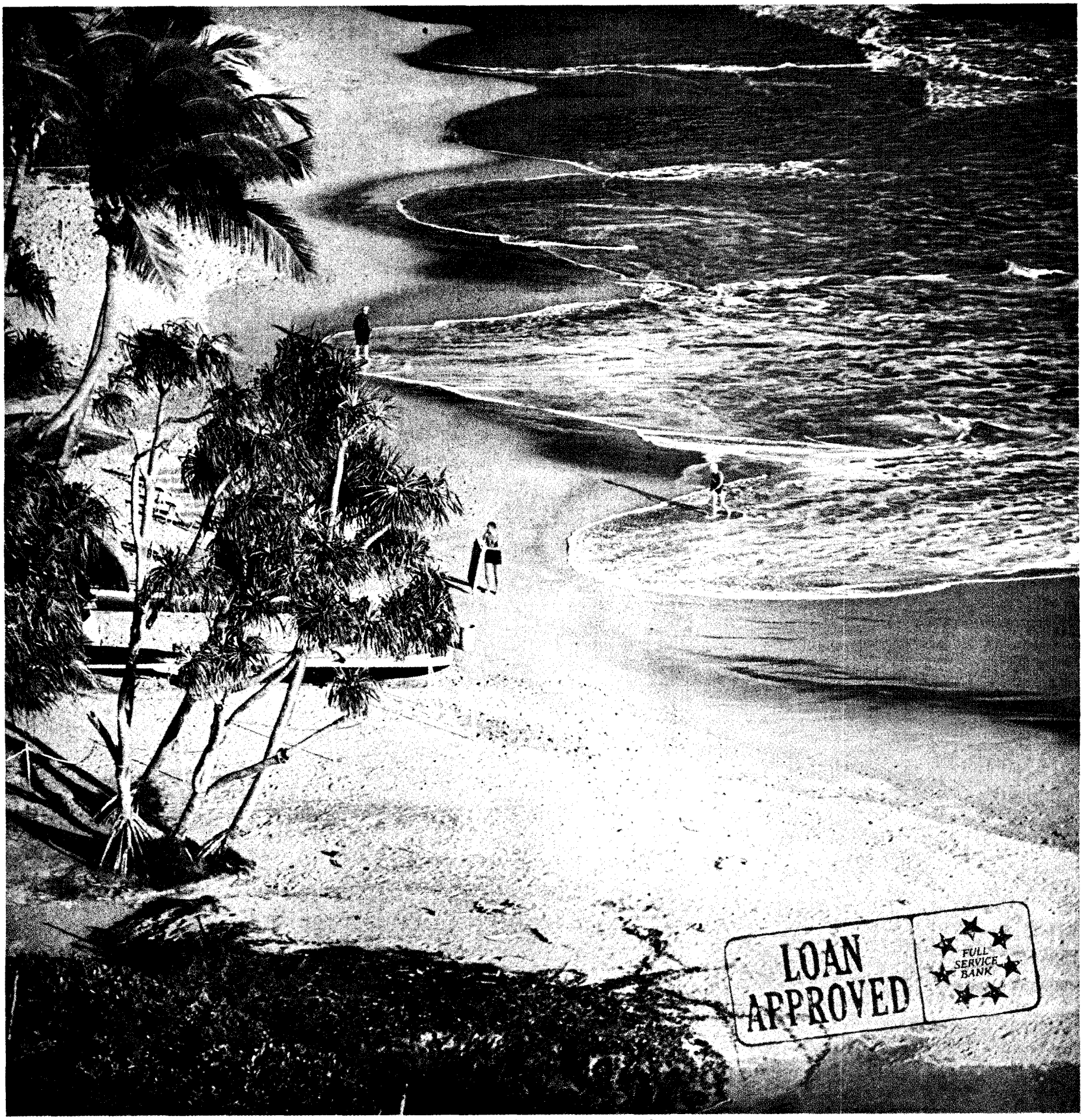

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FULL SERVICE BANK

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flashing neon signs. They carried such messages from President Duvalier as I AM THE FLAG, ONE AND INDIVISIBLE and I HAVE NO ENEMIES BUT THE ENEMIES OF HAITI.

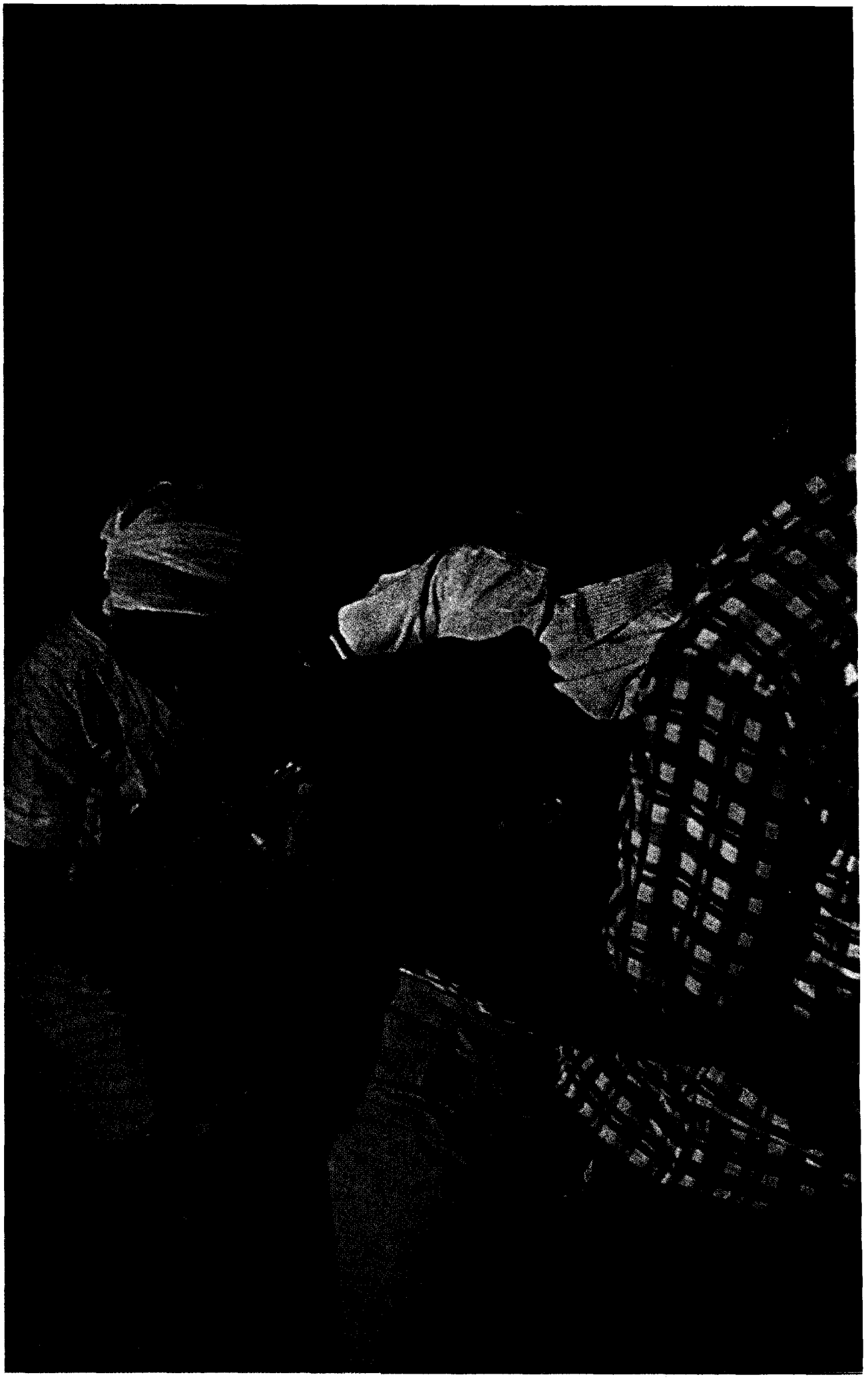
When I lived in Haiti during the reign of Gen. Paul Magloire, there were even then incidents of torture, political murder and brutal suppression of freedom, but General Magloire was nevertheless able to parlay his vocal anti-Communism into millions of dollars of American aid. One known Communist in the republic, a chicken farmer who also wrote poetry and novels, was then perhaps Haiti's most valuable commodity, for the United States supported the Magloire government in order to "contain" that lonely chicken farmer. The rich built Miami-modern villas, swimming pools, and night-lit tennis courts, and the poor remained the most poor in the Western Hemisphere. Now, 10 years later, Haiti is probably the poorest country in the world. General Magloire has dragged his estimated fortune of 15 million anti-Communist dollars into exile. The telephones, which once did not operate after a rain, hardly ever operate now; electricity, once erratic, is regularly turned off during the evening hours. The chicken farmer, in retreat on his little patch of earth, no longer raises chickens, but perhaps still writes poetry. If he is still a Communist, he no longer serves the state as the trap to catch American aid.

Ten years ago boys carrying glue pots were killed in the streets by the army because they might be planning to put up anti-Magloire posters. It was an outrage, but not a daily occurrence. Recently a man was assassinated by Tonton Macoute thugs, his house entered and his family massacred, not because he himself had done anything, but because he happened to have the same name as a man rumored to be in opposition. A businessman was taken to prison and the side of his face beaten in because he refused to give "credit" to a Bogeyman. Of the people I knew 10 years ago, many have been struck down, and all are intimidated. The time of General Magloire is remembered as a golden age.

The age of Doctor Duvalier is unsettlingly eerie. The condition of the country ruled by Papa Doc is not quite that of a voodoo nightmare. The Tonton Macoutes sleepily stroll in the evening, carrying their weapons loosely in the crook of an arm, yet a certain peace seems to be descending upon Port-au-Prince, Jacmel, Jérémie and Cap Haitien. Some say the machine guns are no longer loaded.

There are in fact more reports of shootings than shootings, more reports of torture than actual torture. In Haiti the impulsive beating is still more common than the refined cruelty of more advanced tyrannies. Haiti has not organized itself to the point of a Nazi or Stalinist oppression. Instead, a new and specifically Haitian form of tyranny has emerged: A state of grief beyond terror has developed, a matter-of-fact grief—hunger, disease, joblessness and that most dehumanizing of emotions, the conviction of utter personal defeat. The menace in the air changes the way people take their breath. There is a tight lid

Prostrated by a frenzied dance that she has just shared with voodoo priest (center), woman is carried insensate from ritual bonfire after yielding herself totally to spirits.



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on feeling, and this is something new for Haiti.

The mass of the Haitian people—speaking Creole while the official language is French—has historically been out of touch with whatever government happened to be leaning on it, but nevertheless a generous disposition has characterized the black populace. For the black Haitian, bypassed by western civilization and exploited by "these gentlemen," oppression became a way of life. Never since the slave revolt of 1804 have Haitian Negroes been able to summon energy for much more than the burying of their dead. Haiti's misery has always seemed infinite, and it is not surprising that an increase of misery in the midst of total depression has caused no extreme reaction. There is little strength for it.

This steamy tropical island is exhausted. Mismanagement and successive hurricanes have virtually destroyed the coffee plantations; coffee is the country's chief source of export income, and this year's shipments will be about 40 percent below normal. Sisal from the agave plant—fiber used for making bags and twine—no longer commands a high price on a world market fascinated by plastics. Democratic development of human resources is handicapped by the nation's 85-percent illiteracy rate. To build a government requires trained personnel and a coherent organization, and Haiti has no tradition of effective bureaucracy. The ministers sleep at their desks, overhead fans gently stirring the papers lying before them. It is very hot in summer, fall, winter and spring.

Yet even in the present government, some devoted bureaucrats are willing to do their jobs, but there is no money, and no decision-making machinery by which projects can be carried through. A whim, a rumor, and a minister finds himself under arrest. The mayor of Port-au-Prince was fired for refusing to hire the mistress of someone who had the ear of someone in the regime.

A former minister emerged from prison after six months and received an apology from his old friend, Papa Doc. "I didn't know you were there, *mon cher*." Tears rolled down the cheeks of President Duvalier as he saw how prison had ravaged his old friend. He hadn't really wanted him to be tortured. It was all a mistake. They hadn't told him. But the former minister has learned his lesson. He keeps quiet.

What little money remains in the country goes to enforce this quiet. Traditionally a large proportion of Haitian governmental revenues falls into the "nonfiscal accounts"—that is, accounts with no accounting, straight into the hands of the president and his favorites. It is with these funds that Duvalier supports his personal guard, an apparatus that owes everything to him. The Tonton Macoutes are not therefore likely to get rid of him. They are given the right to tax and torment, and can expect a bloody settling of accounts when their leader falls.

Has Duvalier accomplished nothing? No, he has performed one ambiguous service: He has broken the power of the army. Traditionally in Haiti, as in other Central and South American nations, the army held power, directly or indirectly. It installed a president who rummaged through the treasury and tried to keep his office by supporting his friends. But in his palace Duvalier sits, almost literally, on all munitions and funds—and the army has been decimated. In this powerless army there was no hungry colonel to give the president a nudge when the United States recalled its ambassador, stopped its aid and paraded its ships offshore. Duvalier sat secure, his carbine held limply on his lap, the keys to the armory and treasury hung from a string about his neck.

Fisherwomen wait for another day (top) beside wall bearing political slogan. A lonely child whines in doorway of thatched hut. Men loaf beneath Port-au-Prince mural.

"Duvalier is insane," say people who know him. But he is crazy as Hitler and Mussolini were crazy, in touch with the psychology of the mass. The parallel, of course, is inexact. Hitler had a plan for world domination, but Duvalier's government of despair seems to have no real plan. Whether or not Duvalier is a voodoo practitioner, as many Haitians believe, he seems to be motivated by a mysticism of suffering. The government uses rape, murder and terror not so much to produce power as to generate despair. A more conventional dictator would take the nominal steps necessary to regain foreign-aid funds. But Duvalier just sits in his lonely palace, unavailable to visitors, hardly accessible to his own ministers, brooding obscurely upon his wretched power. He suffers from uncontrollable gusts of tears and occasional hilarity.

And yet, though there is no avowed plan in Duvalier's confused soul, there seems to be an idea. This accounts for his indifference to foreign help, his failure to encourage industry or trade, his willingness to drive talented Haitians away from their native land, his bitter quarrel with the Catholic Church, his contempt for the normal strivings of a hungry people. The unspoken, unenunciated aim of this dictator, who has not written his *Mein Kampf*, is a return to the ideal of the Emperor Dessalines, who wanted a nation without whites or mulattoes, an isolated African kingdom. When asked about a resumption of tourism, Duvalier once answered simply, "No tourist hotels in the time of Dessalines."

It was the Emperor Dessalines who took the tricolor of his French masters and ripped out its white panel, sewing it back into the red-and-blue flag that flies above Duvalier's palace today. Emperor Dessalines has always been the Haitian symbol of murderous rage against white and mulatto. Whatever appeals to "national reconciliation" Duvalier may sometimes have seemed to preach, he has always returned to Dessalines. The idea of Duvalier as an emperor is, of course, perfectly comprehensible in the context of Haitian history, and May 22, the anniversary of Duvalier's inauguration for a second term, is considered a likely date for the proclamation of a new Caribbean empire—because combinations of the number two are very powerful in voodoo numerology. New posters have already gone up in Port-au-Prince; they bear a picture of the friendly country doctor above the imperial title FRANÇOIS I. □

Brooding Haitian surveys the scene from bench. ▶

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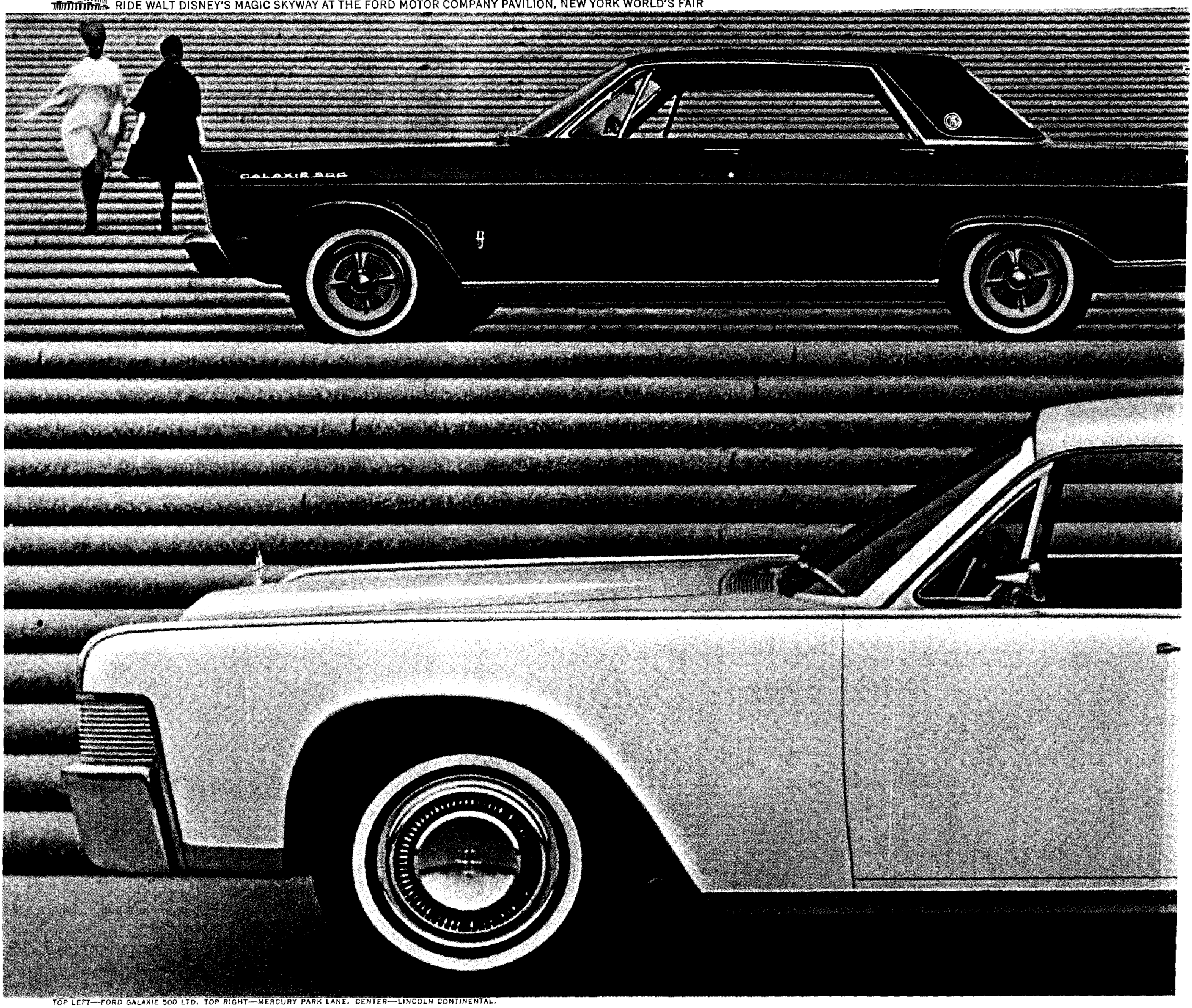

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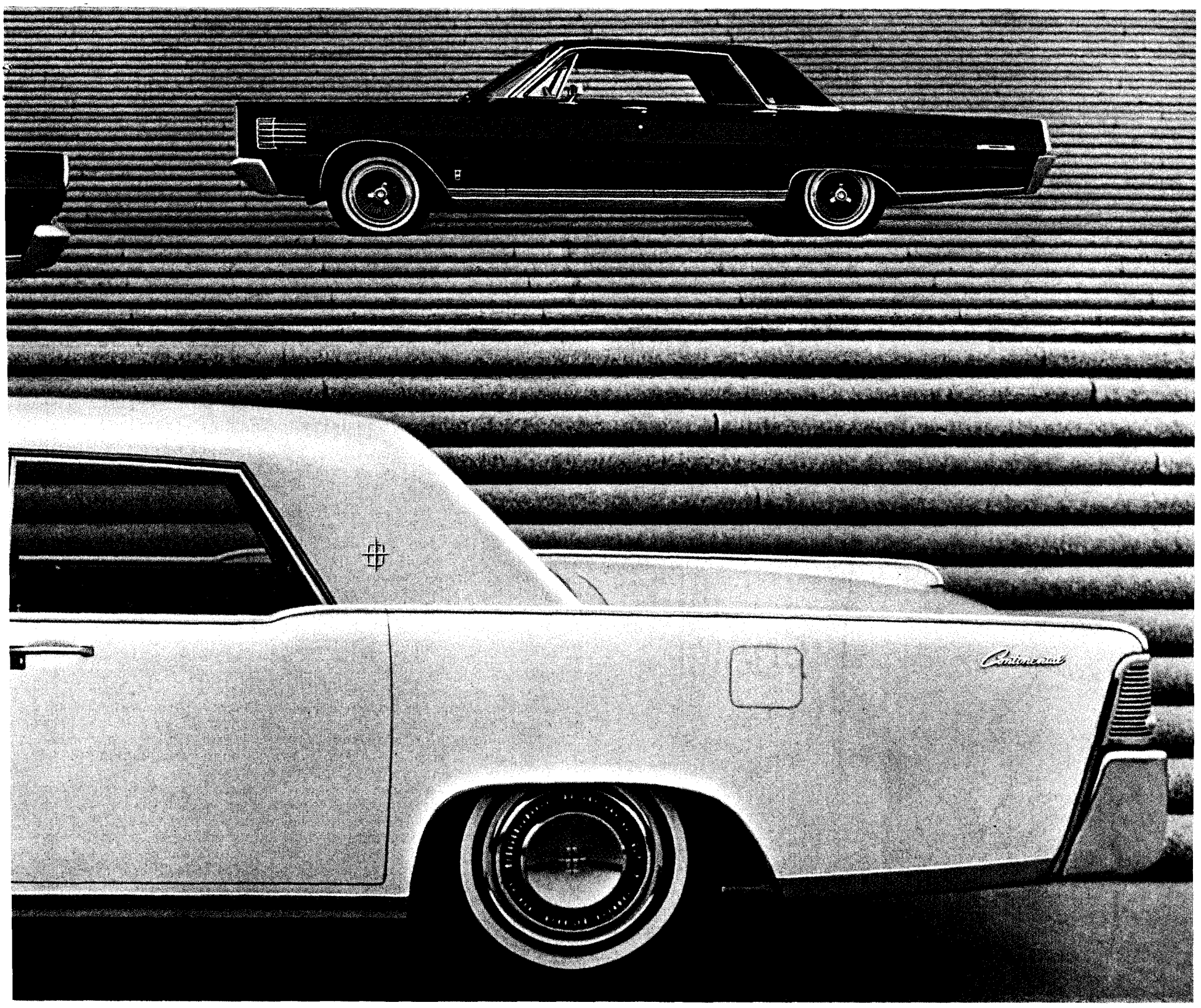

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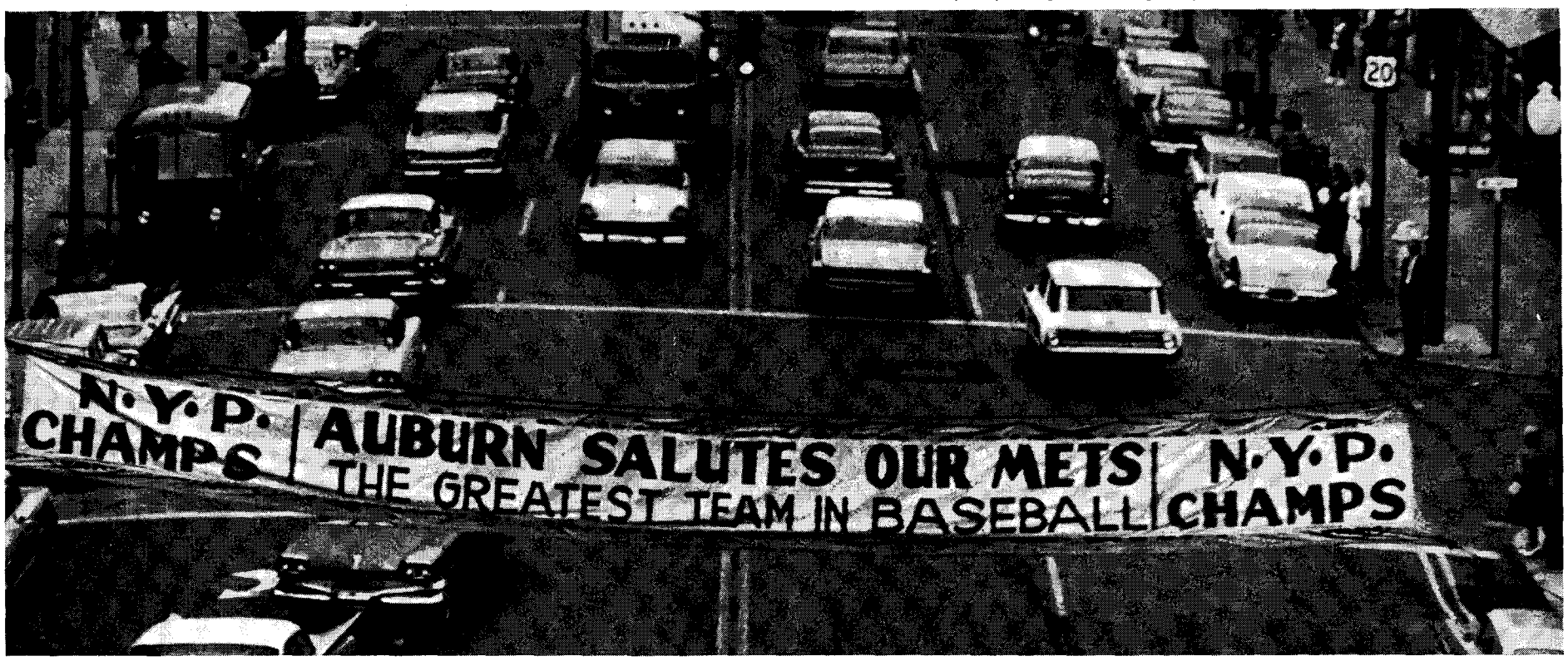
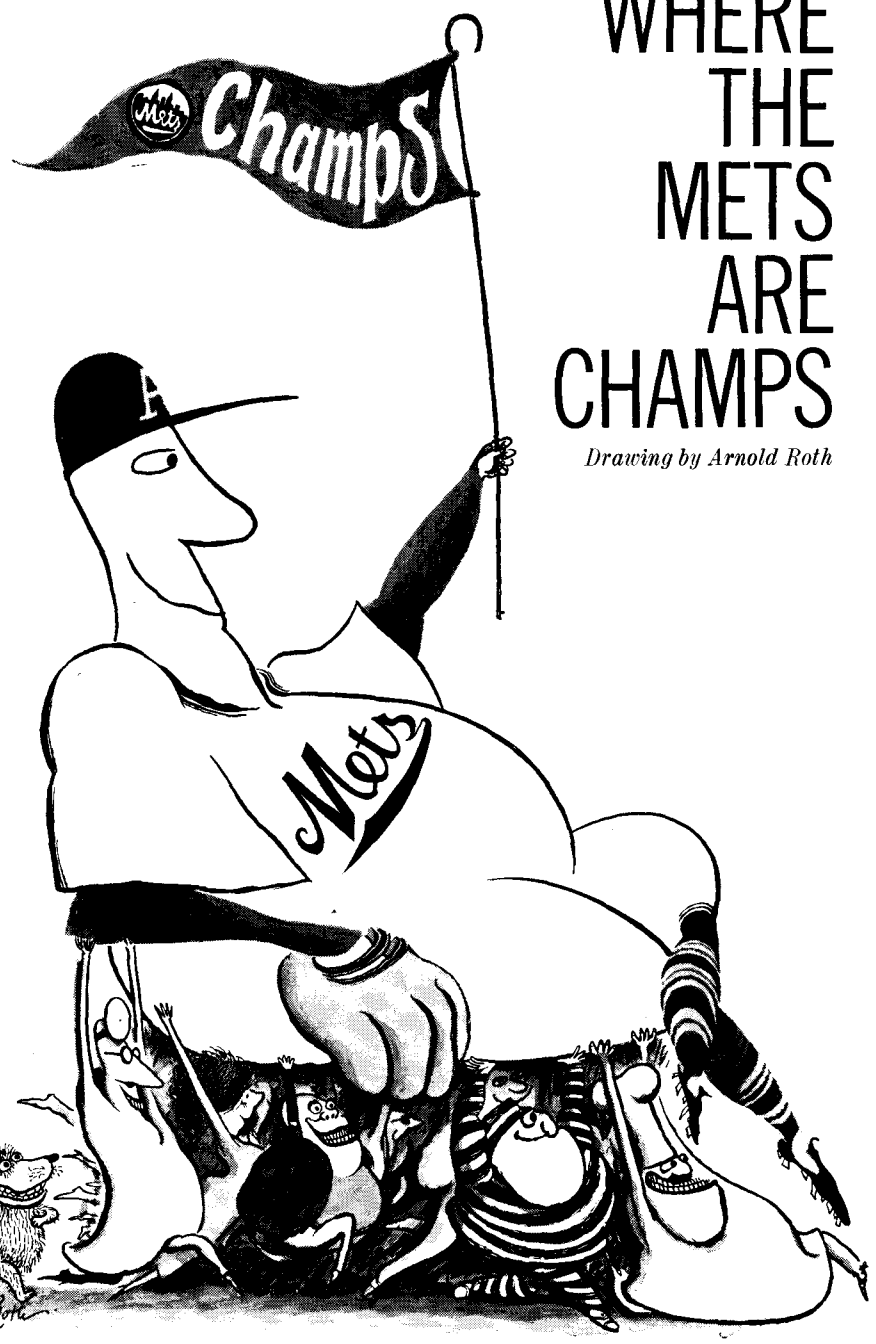
The main street of Auburn, N.Y., looks like Our Town, U.S.A., but in the breast of each citizen beats a heart full of Casey-at-the-Bat pride for the team that brought the community fame.



A TOWN WHERE THE METS ARE CHAMPS



Drawing by Arnold Roth

While Casey Stengel's New York Mets struggle to get out of the National League cellar this year, his Auburn, N.Y., farm Mets will be fighting for a pennant. What's more, if these minor-league Mets can't win, the townspeople might even run out on the field to help.

By Jerry Izenberg

Auburn, N.Y., is a small, neat community of 36,000 people set in the green farmland 26 miles west of Syracuse. It has no railroad passenger station and no airport; it has no commuter problems and no smog. It does have two motion-picture houses, two drive-in theaters, seven bowling alleys, 40 churches and one of America's oldest prisons. Above all, it has a minor-league baseball team which is unblushingly called the Mets.

The Auburn Mets are a Class A farm club for Casey Stengel's National League team of the same name. Unlike the hapless 10th-place parent club, however, Auburn's Mets are winners. In fact, at the moment they are champions—of the New York-Pennsylvania League. This may be the hottest baseball town for its size in America, and Auburn fans are fiercely proud of their team and of its long baseball heritage.

Abner Doubleday spent the first 26 years of his life in Auburn, and the town has never forgiven Cooperstown, N.Y., for "kidnaping" the Baseball Hall of Fame. Seven times since the turn of the century, beginning with the old New York State League, Auburn has been in and out of organized baseball. And every time it lost a team it was because a league folded, not because Auburn failed to support the game.

The town boasts 24 municipal diamonds; there are Midget Leagues and Little Leagues, Pony Leagues and Babe Ruth Leagues. No matter what baseball's troubles may be in the big-league cities, Auburn is faithful to the core.

At one time Auburn was a farm team for the New York Yankees, and it sent Jim Bouton, Pete Mikkelsen, Rollie Sheldon, Mel Stottlemyre, Phil Linz and Joe Pepitone down to the parent club. Two years ago Auburn sent first baseman Ed Kranepool to the Mets, and this year two promising young Auburn alumni—Danny Napoleon and Jerry Craft—seem on the verge of big-league status. Last year, 40,191 people—110 percent of the town's population—paid to see Auburn's Mets play 45 home games. If New York's Mets had done as well at Shea Stadium, they would have played to an audience of over 15 million fans.

This is the background from which the Auburn baseball fan springs. This month he will bloom again when the 1965 Mets, under manager Clyde McCullough, come home from the big minor-league training base at Homestead, Fla. When they last left town on September 6, 1964, it was to play the Geneva, N.Y., Senators for the championship of the New York-Pennsylvania League.

At 3:15 that afternoon a doctor stepped out of the delivery room at Auburn Memorial Hospital and called to a cluster of nurses who were listening to a radio: "What's the score?"

"Ninth inning," a young nurse replied. "We're ahead, 2–1, and Steve Dillon just came in to pitch."

At the same moment, over at Auburn State Prison, the Auburn Mets Fan Club, Shut-in Division, was very much in the ball game. Most of the 1,700 inmates had their cell headsets tuned to station WMBO, listening to announcer Dave Williams say: "Last of the ninth, two men out and Bob Farrell of Geneva

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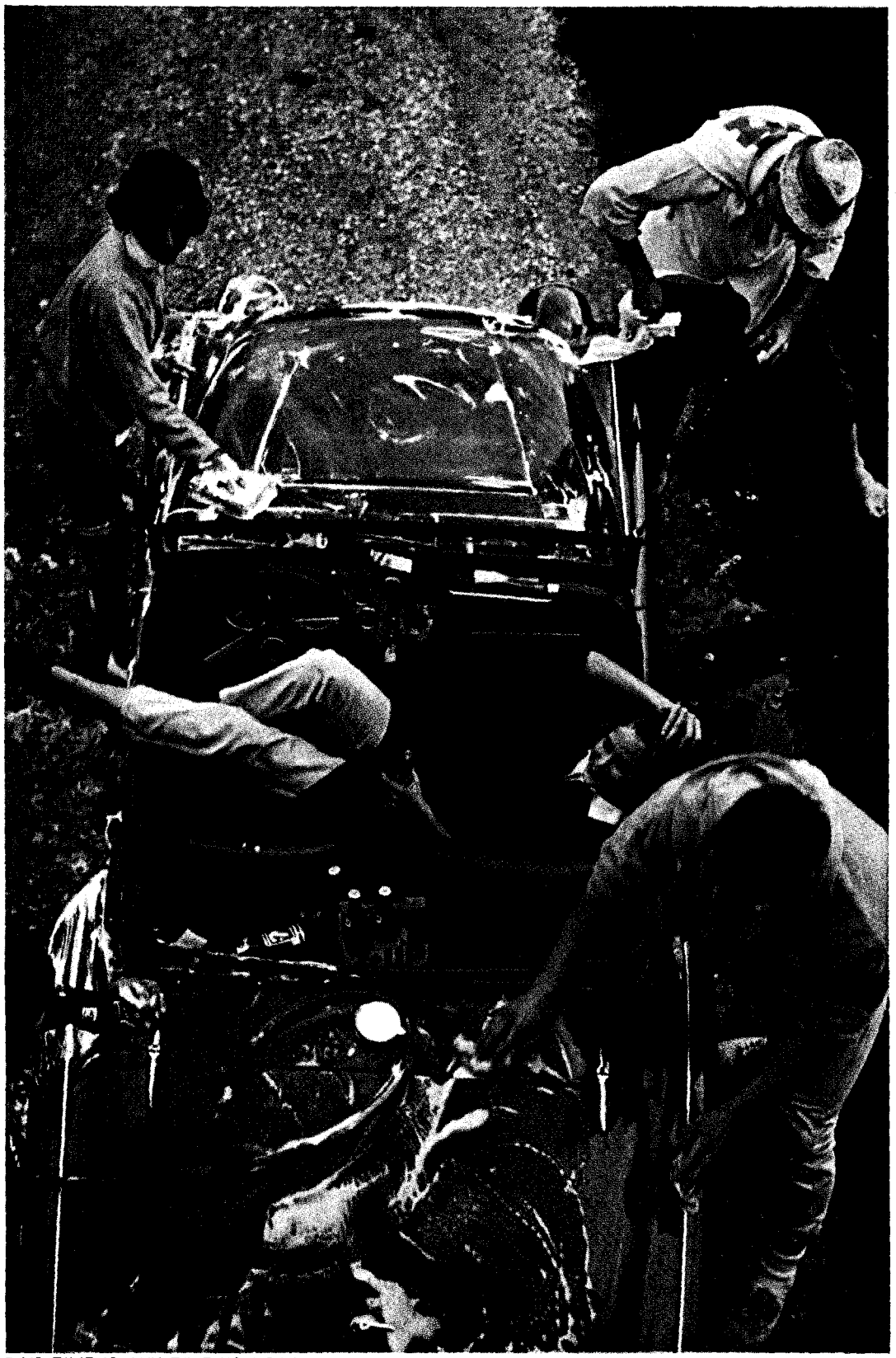

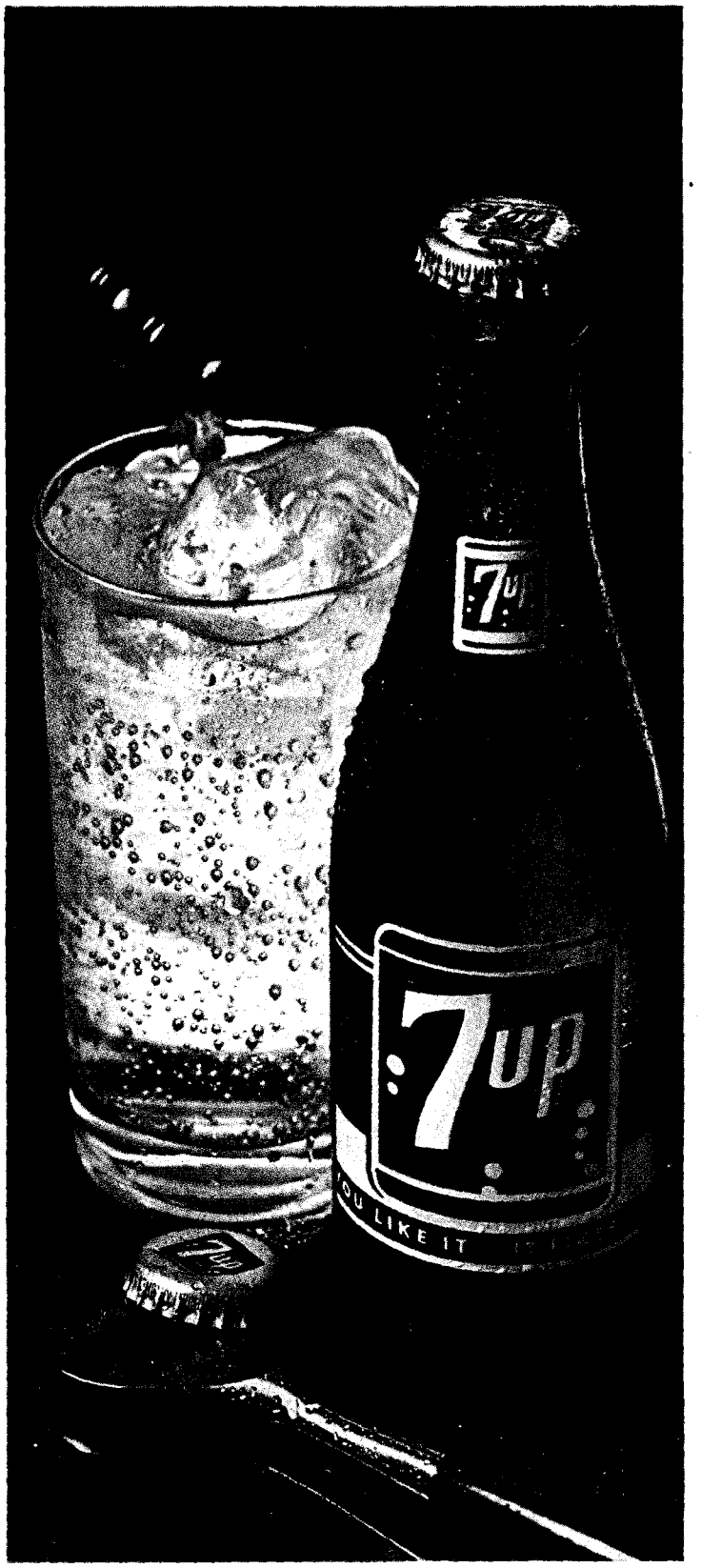

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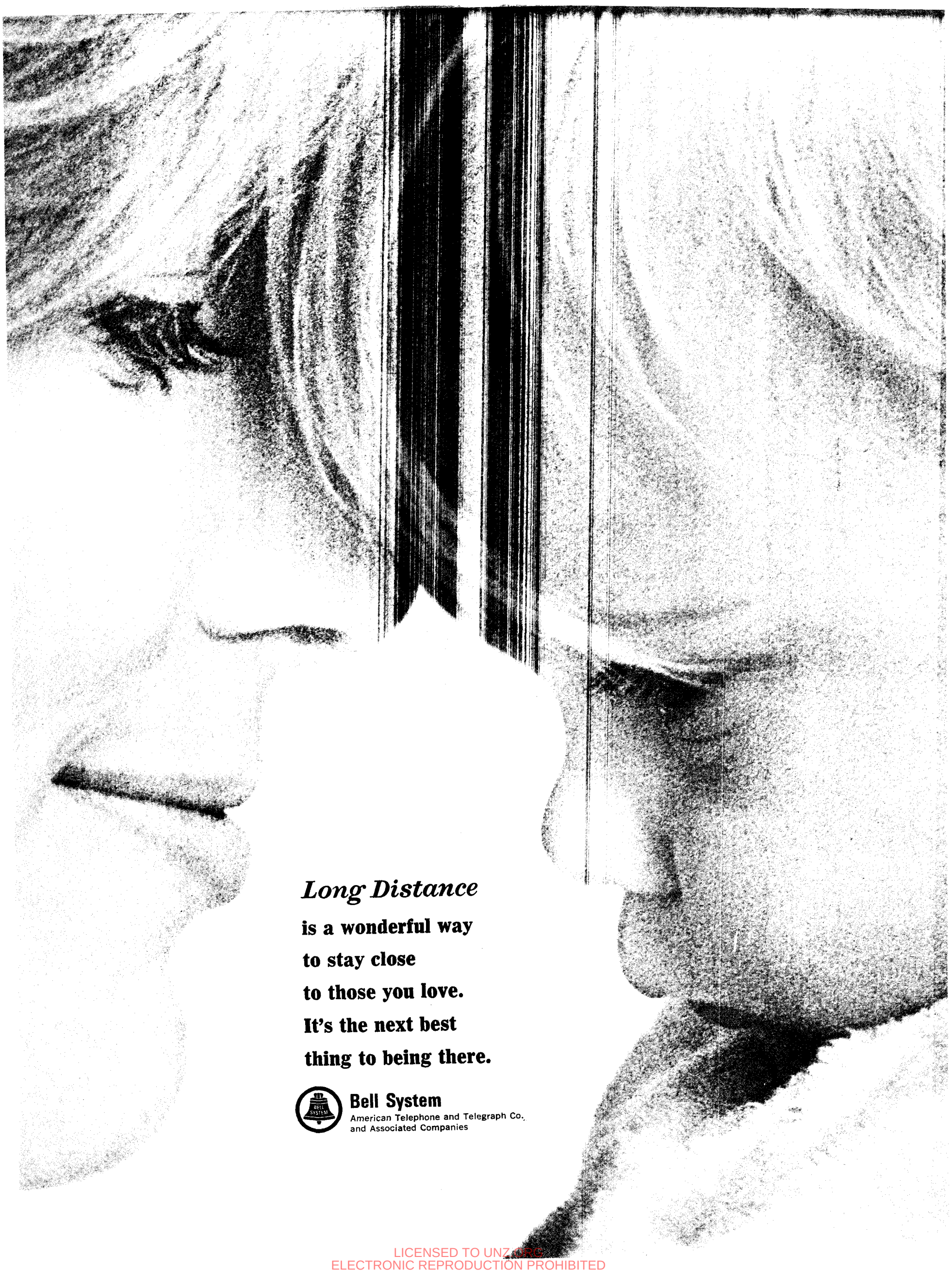

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is up to bat against Steve Dillon."

Down at the T&M Restaurant on State Street, Tony Micucci was also listening. Tony Micucci owns the T&M. The Auburn players eat their pregame meals there. They meet their girl friends there. Sometimes, they even learn they've been traded there. Bill Graney, Auburn's nonsalaried general manager, conducts much of his business over morning coffee at the T&M, and Tony carries the players on the tab between paydays.

"Farrell swings," the announcer said, "and it's a high fly ball just off third base. Jim Lampe, the third baseman, is drifting over. . . ."

While Tony Micucci was holding his breath, the Auburn Prison was alive with one phrase: "Catch it, baby." At Auburn Memorial, the doctor was saying to the nurses, "Turn up the volume." Then Jim Lampe caught the ball and the Auburn Mets were champions.

The current chapter in the Auburn baseball saga began in 1957 when Barney Hearn, a former minor-league player (and later to become Auburn's first general manager) learned that the New York-Pennsylvania League was searching for new franchises. Hearn figured that $5,000 could swing it, but money wasn't the only problem. Neighboring Syracuse, the town which sets the cultural and economic pace for the entire area, had recently quit baseball for lack of support. Could Auburn, only one-sixth as big, hope to make it work?

A local businessman named Ed Ward, a doctor named Tom Stapleton, and Leo Pinckney, the local sports editor, all thought it was possible. It had been six years since Auburn had had a baseball team; six years since the Border League had folded. The three men had a hunch Auburn was baseball starved. At least the town had a good baseball heritage.

The trio helped organize the Auburn Community Baseball Club and went out to sell nonvoting shares for one dollar each. The response was immediate: $8,000 was raised in a few days.

Next, a working agreement with a major-league club was needed. Armed with more nerve than preparation, the high command contacted Lee MacPhail, now boss of the Baltimore Orioles, but then a key man with the Yankees. On December 19, 1957, as a wet snow fell around them, MacPhail, Yankee assistant farm director Johnny Johnson and the Auburn Baseball Club officers went to inspect Falcon Park.

The field, property of the Polish Falcons, a local social club, hadn't been used for six years. The fences were collapsing. Trees grew in the outfield. The infield had been used for automobile racing. The corrugated-metal grandstand roof had rusted away and the wooden seats were rotting. The light towers were corroded, the lights were cracked and broken. The snow swirled around the group, and the Yankee brass shivered and listened to Doctor Stapleton outline Auburn's dream.

"I've often wondered what they thought of us that day," Doctor Stapleton said recently. "I remember that all the while I kept saying to myself, 'Thank God, the infield is covered with snow.' I told MacPhail we would clear the trees and grade the ground and repair the park and guarantee the attendance. I told him that we only wanted ballplayers and the usual help that goes with a working agreement."

For some reason—call it blind faith—MacPhail gave Auburn a chance. That meant he would send players and pay them $150 a month out of the Yankee bank account. It also meant that Auburn had to get busy restoring the wreckage of Falcon Park.

In February, 1958, repairs were begun. When sports editor Pinckney announced a "rock party" in his column, hundreds went out to the ballpark to pick up stones from the playing field. Later, everybody from store clerks to the local bank president helped chop down trees, lay sod, paint toilets and repair the outfield fences.

On Sunday, April 27, 1958, baseball finally came back to Auburn, N.Y. When the game started at 1:30, two laborers were still rolling the outfield. Auburn beat Geneva, 10–8 and none of the 3,148 fans went home early.

Throughout that first season, Auburn people were more than happy to pay the prevailing prices: box seats—$1.25; grandstand—75 cents; students—50 cents; children—25 cents; Little Leaguers in uniform—free. But somehow everybody wanted to do more than buy tickets, more than donate their services. Late in the year, the club management made the supreme sacrifice. It designated one game as "Proceeds Night." The money collected at the gate went directly to the players, who collected $44 a man.

When the season ended, Auburn won the league championship in a three-team playoff and the club was $1,800 in the black. Flushed with success, directors set out to buy Falcon Park.

"We had a two-year lease in return for taxes and insurance," Doctor Stapleton recalled, "and we figured as long as we were improving the park, now was the time to buy. We went over to the Polish Falcon clubhouse on Pulaski Street, and we urged them to sell. We told them it was for the good of the town, and we finally made the deal for $1,000 down and $2,000 a year for twelve years." It was at this point that the team's 25-man board of directors voted to work without salaries as long as the Mets were in Auburn.

Momentum carried the team and the town along through the 1959 and 1960 seasons, but as the 1961 season drew to a close, a new crisis arose for Auburn. The team wanted the Yankees to provide more help: pay travel expenses from spring training in Florida to Auburn; pay all insurance costs; provide uniforms. The Yankees refused, so Auburn—fat, cocky and baseball's only living experiment in Socialism—went shopping.

The response from other major-league clubs was immediate. The Boston Red Sox, San Francisco Giants and New York Mets all wanted to help. Auburn chose the Mets and the results were a bonanza. Not only did Auburn get financial support, but it also got the best of the Mets' younger players. They proved to be better raw material than the Yankees had been providing. (Some people in Auburn suspect that the Yanks used the town as a dumping place for high-priced bonus players who hadn't lived up to their scouting reports.) In four years with the Yankees Auburn never won a pennant; in three years with the Mets, it has won two.

Although Auburn is still only a Class A team, the lowest classification in the minor leagues, (Bill Graney waits at the gate to repurchase baseballs which have been hit over the fence—50 cents for game balls; 25 cents for practice balls), the game has done a lot for the community.

"The impact of baseball," says Mike Peduto of the Auburn Chamber of Commerce, "has been staggering. People outside this area used to think of us as strictly a prison town. Baseball has broadened our image. We have some industry here already, and more is coming. Baseball has helped bring some of it. For example, not long ago I was talking myself blue in the face to a man we hoped would move a boat-building firm here. One day I took him to lunch and we ran into Clyde McCullough, the manager of our Mets team. My boat manufacturer recognized Clyde. He used to root for him when Clyde played for the Cubs. That night I took my prospect out to the ball park. He fell in love with our Mets. Now, I think we're going to get him to move his business here.

"And there's something else. Every year we take twenty-five players into this community. We arrange low rents for them and discounts at local stores. We show them we care about them, and when the season ends those kids go home and they become missionaries for Auburn, N.Y."

A young man who did not go home is Rick Bazinet. He is 29 years old and he has played baseball in 13 minor-league towns. He has no illusions about making the major leagues, although he would like to stay in the game as a coach. Three years ago he came to Auburn—to stay.

"When we were new here, people really didn't know us," Rick explains, "but when my wife, Sara, had a baby, 132 people signed the guest book in her hospital room, and most of them brought presents, even champagne. You have to love this place.

"And then, in 1962, when we won the playoffs, well, Bernie Smith won it for us with a couple of big hits and a big throw from the outfield, and guys were running up to him after the game and giving him money, and Herbert Brothers furniture store gave him a color TV, and by the time he got ready to leave, he had to buy an old station wagon to get all the stuff home."

Bernie Smith is a 23-year-old Negro who is probably too small to play major-league ball. Last year at Auburn he hit an incredible .391. Auburn appreciates Bernie Smith, and Bernie appreciates Auburn, because he knows what other minor-league towns can be like. He remembers Raleigh, N.C., for example.

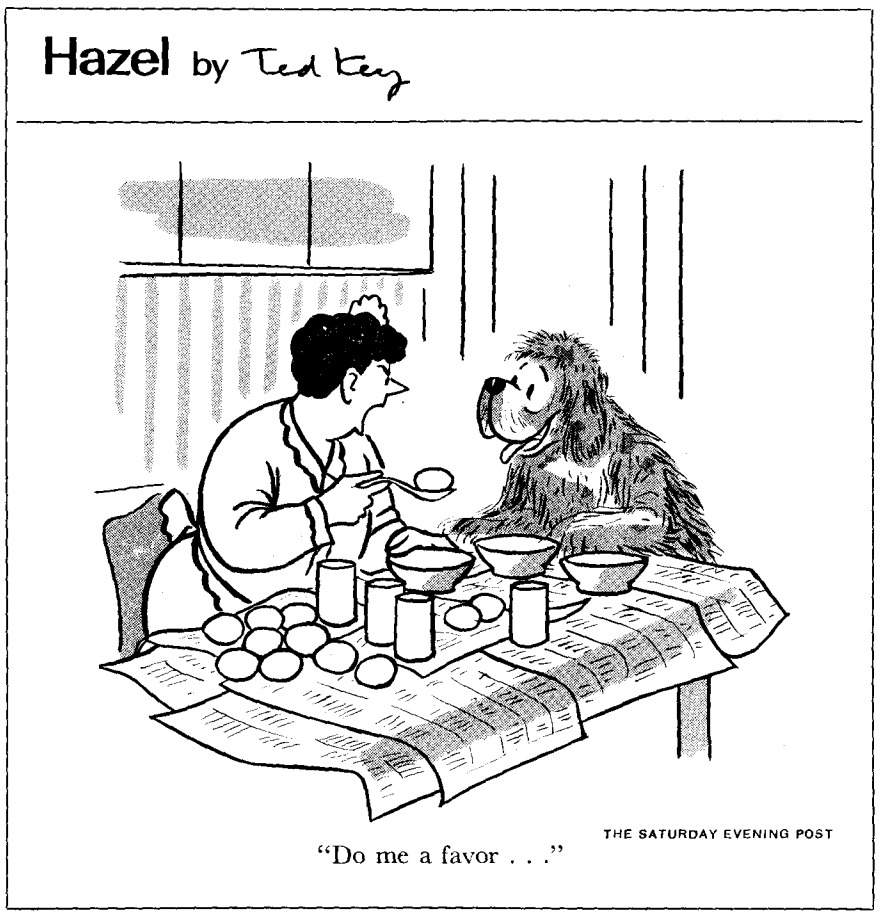
"I almost died in Raleigh," says Bernie. "It was like I didn't live there at all. The Negro players were off by themselves. Lots of times I wanted to go out with some of the other players for a beer after the game, but I couldn't. Negro players had to go back to their side of town. But here I can go where I want and be like anyone else."

Auburn restaurants are leaders in the civic drive to treat the ballplayers with tender loving care. The Woodlock Hotel puts on a free buffet for players once a week. The Pioneer Restaurant serves free steaks for outstanding plays. The Hotel Albee puts on a big spread every Wednesday night. Players may order the $3.25 steak for two dollars.

Part of this affection that has grown between the community and the players stems from the fact that Auburn plays almost all its games at night, enabling fans to turn out at the ball park a couple of times each week.

Auburn is also mindful of the fact that the baseball its Mets play is good baseball. John Pavlus, who played shortstop for them last season, says, "All around the league it's the same story. Everywhere we went they said our team should be broken up. They said we weren't a Class A team. They said we really belonged up in Triple A."

"Sometimes," a visitor interrupted, "people say the same thing about the big Mets." □



"Do me a favor . . ."

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too eye-rolling and unctuous, she says sweetly, "Sam, I do believe your wings are getting a little too tight across the shoulders."

The pastor's wife, even more than her busy husband, feels the pressure of the ministry, particularly the gray anguish of loneliness and the unhappy sensation of being set apart. One young pastor, now happily serving as second man in a big church in a midwestern town, describes his first pastorate in a rural village in the Midwest.

"We were there two and a half years," he says. "If we'd stayed another six months, my wife was getting so wound up I don't know what might have happened. The parsonage was right by the church, and my office was in the house. With three small kids and me to look after, there was no way to separate our family life from the life of the church. She always had to be on stage, the cheerful, friendly, helpful capital-P capital-W Preacher's Wife."

In the comfortable living room of their new home, separated by many blocks from the church her husband now is serving, the pretty young wife recalled her days of trial. There was always the feeling, she said, of being watched, the consciousness that both she and her children were under constant scrutiny.

"Our oldest little girl is a shy, reserved child," she said. "She does not warm up quickly to strangers. But the people, kind and loving, would pick her up and hug her, and she would scream and kick to be put down, and I could tell that they felt hurt. The preacher's child had not responded as a preacher's child should."

Knowing that they had a certain stereotype of the minister's wife in mind, she made every effort not to offend them. She watched her speech, her dress. "I'd wear shorts around the house," she said, "but I'd never think of wearing them to the supermarket. But I did try to be honest. I don't believe in being pious, and I didn't put on any pious airs."

The thing that troubled her most was the realization that by looking upon her as a preacher's wife, and therefore a person set apart, they withheld from her the normal friendship and companionship for which she was hungry. "I noticed it even at the Laundromat," she said. "I'd take my wash down, and there'd be a woman there I didn't know, and while the clothes were washing, we'd fall into the friendliest, most natural of conversations. We'd be having a real good time, free and open with each other, when it would come out that I was a preacher's wife. Suddenly the mood was shattered. She wouldn't talk with freedom anymore. There was a curious withdrawal. I could sense it and it troubled me."

The couple were sometimes lonely. On New Year's Eve, for example, there would be a lot of parties, but the minister and his wife were never invited. "I suppose they would have been embarrassed to have had us there," she said. "But it wouldn't have embarrassed us. Presbyterian ministers range all the way from Episcopalian tolerance to Methodist abstemiousness in their views, and we wouldn't have considered some parishioner a sinner if we'd seen him take a drink."

There were a lot of bridge groups in the town made up of young mothers her own age, she remembers, but she was never asked to join. This did not perturb her greatly, for she had her children and her church work to fill her days. But she was troubled by the fact that she and her husband were shut out from the normal activities of the community. It meant that they, as the pastor and the pastor's wife, were set apart in an unnatural way from the life of the community.

Congregationalist David Jones of Granville, Ill., says key to success in ministry is marrying a "smart, sensitive girl."

"They didn't shut me out at harvesttime," her husband said, laughing. "I sweated in the fields with them, hauling corn and scooping it when they were shelling. They were glad to see me coming."

In the bigger parish the once-troubled wife is now content. "Here I can be myself," she says, "and my home can be my own. I'm sure that I now can serve my husband and my church with a fuller heart."

Many a minister could serve with a fuller heart if he did not feel that both his ruling laymen and his denominational hierarchy sometimes measured his ministry by a false yardstick. His superiors may judge him by the number of pastoral calls he makes—though he is lucky to get around to only the shut-ins and the sick. "We just don't have the time today," one minister says, "for the tea-sipping social call anymore, the light chitchat—'And how is the dog today? I do hope his mange is better.' But this is what our budget committee wants, for it means more money in the collection plate."

His lay leaders also evaluate his ministry by standards that may seem trivial to him. Does he always show up at the basketball games on Friday night? (In the Midwest, he does, though he'd much prefer to be home working on his Sunday sermon.) Did he attend the ceremony for the new sewer system? If not, he's a disappointment to his laymen.

There is always upon him, too, the necessity for keeping his church's membership rolls growing, for in a world whose standard is "how many" rather than "how good," a minister's success is measured not by his spiritual qualities but by the rapidity with which his congregation expands. In the old days social pressures kept the pews full, but churchgoing is no longer automatic. If the power of the minister's preaching or the winsomeness of his personality does not bring the unchurched into the fold, he must stalk them in other ways. The high-rise apartments with their doormen and locked foyers are a challenge to him, and these he seeks to infiltrate by asking members of his flock who live there to have little get-togethers to which the minister will be invited to meet and gently proselyte the neighbors.

The Reverend Mr. Speers in New Canaan needs no such subterfuge. The cocktail party is a major institution in his suburban parish, and he exploits it to further his ministry. Contacts made at cocktail parties open doors into the lives of people that otherwise might be closed to him, he believes.

"I feel that I must be a part of my community's social life as well as its spiritual life," says Mr. Speers. "Cocktail-party chatter can be inane and boring, but every once in a while a man or a woman will drift over to you after a couple of Martinis and make some small comment that reveals a hidden hunger, a tension, a problem that is beginning to fester which they think the church might help."

The Rev. William Hinson, Baptist of Fort Lauderdale, does not seek his quarry where strong drink is served, but let a stranger visit his church once, and he is a marked man. "We go after them like a dog after a bone," says Mr. Hinson.

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If other measures fail, the minister may resort to tricks of salesmanship that may be foreign to his nature. If the men don't come to his church, he may seek to attract them by organizing a men's club, and at its monthly dinners the pastor will prove his jolly good-fellowship by shucking oysters or broiling steaks. If the kids don't come, he may organize a baseball team or a square-dance group. If the pews fill up with old folks on Sunday morning, perhaps a "young marrieds" club would help. Thus much of the busy-work of the church which burns up the minister's time is merely the result of his effort to recruit. For he needs not only souls, but bodies who will drop an envelope in the collection plate every Sunday morning.

As members increase, the need for physical plant increases, and to build new facilities requires more money, which in turn requires more members and a bigger staff of helpers. Thus the minister is caught up in a spiral of body-snatching and fund-raising, which are administrative functions, when all his instincts tell him that he should be spending far more time preparing his sermons and in pastoral counseling.

The Protestant ministry, of course, is made up of all sorts and conditions of men, and some of them learn to like and deftly handle their administrative duties, including fund-raising. "You've got to stay on your toes business-wise," says the Reverend Mr. Hinson. "You've got to be a good steward of the Lord's money. There's something spiritual about meeting with the finance committee and saying, 'We've got to spend this money for the glory of the Lord.' A minister mustn't get so heavenly-minded he's no earthly good."

It would be wrong to assume that the Protestant minister spends most of his time worrying about the budget and struggling to keep new members crowding into the pews. For many a concerned minister, the whole thrust of his ministry is to get his people actively involved in the great moral and social issues that confront men in the modern world. Some attempt to do this by example, and sometimes the example is dramatic, as last month when the Rev. James J. Reeb of Boston was murdered by rabid segregationists in Selma, Ala. Reeb and the many others like him have striven to prove to their congregations that Biblical religion, though it may be couched in archaic language, is as relevant to the space age as it was to the age of the Roman chariot, and that it is every Christian's task, not just the ministers' alone, to carry this message out of the sanctuary into the marketplace.

There are older men and timid young men who do not wish to accept this challenge, who dream wistfully of the day when a preacher was expected to make no political and sociological pronouncements—when all he had to do to acquire the reputation for outspokenness was to inveigh against drinking, gambling and coveting thy neighbor's wife. The modern minister, who must deal with these fleshy peccadilloes in his counseling, tends to ignore them in the pulpit. There he attacks, instead, the darker evils of intolerance, greed, and the good churchgoer's apathetic acceptance of the standards of a world in which honor is without a prophet and whatever a man can get away with is right.

Outspoken about race and religion, Methodist Dow Kirkpatrick (left) of Evanston, Ill., shakes suburban conservatives.

World War II, in the opinion of the Rev. Paul David Sholin, marked this watershed in the ministry. The men who came out of the cataclysm of war may have seen no visions, heard no voice speaking out of a cloud calling them into the ministry. But as they changed their battle dress for the clergyman's neat, dark suit, they did so with the conviction that if the world was to survive, the church in the future had to play a more important role in the lives of men. It could no longer hide behind its stained-glass windows and ivied walls. It had to move out into the dirty, cruel, complex and unbelieving world and there lay down new foundations of faith. "This is a theology, not of withdrawal but of involvement," says Mr. Sholin. "It requires guts not only of the man in the pulpit but the man in the pew. 'And he which hath no stomach to this fight, let him depart,'" he quoted softly from Henry V's speech to his barons. "That is my feeling. That is why my people look upon me as a burr under their saddles."

There is a new "worldlier than thou" attitude developing among the younger ministers. They believe with Dietrich Bonhoeffer that the church, to save itself, may have to break its institutional shackles, may have to rid itself of church buildings and church property and of the ministry as a separate class. "To them," says Dr. Richard Gilbert, director of radio and television for the United Presbyterian Church, "picket lines, freedom rides and demonstrations against every form of political or social injustice must be the deep concern of ministers and laymen alike."

All ministers, young or old, seem to yearn for a return to the simplicity of the New Testament church, when every believer was a working Christian who laid his life on the line—a man seeking not to be ministered unto but to minister, the spirit of sacrifice which sent the Reverend Mr. Reeb to his death in Alabama. Few agree, though, that now is the time to jettison the organized church or to take it underground as a little band of active rebels striking against the evils of society from grimy storefront meetinghouses in the slums. One powerful parishioner of a big, wealthy, "institutional" church, by working quietly through the local power structure, can do more to stir the conscience of a city than a hundred dedicated doorbell ringers seeking to evangelize reluctant strangers.

The church must send its people into the world to tutor dropouts, to work with delinquents and with prisoners, to soothe the troubled inmates of the mental hospitals—and from coast to coast the churches are doing these things. But the church itself must remain as the command post from which the battalions sally forth and to which they can return to find renewal.

"The church as an institution isolated from the world is sick, and it must change," says the Rev. Louis Evans Jr., minister of a La Jolla, Calif., Presbyterian church. "But only within the framework of the organized church can the Gospel be meaningfully applied to the problems of modern man. When this happens, there will be tension, there will be controversy. But a demanding Gospel, preached in love, will survive."

"The church as an institution will live," says William Hinson, "but it can no longer exist merely as a sort of spiritual outpatient clinic where men go on Sunday morning to get a holy dose of religious sedative. It must be a drill hall and a barracks, sending its soldiers out into the world as Christian businessmen, Christian doctors, lawyers, ad men, journalists, salesmen. It's not the minister's task to bear alone the burden of Christian witness for his people. He's the quarterback calling the signals. It's their job to carry the ball."

Unfortunately, the minister does not always know what signals to call. "I am a minister," says the Rev. Frank Ross of All Saints Episcopal in Atlanta. "I know what Jesus taught as he walked the hills of Palestine. But how do I relate those teachings specifically to the working lives of my people? I don't know what goes on in a lawyer's office. I don't know what guff a salesman has to put up with that tests his Christian forbearance."

One damper on the minister's zeal is the fact that few of his laymen seem eager to take the Christian ethic to Main Street, particularly if by so doing they might endanger or even disturb their own comfortable situation. The man in the pew will listen attentively and nod in solemn agreement when the preacher utters platitudes. "But when we get down to the nitty-gritty," says David Jones, a young Congregationalist minister in Granville, Ill., "when we start chopping at their ancient prejudices, we lose them."

"A minister knows when this moment of withdrawal occurs," says the Rev. Allison Williams

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of Trinity Presbyterian in Atlanta. "Their minds snap shut, their eyes glaze, and they begin to look out the window."

The surcharged key words which cause the minds to close vary from region to region. In Alabama, when Clayton Bell mentions the innocent word "brotherhood," he can feel his congregation stiffen, for in Dothan "brotherhood" connotes mixed schools, and Negro voting, and Dr. Martin Luther King causing all that uproar in Selma. In the North, in churches where Doctor King might be welcome in the pulpit, the words "fair housing" set off the fear reaction—for there are good church-going citizens outside the South who fear the Negro as a neighbor as much as Dothan, Ala., fears him as a voter, a student, and a fellow-worker. In areas where the John Birch Society is strong, the scare words are "mental health," "the United Nations," and "the National Council of Churches."

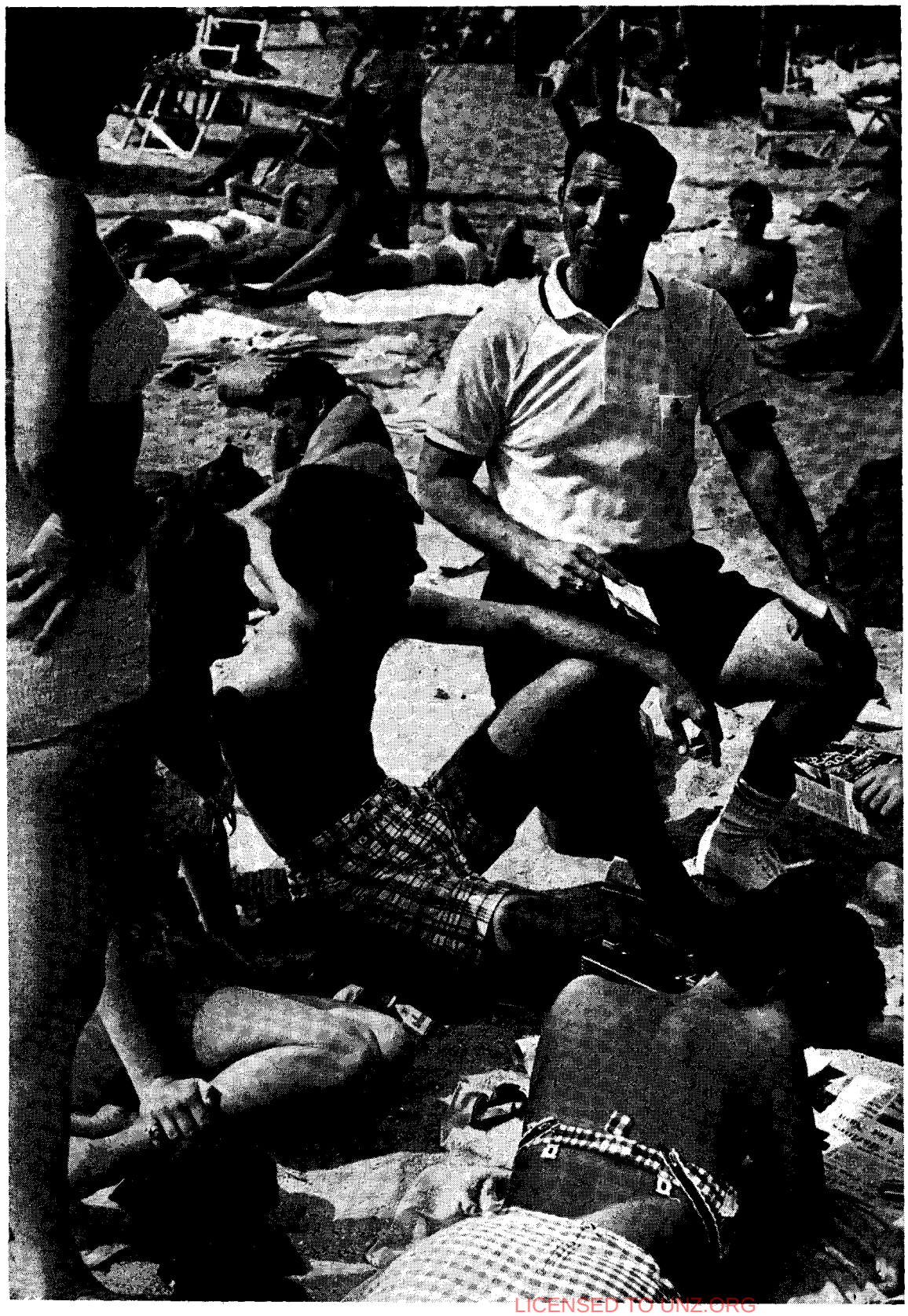
Wherever he preaches, north, south, east or west, the minister treads on shaky ground. He is divided from his people, a division based not on theology but on sociological and political lines, and each man must decide how far he can push his parishioners without offending them so grievously that they will throw him out.

"In college I was as strongly segregationist as anyone," says Clayton Bell. "But as I grew in spiritual maturity, my thinking changed. If I changed, so can my people. But I prefer to bring about that change by talking to them quietly, face to face, rather than by lecturing them from the pulpit. In this time and place I think that's the best way. But I'll be honest with you. I sometimes wonder if that's wisdom—or cowardice."

The minister who lays God's word athwart the prejudices of his people soon finds out about it in both direct and subtle ways. Attendance falls off, giving drops, and the more angry quit to find another church. "Any minister who has the courage to ask his people to change their deeply conditioned emotions has a battle on his hands," says Louis Evans Jr. of La Jolla. "That's what makes this such an exciting time."

Up to three or four years ago there was not too much excitement in Mr. Evans's ministry. In the sophisticated Los Angeles suburb of Bel Air he preached a straight evangelistic Gospel—man's relationship to God. He didn't bother much about social issues, and he and his pretty blue-eyed wife, Colleen, a former 20th Century-Fox starlet, were "praised, loved and feted." Then, plagued by his conscience, he began to shift the emphasis in his preaching. He began to talk about man's relationship to man—and the climate suddenly changed. He began to get the message—"Just preach the Gospel, brother."

When vacationing students flood Fort Lauderdale each spring, Baptist William Hinson takes his ministry to the beaches.



"I knew this meant I was to preach just, 'Sinner, repent and get right with God,'" says Mr. Evans. "What was I to do? Was I to bend, or was I to preach what I knew to be the truth? I went back and examined all my beliefs, the very foundations of my ministry. I searched the Scriptures, the Old Testament and the New. 'Christ,' I asked, 'what did you teach when you walked the earth as a man? What were your deep concerns? And what should be my concerns?' And there was just one answer: 'Thou shalt love thy God with all thy heart, with all thy mind, with all thy soul, and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.'

"To me that didn't mean loving only the man next door. It meant every man, black or white or brown. And I saw I couldn't separate the God-man relationship from the man-man relationship. They were part of the same truth, the same faith.

"So now, here in La Jolla, I am free to preach what I know is true, that when Jesus Christ makes a new creature out of a man, he changes that man's relationship, not only with God but with all other men. So where there was prejudice, there now is acceptance. But it has not been easy acceptance. I lost some people."

Sophisticated young seminarians who now avoid the parish ministry because they believe the parish church has no contact with the grim realities of the world might change their minds if they could read the mail and monitor the telephone calls coming in to the quiet study of the Rev. Donald Gard in Anaheim, Calif.

Bald, horn-rimmed, intellectual, a Presbyterian language scholar who left a teaching post at Princeton to return to the parish ministry because he was "more interested in people, their motivations, fears and yearnings than in the etymology of the Greek letter alpha," Don Gard has had an embattled ministry. "The men who preceded me here were wonderful, gentle, kindly pastors who did what the people wanted them to do and preached what they wanted to hear," says Doctor Gard. "Then I came, a hard-headed Dutch-Irishman who felt there was something more to being a Christian than just dressing up and going to church on Sunday to listen to a soothing sermon."

Though Doctor Gard tried not to carry his people too far too fast—"I am not a bleeding heart, defending some of these nuts who go around screaming that the white people are all against them"—his forthright sermons on civil rights, particularly fair housing, did lose him some members and brought him a spate of anonymous letters and phone calls calling him, among other unsavory things, "a dirty Communist."

For a while both he and his wife, Ruth, felt like giving up, taking their children away from what Gard describes as "this Fascist atmosphere which exists in much of Southern California." But he is a tough man, a fourth-generation Californian whose great-grandmother came across the plains from Texas, and he would not run. Today the most virulent of his critics have left his church, and he is still there, preaching to a responsive congregation, "trying to change their lives, trying to free them from fears and prejudices, trying to instill in them a reverence for people and not for things." He even finds his congregation growing, an influx, he believes, of "thoughtful mavericks."

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For the modern minister trying to understand the world's problems so that he can grapple with them, the Scriptures are not the only source of understanding. "There are other voices in other rooms to which the church can listen," says the Rev. William Holmes, of the Northaven Methodist Church of Dallas, "the voices of the playwrights, the novelists, the painters, the poets and the musicians. They may be atheists or agnostics, but they are raising authentic questions, and at times offering valid answers, to the dilemma of modern man."

Thus many a congregation, large and small, finds itself discussing the plays of Tennessee Williams and Arthur Miller, the paintings of Picasso, the poetry of T. S. Eliot and the strange rhythms of the jazz mass. In Dallas the Reverend Mr. Holmes, who has Rouault's *The Clown* hanging over the mantelpiece in his new manse, showed *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* to his people and led a two-hour seminar on its meaning.

"We aren't interested in slogans, or pat answers," he says. "We show only films that deal seriously with the agony of human existence. *Cat* is one of these, for in it are the Christian symbols of guilt, sin, crucifixion and resurrection."

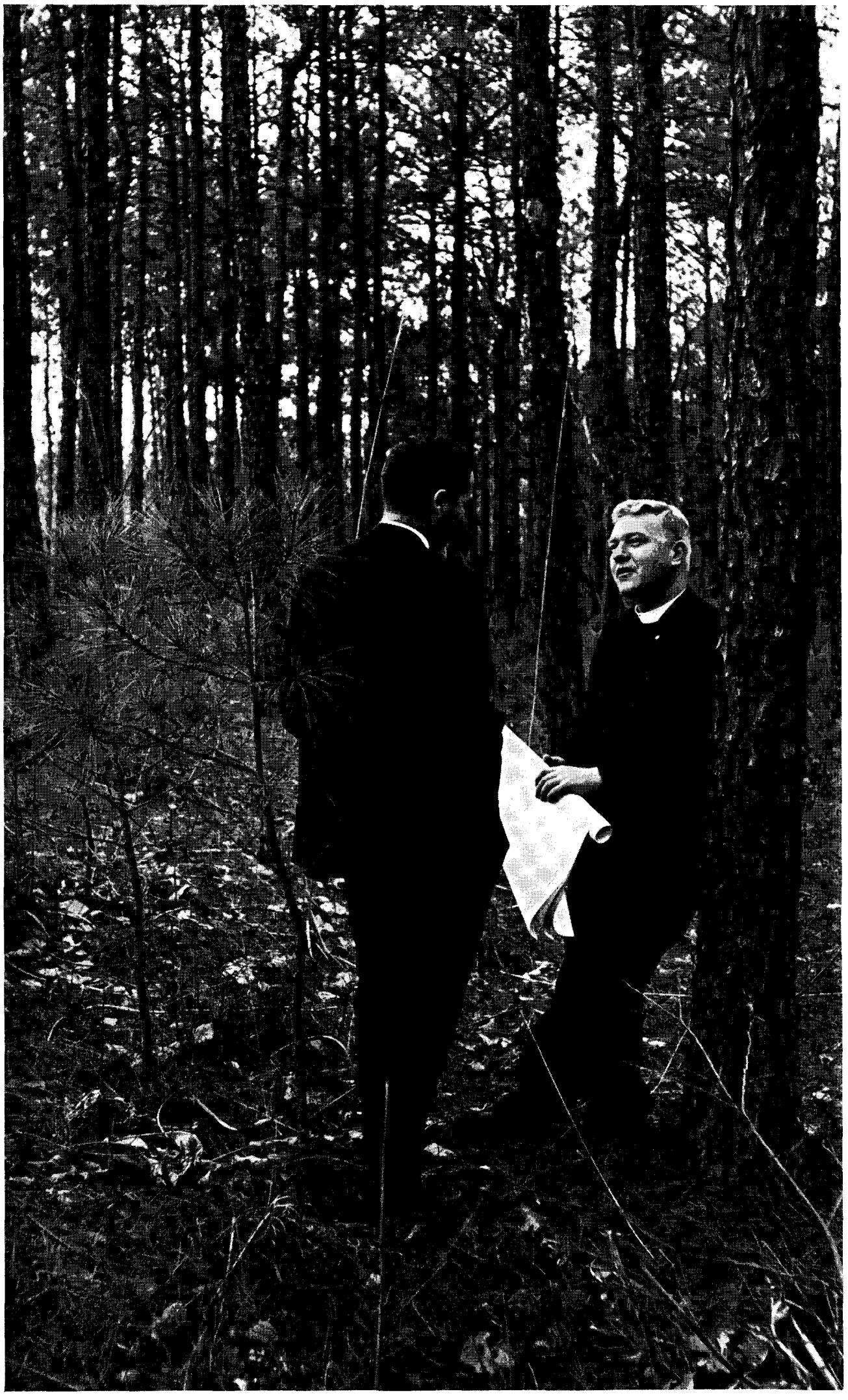
To the Rev. James Armstrong of the Broadway Methodist Church in Indianapolis, it is important that the church learn far more about the contemporary mind. "It is in the realm of human understanding that the church has been thick-skinned and shallow-minded," he believes. "The church, instead of being a God-awful know-it-all, should be a refuge for the seeking, the questing man."

The seeker, the questioner, can be persuaded. It is the "certain" man, whose certainties are based on premises the minister believes to be un-Christian, who causes the minister his greatest anguish. Mr. Armstrong, for example, finds himself "out of sympathy with the oversimple, blind, pietistic middle-class mentality." But a minister must be loyal to his congregation—the inner-city man to his beatniks, the suburban minister to his harassed commuters, and Mr. Armstrong to his middle class. "We must accept them for what they are," he says, "and work with what we have to work with. Babbitt is a part of society. He may be shallow. He may be stubborn in his shallowness. But he must be understood."

Once he understands his people, the minister feels he can love them without judging them and, loving them, hopefully he can lead them in the way he knows they ought to go. It is a slow and agonizing process, fraught with disappointment.

"Sometimes," says Sam Varnell, "I brood on the fact that in my twenty-five years in the ministry there are probably only a handful of people whose lives I have deeply touched and changed. But I comfort myself with the thought that it took God a long time to bring man to his present state, and it will take more than one man's lifetime to bring him to the full flower of his humanity. So I just go on, doing the best I can with the talents God gave me. Let the credit, or the lack of it, fall where it will. I just keep on trying."

The Protestant minister, then, is not merely an administrator, money-raiser, club chairman, welfare worker, and cruise director on a happy ship sailing over tranquil seas to the shores of the Great Beyond. He is first of all a man of God to whom has been given this grace "to preach the unsearchable riches . . . to enlighten all men." He may not in his later years be able to articulate the "call" he heard when he was young—the inner voice that directed him into the church. But only in his lowest moments does he question his choice, and these doubts do not last long. He is, like Paul, a prisoner of Christ, and he asks no greater freedom. He holds forever before him the vision and the promise that the people in the pews, frail, weak and frightened mortals though they may be, have within them the power to shake and change the world. □



Counseling the troubled, says Hugh Saussy (right), Episcopalian of Atlanta, is the minister's most frustrating task.

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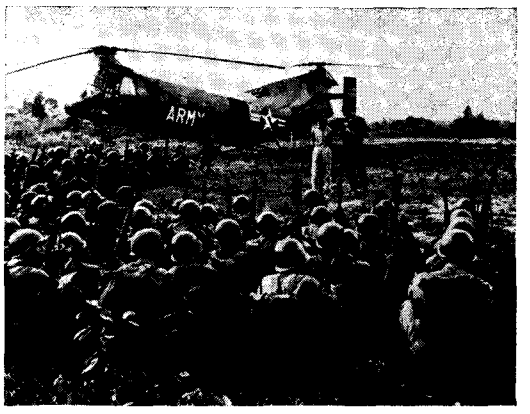
Editorials



Fight to the finish?

Harry Truman and Dwight Eisenhower have both said from time to time that no outsider should second-guess the President on a major national policy because no outsider knows all the facts that underlie a President's decision. And as the articles on pages 10 and 16 illustrate, the known facts can be interpreted in very different ways. Yet the waging of war—and war is what we are waging in Vietnam—is too important a national action to escape public controversy.

President Johnson may well have been right in ordering American warplanes to take part in bombing raids against North Vietnam. He may also have been right in sanctioning the use of such weapons as napalm, phosphorous bombs and noxious gases. In a guerrilla war with no end in sight, he may have had no choice but to increase the scope and intensity of the fighting. And he may succeed through such tactics in forcing the North Vietnamese Communists to leave South Vietnam in peace. Yet if we do not know all the factors in President Johnson's decision, there is another major factor that he himself cannot know—the reaction of the Communists.

It would not be unprecedented for a determined Communist government to absorb punishing blows without giving up. And if the guerrilla war rages on in spite of our air raids, what then? Do we stage still bigger and more destructive raids? If so, are we prepared for another Chinese intervention, as in Korea? Or is the idea of truce negotiations worth more serious consideration?

We don't know the answers. We do think that the questions themselves are worth raising.

Who's a propagandist?

Gov. George Wallace provided a real insight when he contemptuously called the reporters covering the Alabama crisis "propagandists masquerading as newsmen." Since Wallace claims the crisis was caused by radical agitators in the first place, poor old Alabama is in real trouble if the story is being told by propagandists. Some reporters are indeed irresponsible or ill-mannered or incompetent—just like some police, some demonstrators and some state officials—but most of the reporters in Alabama have been up to something more deadly than Governor Wallace suspects. They went there to tell the truth, which is about five times as dangerous to some people as telling lies. Even the least inflammatory version of the truth about Governor Wallace's Alabama was enough to ignite the nation.

The studious nun

A cheer for Sister M. Margaret Bealmear, a Benedictine nun studying for a doctorate in physiology at Notre Dame. Sister Margaret has won several scholarships, and so, through the workings of our scientific bureaucracy, her name went into one of the machines at the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, which sent her an invitation to apply for astronaut training. Sister Margaret toyed with the idea as "a wonderful way to become weightless," but she declined NASA's invitation. "I don't want to be an astronaut," she said. "I want to be a college student."

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